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SKETCHES

IN IRELAND:

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INTERESTING, AND HITHERTO UNNOTICED

DISTRICTS,

IN THE

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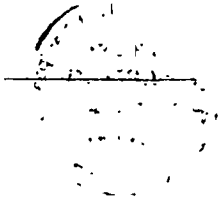
NORTH AND SOUTH.



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PREFACE.

IRELAND is such an unfashionable country, that to travel out of it seems the pursuit of every one who is not forced by poverty to stay at home. Thus, every one who is tired of his time, and fondly fancies that change of mind can be procured by change of place, flies from his own despised country as fast as steam can paddle or wheel whirl him, to join the herd of idlers that infest the sunny roads of France or Italy; visiting the Continent, as woodcocks do southern shores, to be shot at by sharpers, and become the fair and full-fed game of inn-keepers, and artists, and Ciceroni. Therefore there is

not a dusty watering place in England, nor an old arch or ruin in Italy, nor a lake or mountain in Switzerland that is not familiar on the lips of tourists. Thus, driving along amidst dust and disagreeability, eating, drinking, and sleeping in discomfort—at length men come home not better, not wiser, not happier than they were when they set out; or, as an old writer well says, "they who cross the seas to fill their hearts and their brain, do but travel northward for heat, and seek that candle which they carry in their hand." Now with all deference it is suggested, that there are monuments of antiquity in Ireland worthy of inspection, there is scenery on which the eye may rest with delight—we have woods, and waters, and glens, and mountains, abundantly picturesque, and sufficient to call forth the exertion of the pen and pencil in their description.

The following little Work is, therefore, offered to public patronage, as the result of a tour through some of the hitherto unno-

ticed districts of Ireland; at the same time it is fair to advise those who, taking up this publication from their Bookseller's counter, may be tempted to buy it, that a considerable portion of its contents has already appeared in the Christian Examiner; and the Author now offers his Sketches to the Public as a sort of second edition, wherein there is much extension of subject, if not improvement in matter.

To this adventure he confesses he was instigated, not by the suggestions of flattering friends, but the more persuasive arguments of his Publisher; should, therefore, the experiment fail, HE must abide the loss. For one circumstance it may appear necessary to deprecate censure, in as much as established practice is departed from by printing and publishing in Ireland; but determined the Author was, that as his material so his manufacture should be Irish; and as Irishmen gave him entertainment, so they should receive from him employment.

It is only further necessary to say that the

Author has travelled in other interesting portions of Ireland, and that it depends upon his Publisher's future advice whether he shall proceed with another volume.

Dublin, 14th February, 1827.

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SKETCHES IN IRELAND.

LETTER I.

TO THE REV. SIR F. L. B——SSE.

MY DEAR SIR,

You are pleased to remind me of an offer that I committed myself to, of giving you some sketches of my occasional wanderings through my native land. I am glad it engages so much of your attention, and therefore I the more regret, called as I am to the performance of my promise, that I cannot summon to my assistance any notes or memoranda, but must trust to a memory that is daily acquiring a greater tendency to treachery, and returns what I committed to its keeping very much impoverished and very faded.

But take, Sir, as I can give it, my reminiscence of a three weeks' tour, during the summer of 1822, in the mountains of Donegal.

A friend who enjoys a College living in the north-western district of that county, invited me to come and see how snug he was in his mountain valley.—"Come," said he, "and ease your eyes, palled as they must be on the flats and and fields of Leinster, with the contrasted varieties of our northern hills —the iron cliffs that breast the Atlantic Ocean—our mountain ranges—the lake, the glen, the rushing river—these may afford subjects of surprise and excitement to your discursive mind; and after our day's ramble is over, when we come home at evening, a ring of salmon fresh from the river, a leg of mutton fed on our hills, may, when garnished with heart's-ease on your own part and a hearty welcome on mine, make your excursion to our valley as pleasant as you or I could wish." Who could resist such an invitation, that had time and opportunity to

accept of it? I could not; and therefore I stept into the Derry mail, a place of purgatorial suffering:—a public coach, travelling by night and full withal, is my antipathy;—with bent body and contracted limbs, and every sense in a state of suffering, hearing, smelling, feeling, seeing;—at all times the undertaking is hateful, but with a nurse and young child beside you—Oh, it is horrible!

By morning's dawn we had got into the province of Ulster. The moment you enter it, you perceive its peculiar features, its formation quite distinct from every other portion of Ireland. There are hills, swells, plains and flat table lands in the other portions of the kingdom; but here it is all hill and valley, all acclivity and declivity. Driving along the new line of road that winds around these never-ending hills, you seldom see for a quarter of a mile before you. At first you are struck with the beauty of these eminences, so minutely subdivided, so diversified with patches of grass, oats, flax, and potatoes; the intervening valley, either a

lake, bog, or meadow;—but soon you get tired; your eye becomes tantalized with having a constant barrier presented to its forward prospect; you are displeased that you cannot obtain any extended view of the country you are going through; you are in an eternal defile. As I am no courier bearing despatches; as I leave home to exercise my eye and my mind, I like the old straight forward road over the hills; I can then see and breathe more freely. But I am not intending to describe the province of Ulster; and shall only say that its natural features explain why the English found this portion of the island so difficult to conquer. It was easy for O'Neil, amidst the interminable fortresses of his hills, woods, bogs, and defiles, often to defy, and always to elude his invaders. Madame de la Roche-Jacquelin, in her most interesting Memoir of the War in La Vendée, describes that country as very similar in its hills, valleys, and enclosures, to the province of Ulster. I was relieved from the tribulation of the mail coach at Strabane, a large

ugly town, apparently a place of some trade and business, with a fine river running down to Derry. At four o'clock in the evening I hired a jaunting-car to carry me into the highlands of Donegal, a distance of about twenty-two miles, and late at night I arrived at my friend's house, after travelling along roads almost impassable, over hills almost inaccessible, every ligature and joint of my poor body nearly jaunted into dislocation. However, cordial hospitality, a soft bed, and a day's quiet, repaired and restored me so far as to enable us to begin our excursion and mountain rambles. My friend's glebe-house lies in a fine valley in the north-western district of Donegal, called the Barony of Kilmacrenan, and the whole district is the estate of Trinity College. This valley is watered by two beautiful rivers, which having worked their way and escaped from the mountains, here join and expand into a broad lake interspersed with islands, and surrounded by hills of the most abrupt and varied forms. Directly behind my friend's house rose a mountain

the loftiest of the chain, bare, rugged, its sharp white silicious peaks glittering in the sunshine. "What is this mountain called, it is the monarch of these hills?" "It is called Lough Salt." "Why Lough? that is the Irish for a lake, not of a mountain; I suppose you mean Knocksalt."—"Instead of disputing about its name let us get better acquainted with it, and suppose we go after breakfast to its top." The day invited, so we set out on quiet, comfortable ponies. A broad road led up the hill, which my friend informed me was until lately the only pass that led from Dublin, or from Derry to Ards, Dunfanaghy, and the whole north-western coast of Donegal. The mountain rose like a wall before us, yet up that wall the road valiantly climbed, the ponies toiled up it panting and perspiring; it must be a pretty experiment for a carriage to venture on, and to mend the matter, the road is constructed as a hard causeway, every stone composing it as large as a quartern loaf. But we took our time, the ponies were nothing loath to

stop as well as ourselves, and as we looked back on the country beneath us, the whole valley lay smiling under our feet, with its lake, and rivers, and tillage, and meadows, and corn-fields, and my friend's comfortable glebe-house, surrounded by his cherished and thriving plantations: farther still in the circle extended a panorama of encircling hills, and farther still in the blue distance of the extreme horison lay mingling with the clouds, the mountains of Innishowen, and Derry, and Tyrone; all forming a picture fit for a painter to sketch and for me to remember.

Thus, now and then talking of the prospect, and again caught in our recollections of old college times—times alas too much mispent, too much misapplied,—we at length reached the top of the mountain ridge, and suddenly turning the point of a cliff that jutted out and checked the road, we came abruptly into a hollow something like a crater of an extinct volcano, which was filled almost entirely by a lovely lake, on the right hand side of which rose the highest peak of the mountain, com-

posed of compact silicious sandstone, so bare, so white, so serrated, so tempest-worn, so vexed with all the storms of the Atlantic, that if mere matter could suffer, we might suppose that this lofty and precipitous peak presented the portrait of material endurance; and still though white was the prevailing colour, yet not one tint or shadowing that decks and paints a mountain's brow was wanting. Here the brown heath, the grey lichen, the green fern, the red crane's bill; and straight down the cliff, from its topmost peak to the water's edge, was branded in a dark and blasted line, the downward track of a meteoric stone that had fallen from the atmosphere, and shattering itself against the mountain's crest, rolled down in fiery and smoking fragments into the adjacent lake. Last year, amidst the crash of a thunder-storm this phenomenon occurred; and the well-defined line of its burning progress is and will be for years apparent. On the other side of the lake a fair verdant bank presented itself, courting the traveller to sit down and take his rest after winding

his toilsome way up the long ascent, into this peaceful and unexpected retreat; gentle and grassy knolls were here and there interspersed, on which sheep of most picturesque leanness, some black and some white, with primitive crumpled horns, were grazing. But the lake—not a breath was abroad on its expanse; it smiled as it reflected the grey mountain and the azure face of heaven: it seemed as if on this day the Spirit of the Atlantic had fallen asleep, and air, earth and ocean were celebrating the festival of repose: the waters of the lake, of the colour and clearness of the sky were

"Blue; darkly, deeply, beautifully blue:"

You could look down a hundred fathoms deep, and still no bottom: speckled trouts floating at immense depths, seemed as if they soared in ether—then the stillness of the whole scene—you seemed lifted as it were out of the turmoil of the world into some planetary paradise, into some such place as the Apostle in the Apocalypse was invited to,

when the voice said, 'come up hither.' You might have supposed that sound had no existence here, were it not that now and then a hawk shrieked while cowering over the mountain top, or a lamb bleated beneath, as it ran to its mother—I could have gone to sleep here, and dreamt of heaven purchased for poor sinners like me by a Saviour's blood; I did at any rate praise the God of nature and of grace, and drew near to him in Christ, grateful for all his blessings and all his wonders of creating and redeeming love. But the day was advancing, we had farther to go and much to do, and my friend drew me away from my abstraction and repose that had settled and softened into prayer. So we mounted our ponies and rode about a quarter of a mile along a level road, as smooth as a gravel walk, that coasted the lake, until we came to a steep bank, where we let our horses graze along the water's edge, and ascending a ridge or rim as I may call it, of the cup or crater in which we were embosomed, all of a sudden the most magnificent prospect that ever met

my eye presented itself—the whole range of the northern coast of Donegal. Seemingly beneath your feet, but really some miles off, lay the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, like eternity before you, over which fancy flew, and almost impelled you to strain your eyes to catch a glimpse of America. Some leagues out at sea, but apparently within your grasp, lay Torry Island,* rising out of the deep like

* Off this island Sir John B. Warren in 1798, encountered a French fleet, with troops and rebel chieftains on board, and capturing them all, he crushed the hopes of the French army that landed at Killala, and broke the spirits and the cause of the rebels who had joined them.

I was sorry that it was out of my power to visit Torry Island. It is about twelve miles from shore, and I am informed that it is an interesting spot. Here are the ruins of a fortress, erected by Erick of the red arm, one of the Norwegian Sea Lords, whose roving rule extended around these isles and coasts. The name of this island is of Runick etymology, and Thor-Eye, now corrupted into Torry, denotes that it was consecrated to Thor, the Scandinavian deity, that presided over stormy and desolate places. Here is also a tower and church, built by St. Columkill, and a portion of the churchyard is dedicated to some ancient saints, his followers, who are there interred; wherein, if any one presumed now to bury a corpse, the following night it would be cast with violence out of the ground. My informant assured me that a friend of his buried his daughter in this forbidden spot, and the following

a castellated and fortified city; lofty towers, church spires, battlements, bastions, batte-

morning after the funeral, the body was found on the surface —again it was interred—and again the following morning it was exhumated. The father determined to watch over the grave the third night; and accordingly enveloping himself in his great coat, he threw himself on the grave, and there he lay praying for the soul of his dear departed girl.

Thus he lay until the stars told him that midnight was past, when all at once a noise rose from beneath—a mighty heave was given as from an earthquake, and clear and clean the maiden was left in her coffin on the green grass.—You may be sure that after this experiment some other resting place was found for her bones.

A foreigner, who is not more remarkable for his attainments in mineralogy and natural history, than he is for his agreeable and amiable manners, went lately to this island; I am not informed whether his explorings were attended with satisfactory results: but as bodies do not rest in their graves, no more could the carcase of this philosopher rest in his bed; yet it was not owing to the intervention of angry saints, but to the assaults of hungry vermin. We are informed that this learned zoologist, on his return to the continent of Ireland, was so anxious to divest himself of the sundry genera and species that attached themselves to him, as by a kind of elective attraction; that divesting himself of his integuments, he was seen through a telescope, wading into the sea, armed with scrubbing brushes, resolutely intent on expelling, destroying, drowning all the specimens of entomology that were inclined to attend on the professor, even as far as the museum of the Dublin Society.

The people of Torry Island seldom come to the mainland. A fishing boat containing seven or eight men was lately driven by stress of weather into Ards Bay, and the wind for some

ries, presented themselves, so strangely varied and so fantastically deceptive were its cliffs. Jutting out far into the ocean, lay the promontory of Horn Head, so called from a cliff at its extreme point, where it fronts the Atlantic, having the form of a horn; a place which in Pagan times might have been con-

days continued so directly contrary that they could not venture to return to their island. Mr. Stewart of Ards gave these poor people shelter in a large barn, and supplied them with plenty of food and fresh straw to lie on;—not one of these people were ever in Ireland before; the trees of Ards actually astonished them—they were seen putting leaves and small branches in their pockets to shew on their return. Mr. Stewart had the good nature to procure a piper for their amusement, and all the time the wind was contrary, these harmless people continued dancing, singing, eating, sleeping —a picture of savage life in every age and clime.—There are about 500 inhabitants on the island, and these poor creatures have been in the course of the present summer, visited by a great calamity.—In the month of August last, a strange and unforeseen storm set in from the north-west, which drove the sea in immense waves over the whole flat part of the island; the waves even beat over the highest cliffs—all their corn was destroyed, their potatoes washed out of the ground, and all their springs of fresh water filled up; nothing can be imagined more deplorable than this. The island is the estate of the Bishop of Raphoe.—There is reason to believe that his lordship will do all in his power to meet the wants of this wretched people. 1826.

secrated to the worship of the horned Ammonick Jupiter; but more of this mountain bye and bye. Nearer, but still along the coast lay the grand and extensive demesne of Mr. Stewart, uncle to Lord Londonderry, a place perhaps unique in its kind, of immense extent, the house and offices forming almost a town in themselves; for being near twenty miles from a market-town, he is obliged to have all his accommodations within his own premises. This fine place, which I may say stands on the Atlantic Ocean, is yet so well protected by high lands from the western blast, that trees of the loftiest kind, and shrubs of tenderest foliage, grow here in luxuriance. As a fine well-managed farm, a highly kept and wooded demesne, possessing in perfection ocean and mountain views; and still better, as affording me from its hospitable owner, the most kind and gracious reception, I know of no place in Ireland that surprised or satisfied me more. Nearer yet, as, from our magnificent standing, we seemed like visitors from another world looking down on the incumbent

coast, stood Dow Castle, belonging to General Hart, apparently an ancient fortress, but seeming not to enjoy much of the care or presence of its owner. Northward of Dow Castle lay the Sands of Rosapenna, a scene that almost realised in Ireland the sandy desert of Arabia; a line of coast and country extending from the sea, deep into the land, until it almost meets the mountain on which we stood, and exhibiting one wide waste of red sand; for miles not a blade of grass, not a particle of verdure, hills and dales and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface of one uniform and flesh-like hue.* Fifty years ago this line of

* I have been informed by a friend resident in the neighbood of Rosapenna, that the blowing of the sand to its present extent, may be attributed to the introduction of rabbits that were permitted to encrease, and their burrowing disturbing the bent grass which kept the sand down; the tremendous west and north-west winds on this coast began, and have continued to operate with encreasing mischief.

At Rutland, in that district of Donegal called the Rosses—there was expended about forty years ago the sum of £30,000, which expenditure was defrayed, partly by Government, and partly by the landlord, Marquess Conyngham, in order to create a town and fishing establishment on a coast that teemed

coast was as highly improved in its way, as Ards on the opposite side of the bay now is—it was the much ornamented demesne, and contained the comfortable mansion of Lord Boyne, an old fashioned manorial house and gardens, planted and laid out in the taste of that time, with avenues, terraces, hedges and statues, surrounded with walled parks, and altogether the first residence of a nobleman—the country around a green sheep walk. Now not a vestige of all this to be seen; one common waste of sand, one undistinguished ruin covers all. Where is the house? under the sand—where the trees, the walks, the terraces, the green parks and sheep walks? all under the sand—lately the top of the house was visible, and the country people used to descend by the roof into some of the apartments that were not filled up, but now nothing is to be

with herrings. It is a curious fact, that the year after these buildings were erected and all the expense incurred, the herrings deserted the coast; and what is equally surprising—the sands began to blow, and now large ranges of lofty buildings three or four stories high, are covered on the sea-side with sand—you can walk up to the ridge poles of the roof.

seen. The Spirit of the Western Ocean has risen in his wrath, and realised here the description Bruce gives of the moving pillars of sand in the deserts of Sennaar; or it recals to memory the grand description which Darwin gives of the destruction of the army of Cambyses in the Nubian desert. The reader may pardon me for quoting it,

Gnomes, o'er the waste, you led your myriad powers,
Climb'd on the whirls, and aim'd the flinty showers;
Onward resistless rolls the infuriate surge,
Clouds follow clouds, and mountains mountains urge;
Wave over wave the driving desert swims,
Bursts o'er their heads, inhumes their struggling limbs;
Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush,
Hosts march o'er hosts, and nations nations crush:
Wheeling in air, the winged islands fall—
And one great sandy ocean covers all!

Nothing, indeed, as I am told, can exceed the wintry horrors of the north-westerly storm, when it sets in on this coast, and its force has been for the last half century increasing.—The Atlantic bursting in, mountain-high, along the cliffs—the spray flying over the barrier mountain we were standing on, and falling miles inland, the sand sleeting thicker.

and more intolerable than any hail-storm, filling the eyes, mouth, and ears, of the inhabitants—levelling ditches, overtoping walls, and threatening to lay not only Rosapenna, but the whole line of coast at some not very distant period, in one common waste and ruin; and to increase the horrors of the tempest, M'Swine's Gun* is heard firing nature's signal of distress, and the report (heard 20 or 30 miles inland) announces that earth and ocean are labouring in the hurricane.

But to return to Lough Salt:—After looking along the coast and satisfying your eye with its very varied outlines, you have time to take a view in another direction; to the south-west, towards the immense precipitous mountain called Muckish, so named from its resemblance to a pig's back—not a fat pig of the Berkshire or Cheshire breed, but a right old Irish pig, with a high and sharp back, every articulation of the back-bone prominent and bristled. I think it is one of the highest

* M'Swine's Gun is a natural phenomenon on the coast, which shall be more fully described hereafter.

(if not the very highest) mountains in Ireland. But, with the reader's leave, I mean to give hereafter a narrative of an excursion to its summit. To the south lay an immense mass of mountains, stretching toward Donegal bay, over which, rising above the rest in conical elevation, stood Arrigal: in comparison with which, the hill over Powerscourt is but a a grocer's sugar-loaf;—and still more distant to the south-east lay the mountains of Barnesmore, in which is the celebrated defile—of it the Scalp in the county Wicklow, is indeed but a very miniature representation.

But directly under us was a most curious picture to be seen: the mountain on which we stood, as it descended to the west, presented sundry shelves or vallies, in each of which lay a round and beauteous lake. These Tarns looked like mirrors set in the mountain's side to reflect the upright sun; and five or six of such sheets of silver presented themselves, until at the very root of the mountain, a large expanse of water, a mile or two over, studded with islands, sufficiently wooded to

be ornamental, finished the whole picture, and formed the last beauty and curiosity I shall record of this surpassingly interesting hill. Before I retire from my mountain—(I love to linger on its recollections)—I shall observe, that to allay our thirst, caused by the heat of the day and our exertions, we went, (in order to obtain a glass out of which we might drink of the pure water of the lake,) into the only house that is to be seen on the whole mountain—a wretched hovel, evidently a place where travellers could obtain a supply of that much-loved liquor of the North, *poteen* whiskey.

A young woman of not very prepossessing appearance, but abundantly civil, gave us what we wanted; but while speaking to her, we awoke a man who was sleeping in an inner apartment, and forth came the master of the house, half drunk—a gaunt grisly figure, accoutred with a bay coloured wig, apparently made of cow's hair, and which, but half fitting his head, moved according as he scratched it, from one side to the other, and his natural

grey glibs or locks appeared; without shoes or stockings, his mouth begrimed with the tincture of chewed tobacco—altogether a specimen of an old Irish kern. Half in English, half in Irish, he addressed my friend, who returned the salutation by saying, "Oh, how do you do, Briney O'Doherty?" "But what brings you here, Doctor? there are no tithes to be got on Lough Salt." "Oh, I came to shew my friend here, this mountain, and our pretty lake, and the fine prospect." "And who is your friend?—Och! what need I ax! sure I know from his cut, and his fine spick and span dress, that he is one of the folk that does be coming idling here from Dublin. But what need I care, seeing he's no gauger, which I for sartain know to be the case, as he is in company with your Raverence; for well I know that your honor would not travel one yard with those gauging varmint, that rack poor dacent people. But I'll wager my pipe, that fine gentleman with the black coat—for fine feathers, you know, make fine birds—as is the way with all your Dublin people, likes

that poisonous Parliament,* instead of our own sweet poteen; but no matter; what brought your Raverence and your outlandish friend into this poor place of mine? I think I heard you call for something." "O, Briney, we wanted something to get a drink of water in." "Water, water! Why, bless my body, the cold water of Lough Salt would kill you: as for the Dublin man he may go to the Deoul his own way; but for your Raverence, one of ourselves, as I may say,—one who loves to let poor men live,—not one drop of could water shall you drink without having a dash of the crathur in it; so, Molly, fill out a pint. —Don't be talking about paying for it;—for sure as it's my own, I can pay for it to-day myself—that is if you have not plenty of money in your pocket."

Seeing that he was in such a state of intoxication, that there was no contradicting him, we let him take his own way, and taking a sup each, and drinking to his health, he soon

* Whiskey that is made in a licensed still, and to which the people in Ulster have a great aversion, is called Parliament.

finished off the half pint to himself. The man seemed to live on this fiery beverage; his drinking did not seem to increase his intoxication, but it made him more communicative and garrulous. He appeared acquainted with the whole ancient history of the country; it was surprising what a knowledge he had of the old families of the district, and of the changes of property that had occurred in it. He spoke of his own ancestors, the O'Doherty's, told us how they once owned all Innishowen, which the Chichesters cheated and robbed them of; he told us in his own way, how Sir Cahir O'Doherty, surprised the ancestor of the present possessor of Dow Castle, and took Culmore fort from him by stratagem* :—"O, (says he,) it was a *nate*

* After Sir John O'Doherty's death, Cahir his son pretended great inclinations towards the English, and was made in consequence, a Justice of Peace; he contracted an intimate friendship with the English, and particularly with Captain Hart, Governor of Culmore near Derry. On a certain day Sir Cahir invited Captain Hart to dinner, and he left his Fort, and came with his wife and his little child (to whom Sir Cahir was godfather,) to the Chieftain's feast. After dinner, O'Doherty arose and called Hart aside, and plainly told him that he hated

thing, and worthy of Sir Cahir's father's son, to take the Castle of Culmore from that Saxon heretic. I never look down towards Dow Castle, but I bless God and the Virgin that Cahir O'Doherty's blood flows in these withering veins." "But, Briney, how much land have you got here?" "Och, sure the whole mountain-side is mine; and sure I have it still all to myself. My people had it all once; we had cows, and sheep, and goats, and grouse—all that flew and all that fed

the English, that he must be revenged and he should have Culmore; "quietly surrender it to me, or yourself, your wife, and child shall die," and immediately a band of armed kerns rushed into the room: Hart kept his courage, and Sir Cahir ordered his men to execute him. Just at this moment in rushed Hart's wife and Lady Doherty, and urged by the entreaties of the women, Doherty was dissuaded from the murder. He therefore sent Captain Hart out of the room, well guarded, and then addressing his wife, he said, "Madam, go instantly off to Culmore with this band of soldiers; get them peaceable entrance into the Fort, or your husband and child will cease to live." The woman, terrified, submitted to the undertaking, she went with the rebels to the castle that night, told the sentry that the Captain, her husband, had broken his leg, and the man without scruple admitted her and her party into the place. The consequence was the murder of the whole garrison. Hart's life was saved, but he was utterly ruined.—See *Cox's Hibernia Anglicana*, vol. ii. p. 14.

were our's. But now the man that calls it his estate may drive poor Briney for the rent of his cabin, and for the grass of his poor ould cow. But God is good,—the times may mend, and who knows but Briney, or Briney's son, may have his own again."

We at length got tired of this specimen of an old Irish clansman, and returned home, fatigued and hungry after our mountain excursion.

On the following day we proceeded over a wild moorland and once wooded tract of secondary mountains to see the Rock of Doune, or as it was originally called the Rock of Kilmacrenan. On the summit of which, from the earliest Milesian times, the chieftains of Tyrconnel were inaugurated with savage solemnities by the Abbots of Kilmacrenan, successors of Columbkill. The rock rises a peculiar natural fortress, in the midst of one of the most inaccessible districts, I have ever crossed. It somewhat resembles the rock of Dunamese in the Queen's county—and might, if defended by resolute men, defy any force

unaided by cannon—and a difficult matter indeed, would it be to bring cannon to bear on it. This was a most appropriate fortress for a mountain chief; and if the place of his installation was befitting his wild and savage rule, (according to Giraldus Cambrensis) the ceremony of his inauguration was still more rude and bestial. He says "that the people of Tyrconnel, a country in the north of Ulster, created their king after this manner—all being assembled on a hill, a white beast was brought before them, unto which he who was chosen as king approaching, declared himself publicly before the people to be just such another, (that is a mere beast); whereupon the cow was cut in pieces, boiled in water, and a bath prepared for the new king of the broth: into which he entered publicly, and at once bathed and fed—all the people meanwhile standing round, fed on the flesh and supped up the broth; at this comely feast and ceremony, it was not proper that the king should use any cup or vessel, nay, not so much as the hollow of his hand; but stoop-

ing down his mouth, he lapped like a beast on all sides of the bath of broth in which he was immersed. Having thus washed and supped until he was weary; the whole ceremony of his inauguration was ended, and he was completely instituted in his king-ship of Tyrconnel."

The Irish historians are very angry with Girald Barry, for telling this story of their kings—and Gratianus Lucius* describes the ceremony as quite otherwise. He says, that when the investiture took place at Cil mhac Creunain, he was attended by O'Ferghail, successor to Columbkill and O'Gallachuir, his marshall—and surrounded by all the estates of the country. The Abbot O'Ferghail, put a pure, white, strait, unknotted rod in his hand, and said, "receive, Sire, the auspicious ensign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your government, the whiteness, straitness, and unknottiness of this rod; to the end that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions with

* Archdeacon Lynch.

blackness, nor any kind of corruption or tie of friendship be able to pervert your justice—therefore, in a lucky hour, take the government of this people, to exercise the power given you with freedom and security."

This, to be sure, is quite a different story—and it is not for me to decide, which is true; but this must be said, that the English in all their communications and treaties with the O'Donnels, found them as Sir Henry Dockwra described—"Proud, valiant, miserable, tyrannous, unmeasurably covetous, without any knowledge of God, without any civility towards man"—and James I. in a declaration, which he published, Nov. 4th 1607, says, "that their condition was to think murder no fault—marriage of no use, nor any man valiant that does not glory in rapine and oppression." If James spoke truth, it were not out of keeping in such savages to swill the cow broth in which they bathed.

This rock was also famous in the reign of James I. as the spot whereon the arch traitor, Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, closed his life. Sir Cahir, as I before said, had surprised Cul-

more, taken Derry, murdered Sir George Pawlet, and the whole garrison, and burnt the town to ashes—he was the last hope of the Pope and the Spaniards. This rebellion was designed to be the most general that ever arose in Ireland, and Sir Cahir keeping the Lord Deputy at bay in this impracticable country; his retreat was the Rock of Kilmacrenan—and here he lurked in secret until the succours that were promised, and were (as O'Sullivan says) actually coming from all sides, arrived.

The plantation of Ulster had not as yet taken place; but already many Scots had settled themselves along the rich alluvial lands that border the Loughs Foyle and Swilly; and it was Sir Cahir's most desired end and aim to extirpate these intruders, hateful as strangers, detestable as heretics. He was the Scotsman's curse and scourge. One of these industrious Scots had settled in the valley of the Lennon; Rory O'Donnel, the Queen's Earl of Tyrconnel, had given him part of that fertile valley—and he there

built his bawn. But Sir Cahir, in the midst of night, and in Sandy Ramsay's absence, attacked his enclosure, drove off his cattle, slaughtered his wife and children, and left his pleasant homestead a heap of smoking ruins.

The Scot, on his return home, saw himself bereaved, left desolate in a foreign land, without property, kindred, or home; nothing his, but his true gun and dirk. He knew that five hundred marks were the reward offered by the Lord Deputy for Sir Cahir's head.—He knew that this outlaw was the foe that had quenched the fire on his hearth with the blood of his wife and little ones; and with a heart maddened by revenge, with hope resting on the promised reward, he retired to the wooded hills that run parallel to the Hill of Doune; there, under covert of a rock, his gun resting on the withered branch of a stunted oak, he waited day by day, with all the patience and expectancy of a tiger in his lair. Sir Cahir was a man to be marked in a thousand; he was the loftiest and proudest

in his bearing of any man in the province of Ulster; his Spanish hat with the heron's plume was too often the terror of his enemies —the rallying point of his friends, not to bespeak the O'Doherty: even the high breastwork of loose stones, added to the natural defences of the rock, could not hide the chieftain from observation.

On Holy Thursday, as he rested on the eastern face of the rock, looking towards the Abbey of Kilmacrenan, expecting a venerable friar to come from this favoured foundation of St. Columbkill, to shrive him and celebrate mass; and as he was chatting to his men beside him, the Scotchman applied the fire to his levelled matchlock—and before the report began to roll its echoes through the woods and hills, the ball had passed through Sir Cahir's forehead, and he lay lifeless on the ramparts. His followers were panic-struck; they thought that the rising of the Scotch and English was upon them, and deserting the lifeless body of their leader, they dispersed through the mountains. In the

meanwhile the Scotchman approached the rock; he saw his foe fall; he saw his followers flee. He soon severed the head from the body, and wrapping it in his plaid, off he set in the direction of Dublin. He travelled all that day, and at night took shelter in a cabin belonging to one Terence Gallagher, situated at one of the fords of the river Finn.—Here Ramsay sought a night's lodging, which Irishmen never refuse; and partaking of an oaten cake and some sweet milk, he went to rest with Sir Cahir's head under his own as a pillow. The Scotchman slept sound,—and Terence was up at break of day. He saw blood oozing out through the plaid that served as his guest's pillow, and suspected all was not right; so slitting the tartan plaid, he saw the hair and head of a man. Slowly drawing it out, he recognized features well-known to every man in Tyrconnel; they were Sir Cahir's. Terence knew as well as any man that there was a price set on this very head—a price abundant to make his fortune—a price he now was resolved to try and gain.

So off Terence started, and the broad Tyrone was almost crossed by O'Gallagher, before the Scotchman awoke to resume his journey. The story is still told with triumph through the country, how the Irishman, without the treason, reaped the reward of Sir Cahir's death.—This was the last of the Irish rebellions that took place before the plantation of Ulster.

Sir Cahir's body is buried beside the rock.—Tony O'Donnel, who accompanied us, showed us his green grave, and seemed to hold the memory of this rebel in the respect due to his opposition to the English yoke and English religion. There is a sort of cave in the eastern side of the rock, which forms a vestibule to an immense cavern which is said to be within; this is the favourite abode of the *good* people, and their council chamber. There is a rock closing the visible cave which is said to be the fairy's door.—O'Donnel shewed us the pannels of the door wrought on the rock, and also the very identical key-hole which the king of the

fairies unlocks. A thousand times, troops of tiny people are seen entering the cave, and some gifted mortals have observed the door open, and have got a glimpse of sumptuous apartments and splendid banquetings within; but as my informant said, "things and times are changed with the *good* people;—once on a time they sported and rioted through these hills, and were as wanton and mischievous as bulls upon a brae in summer; just for sport they would strike a sheep or a goat with an elf-bolt, and there it would lie with the skin as whole as yours or mine, but when its body was opened it was all full of wounds; at another time they would throw an evil eye on a cow, and the poor *baste* would wither and waste till it fell off its standing—the women churned from morning to night and could get no butter; and what was worse than all, the finest childer in the parish were carried away, and the poorest squalling croutheens placed in the cradle in their steadl—Manus M'Swine in this way had a fine boy taken from him, and one all head and mouth,

left in its stead, there it lay in the chimney corner, everlastingly bawling—the roar never out of its mouth except when it was cramming with milk and white bread; and the day the priest went to christhen it, you would hear its bawls all over the hills and up to Lough Salt;—thus it lay the world's torment, until one day that Con M'Gilligan, the tailor, came.—Now Con used to come once a year to give a week's mending and making, and so he staid in the house a sewing, while Manus was abroad working and the mistress went out to milk the cow, and just to make the needle run glibly through the cloth, Con began to lilt up a song, when with a squaking voice from the cradle in the hob the little crathur cried out, "Con jewel, go to the salt-box and take out an egg, my dacent lad, and just dress it in the ashes for me, or I will cry so loud that it will spoil your singing." "O then," says Con, "is it you that spakes—by the powers I all along knew you were nothing at all but a leaving of the *good* people—not the breadth of my nail will

I go until you tell me who you are and all about yourself." "Well now do, Con, make haste and roast the egg for me before the mistress comes in, and believe me it will be well for you." So Con thought it all out dangerous to anger the crathur, and so he went and roasted the egg in the ashes, and afterwards though he did not much like it, fed the urchin who seemed to like mightily a fresh egg. "Well, and now my sweet little fellow who are you, and where did you come from? for sartain I am that you are not a nathural bairn." "Oh then Con you never said a truer word than that—I am one of the *good* people—I am sent here by our king as a bit of a punishment; but next hollantide eve, please the pipes, I will be back and dancing on the moor braes round the Rock of Doune." "Well and," said Con, "when and where were your born?" "Tut man, I was never born—I was once upon a time as pretty a winged angel in heaven as could be, as beautiful, as good, and as happy as the day was long; and there was terrible

war there, for they that are devils now, rebelled and were turned out, and down they came falling head foremost, tumbling and rolling until they dropped into hell. I with all those who are now called *good* people, took neither hand or part in the fray—we joined neither God nor devil, and so because we were neither good nor bad, neither this thing nor that thing, God Almighty was pleased to turn us out—not indeed into hell, but here we came to flit up and down through the world—sometimes indeed for good, more times for bad—now merry—now sad, and here we are to be until the day of judgment, growing less and less, time after time, and I fear very much unless we mend our manners we must all of us in the end go to hell.—But no more of that now, my dear Con, for its a sore subject; you seem to be a good and likely boy and know how to roast an egg, so Con dear, meet me the night of hollantide at the Rock:—I will be after making of your fortune."

The week before hollantide the child was

observed to bawl no more; it would not sup any more milk; and one morning it was found stiff and cold in its cradle. To be sure Manus and his wife were not sorry to be so well rid of what was a vexation and a shame, and Manus went with a light heart with the unlucky thing under his arm, and he put it quietly in the church-yard on the north side of the old abbey, where the sun never shone upon it.

"Twenty times a day did Con M'Gilligan argufy with himself whether he would mind the fairy's bidding, and go to Doune Rock on the night of All-Souls, or not: 'twas head or harp between conscience and curiosity—and curiosity won the toss; and so he set out in the light of the full moon to the Rock. As he came near, and was turning the corner of a rocky ridge out of which an oak in former times used to grow, he found something drop from the tree on his shoulder, and looking up, he saw the natest little gentleman in the world sitting there just like an old acquaintance. "I'm glad to see you, Con—

and so you can put trust in the *good* people's word: and now it 's I that will shew you that I am a gentleman, and up to my word to a hair's breadth; so now mind my bidding, and follow me; but first take this musheroon in your left hand, 'twill make you, while you hold it, as light, and thin, and small as myself: and mind for your life you dont name the name of God, or say a Pater Noster." As Con had gone so far, he thought he might as well go on; so taking the musheroon from the fairy, in the twinkling of an eye, he became less than a nine-pin, and it was all his wonder that though his legs were so small he went as fast as thought; so thus they slid on, until they came to the side of the Rock where the fairies' door is, when his leader put his hand in his fob, took out a little key, and slipping it into the key-hole, before you could say Jack Robinson they were in the finest palace in the world. King Solomon, nor King David, nor King George, God bless him, neither have nor had such furniture, such household stuff, in kitchen or

in parlour.—"And now," says the fairy to Con, "dont you want a little money? come this way with me and fill your pockets." So they turned down an entry and came to a great iron grated door, with a huge padlock to it, which at the fairy's touch opened, and they entered into a sort of cellar, full of bags of gold. "Make haste now, Con, and fill your pockets." So Con set to work, and crammed as fast as he could; and just when he had all his pockets full, he cried out, "thank God I'm rich enough for ever!" He had no sooner said this, than crash, dash, went every thing about his ears; light left his eyes, and sense his brain; and on the following morning, as if awaking out of a sound sleep, he found himself lying at the mouth of the cave, and what was best of all, he found when he clapped his hands to his pockets, that they were full of good hard cash. So up he got, and as he was going towards home, says Con to himself, "What came by fairies may go by fairies; if I stay here in this country, there may little luck or grace

go along with me, or my money." So Con set off for Derry, and took shipping for New York, as he heard for sartain that fairies never go as far as America; and there he lived and died—and there his children are rich people to this very day."

"Well now," says I to Tony O'Donnel, my informant, "what do you think is the reason of the fairies not being seen now? or why are they not now as powerful for good and evil as formerly?"—"Why to what should it be owing but to yonder blessed well? From the day that Father Freel sanctified that holy water, the *good* people have scampered off; and och but it was the world's trouble to Friar Freel to bless this well. He knew rightly that there was a holy well wanting in this quarter, and he prayed to St. Patrick and St. Columkill to tell him where he should find one that was proper to fix upon and bless. So the holy saints appeared to him in a dream, and desired him to go to six different wells and take six rushes with him, and dip a rush in each well, and then set

fire to them, and whatever rush took fire and burned bright, as if it was dipped in wax or tallow, that then the well in which the burning rush was dipped should be made holy for ever after.

"So according to these directions the good Friar proceeded; he provided himself with rushes, and went and dipped them in the best spring wells of the country, and then he set fire to them, but not one of them would burn —at last he came to Doune, and here he dipped his rush, and the moment he took it out of the water and applied a coal of turf to it—why, my dear sowl, a blaze came from the wet rush as bright as from one of the tapers on our chapel altar; and it continued burning clear and steady the whole day and next night. So here Father Freel stopped, he fasted and prayed six days and six nights, going round the well on his bare knees, and this being finished, the sanctity of it has grown in grace, and character, and vartue, ever since—at first it was only good for the cure of cattle, the murrain and the black-leg; and then it

came on to cure horses of mange, strangles, and surfeits; but now it cures Christhens; and look, Sir, at all these crutches stuck round the well; look at these hand-barrows. I saw myself with my two eyes, the bed-rid come hofe on these crutches, and they went away, after going their rounds, as straight and nimble as you or I, and they left these things behind, as well they might, to prove and to certify God's wonders done unto them at this Holy Well.

"Sir," said he, "the black-mouthed Presbyterians there below on the Lennan, are forced to confess and believe in the wonders of this Well. Not long ago a bitter psalm-singing Presbyterian, who farms part of the townland of Drumgarton, his name is John M'Clure, he used to laugh at us poor Catholics as we passed him by, going to this blessed spot—Oh! it would make your flesh creep to hear all he said, turning the sacred well into game; but one spring, just as we were going to labour the ground for the barley, his horses took the mange, and they got so

lean that they were dropping off their standing: they could not plough his field, they were unable to crawl to the bog to bring home a creel of turf, he tried brimstone with them, but it did not do; all the tobacco-water and sulphur in Derry had no effect; so, says he, half joke half earnest, to his neighbour Jerry M'Swine, 'I'll go to the Well of Doune and wash my horses with your holy water, and who knows but the Saint will cure a Presbyterian's horse as well as a Catholic's cow.' So off he set with his horses, and he brings a pail with him to lift the water, and when he came near the well, as he could not lead his horses close to it by reason of the bog, he tied the cattle to a stone, and down he went to fetch the water, and raising it with his pail, off he set to pour it over his horses. But my dear honey he had not gone ten steps from the well, when the pail, as if it had no bottom, let out all the water; back he goes again, but no better was his bad luck, he might have been lifting the water until Lady Day and yet not one

drop of the blessed liquid would the heretic be permitted to carry, it stole out of the pail as it would out of a sieve: at length of a sudden dimness came over the man's eyes, and it would make you laugh to see Johnny M'Clure wandering about the bogs as blind as a beetle, tumbling into the bog-holes, rolling and weltering in the mud. At length fear came on the man, and the grace of God gave him a good thought, and he vowed to the blessed Mary and the Saints, that if he recovered his sight he would go to Mass on next Sunday. The moment he said this he saw his eyesight come; up he bounced, ran to the well and took a hearty drink, and he became as good a Catholic and as happy a man as ever you saw; immediately he took up the pail, lifted it full of water, which the pail now carried as staunch as need be, and a Catholic neighbour making the sign of the cross while he washed the horses with the water, in a hand's turn (as I may say,) they became as clean and sound as a trout, and Jack M'Clure went

home, his cattle cured, and he a good Catholic, which he remained to his dying day."

This story Tony O'Donnel told with all the unction of perfect faith—I verily believe he placed a full reliance on the truth of what he narrated. This well is in the highest odour of credit in this vicinity—its efficacy is notorious in sundry ways—one virtue it has for which its fame deserves to extend beyond this mountain district—good housewives use it as a sovereign and certain alexipharmick against infidelity in husbands; nothing need be done but keep a bottle of this sacred water well corked under the bed's head, and the good man of the house remains as he should be, true and faithful. A valuable well is not this? and highly to be prized this anti-jealousy water—pity it is so little known beyond these hills; even Protestant ladies are known to rely on and to experience the full efficacy of this simple remedy against a very troublesome evil. The water keeps well; it is, (as emblematical of the purity it provides for,)

incapable of corruption; it might be forwarded to all parts of the world; and I trust that Paris and London may yet derive ample trade in, and derive important advantages from this too-long neglected water. While I was there I observed sundry pilgrims going round the holy well on their naked knees; they trudged along upon stones set in the miry puddle, and it was curious to observe the countenances of these people, as with intense eagerness and abstracted looks they proceeded repeating in low and suppressed tones sundry Paters and Aves.

There are sundry peculiar Station-days, on which the crowds resorting hither are immense; hither the sick and healthy flock, the sick to obtain health—the healthy to merit grace. The resort to this blessed well not only cures complaints, but it procures marriages; and it is ascertained much to the satisfaction of his Reverence the Parish Priest, that after these Stations, weddings are rife, and therefore approaches to this well are crowded on such occasions with the

young and the healthy, the gay and the well-dressed; and as much conviviality and merry-making is mixed up here, with the superstitions of the devotioners of the Church of Rome, as is usual in all quarters of the globe. There is one accompaniment to this blessed well, which is found to help the efficacy of its waters not a little, and that more especially since they have been found effectual in the cure of human maladies, I mean a snug comfortable little cabin, just under the Old Rock and close to the well, in which pilgrims can get at a reasonable rate a drop of the "Poteen;" and a dash of this *elixir illegalis* through a bottle of water, has been found to further its sanative effects in no. small degree and measure.

A few days after our walk to Doune Rock, we set out on an excursion to an Alpine lake, some miles off, embosomed in the midst of wild and lofty mountains. The valley in which this lake lies is called Glen Veagh. On our way to it, we went along a road parrallel to the River Lennan, and after about

five miles ride came to a very beautiful lake, out of which this river discharges itself.

LETTER II.

TO THE REV. SIR F. L. B——SSE.

THE Lake of Garton, to which I brought you in my last letter, is one of the finest of those numerous sheets of water which are interspersed through the vallies and mountains of this highland district; either in the midst of the mountains, forming the sources of rivers, or in the lowland vallies, expanding as their receptacles or reservoirs. High or low, small or large, they form interesting objects for the tourist; and I am not sure whether in this way our Irish lake may not be found as worthy of a visit as one in Cumberland, or Scotland, or even Switzerland.

The lake is of considerable extent, its shores are ornamented with some timber, and a few gentlemen's seats; a very pretty parsonage reposes in a peninsula, and to the west and south the mountains extend in elevated ranges—beyond the lake I was shown an ancient ruin, said to be a church of St. Columkill; and a stone was described to me as a spot of peculiar sanctity and a place of ancient veneration and worship, to which, in old times, thousands of pilgrims used to flock—but it has fallen into disuse, and Doune Well has carried away almost all its votaries. The stone, the subject of veneration, is flat, and has four holes or cavities on its surface, which are said to be the marks of the hands and knees of Ethne, the mother of Columkill, who, large with child, was told by an old Druid, that she never would bring her son to the birth, till she came and knelt on this stone. So leaving the house of her princely father, the descendant of Nial of the Nine Hostages, she traversed the mountains of Tyrconnel until she came hither, and here taken in

labour, was safely delivered of the pigeon of the Church—and certainly the founder of the Culdees could not be born in a spot more befitting the wild and solitary rule that he established; the father of the Culdees could not come to the birth in a more appropriate place.

This country on every side presents memorials of Columkill, the peculiar Saint of Tyrconnell, and certainly he was, after all, a passionate pigeon of the Church, and very like a real Irishman—he was sometimes the best humoured and softest-hearted fellow in the world; but vex him, and he would kick up such a row, set all about him fighting, and breaking heads like a Tipperary faction on a fair-green—to account for all this, his historians tell us, that at one time he was attended by a guardian angel called Axal—and then he was in sweet mood, and he might be heard two miles away singing hymns, and chaunting mass amongst the mountains—at other times, an evil genius, called Demal, used to infest him, inspire his mind with

wicked thoughts, and still wickeder designs; and therefore, poor Columkill, under the influence, no doubt, of this demon—was the cause of three bloody battles in Ireland; and in consequence of these pugnacious propensities, he was banished out of the country and sent to Iona, and was never permitted to look on Ireland again; and so strict was this religious penance enforced on him, that some years afterwards when his presence was necessary to compose a feud which his earlier passions had excited—he came over with an oiled cloth before his eyes, and the poor fellow was not permitted to cast even a side look at the green hills he loved so well.

I was shown, not far from this, the place of one of Columkill's numerous feats—an old ruin near Garton, concerning which the tradition goes, that once upon a time, there was an old magician who had built himself a tower in an island on this lake, of great strength and beauty, and in this tower he had a magic glass, which told him all that was passing through the world; and he had an altar made

of an emerald on which were elevated the idols of the sun and moon which he adored. And here he lived, happy in his wisdom, and all the world feared him; but so it befel, that on a certain day he was overtaken by a sore distemper, and fell into a death-like trance without sense or motion, and then the Devil watching his opportunity, determined to take of the man he hated, what was nothing better, than a dirty advantage — for seizing him in his talons, he was hurrying away through the air, and they were going you may guess where—at this critical moment, Columkill who was out upon the hills, looking out for a well to bless for the people, happened to cast his eyes upwards, and saw Satan like a kite with a lark in its claws, sailing under the sun with his prey in possession; and just as he was directly over head, Collum made the sign of the cross in the air; and this perfectly astonished the Devil, it made him let go his gripe of the poor magician, as you, my dear, would let go your hold of a too hot potato, and so down he dropt at Columkill's feet; and to

make my story short, he at once turned a convert, embraced Christianity, became a monk, built this church, and died a Catholic and confessor of the faith.

I confess, I am sometimes inclined to think those old stories are allegorically prophetical of what has come to pass in modern times. This old magician with his tower, seems evidently intended as a mystification of a *poteen* distiller, with his tower of smoke rising from one of these islands; and his magic glass evidently means the fiery liquor which can make a man see double, and then it is so natural for the Devil to fly away with a distiller; therefore the matter is quite clear, that the indomitable rage of the people of Tyrconnel for illicit distillation, is a verification of one of Columkill's prophecies.

After leaving the valley in which Gortan Lake is embosomed; we rose into a wide and wild moorland district, covered with immense blocks of red granite; this district, composed of this granite formation, extends to the foot of Lough Salt, and blocks of any size, and

pillars of any length could be procured of granite as compact in texture, as fine in colour, and capable of as perfect a polish as Pompey's pillar, and the sea at hand to carry away this beautiful material for ornamental architecture, to the Liffey or Thames. On the road to Lough Salt some days after, as we passed an immense block of this red granite, my friend alighted, and putting his shoulder to the rock, it moved slowly to and fro. I was surprised, and alighting from my horse, moved it also with perfect ease, a child might have done the same; but one hundred men could not have moved it out of its place. It was what is called a rocking-stone; whether it was consecrated to the rites of Druidical worship, or whether it was ever admitted into the superstitious observances of the people, I could not ascertain.

We proceeded to Glen Veagh, and at length reached it after a very deep descent. We were delighted with the beautiful water, winding far between immense mountains, and apparently without end, losing itself in

gloom and solitariness amidst the distant gorges and defiles of the hills. On the right hand side of the lake the mountain rises like a steep wall out of the water, lofty and precipitous, for a thousand feet; and this cliff is the secure eyrie of the eagle and jer-falcon. On the other side the shore was lofty also, and mountainous; but still there was room for the oak and the birch, the rowan and alder, to strike their roots amidst the rock, and clothe the ravines and hollows with ornamental copse wood. The lake was studded with wet woody islands, out of which rose perpendicular columns of smoke, which told full well that in this solitary secluded spot the illicit distiller was at his tempting and hazardous work. I have never been in Switzerland or Scotland: it has not been my lot, at leizure to wander along the waters of Westmorland or Cumberland, but I have seen good drawings of these most frequented scenes; and have thus admired Lough Catrine, the subject of the poet's pen and painter's pencil. But if *my* glen and *my* lake were

not Irish; if the curse of being out of fashion did not put every thing Irish under attainder, I would venture to shew Glen Veagh against any of these foreign fashionables, and would encourage my mountain nymph to hold herself as fair in varied beauty as any of them.

My pleasant and most companionable friend told me an anecdote in which this lake was concerned, which may be worth relating, as illustrative of the peculiar circumstances in which the whole north-west of Ireland was placed a few years ago by the operation of the Excise Laws. I shall relate it as nearly as possible in his own words, only premising that he has a peculiar unction in telling a story, which I have been unable to appropriate:

"One morning in July, as I was dressing myself to walk out before breakfast, I heard a noise at my back door, and observed one of my people remonstrating with a man who was anxiously pressing into the house. I went down and met the man, whose demi-genteel dress and peculiar cut, marked him to be a gauger.—'O! for mercy's sake,' cried the man

when he saw me, 'let me into your house; lock me up somewhere; hide me, save me, or my life is lost.' So I brought him in, begged of him to sit down, and offering him some refreshment, requested him to recover his courage, and come to himself, for there was no danger.—While I was speaking, an immense crowd came up to the house, and surrounded it; and one man more forward than the rest, came up to the door and demanded admission. On my speaking to him out of the window, and enquiring what his business was, he replied, 'We find you have got Mr. ———, the gauger, in your house: you must deliver him up to us, we want him.' 'What do you want him for?' 'Oh, Doctor, that 's no business for you to meddle in; we want him, and must have him.' 'Indeed that I cannot allow; he is under my roof; he has come, claiming my hospitality, and I must and will afford it to him.' 'Doctor there are two words to that bargain: you ought to have consulted us before you promised; but to be plain with you, we really respect you very much; you

are a quiet and a good man, and mind your own business; and we would make the man sore and sorry that would touch the hair of your head. But you must give us the gauger; to be at a word with you, Doctor, we must tear open, or tear down your house, or get him.' What was I to do? what could I do?—nothing. I had not a gun or pistol in my house; 'so,' says I, 'boys, you must, it seems, do as you like, and mind I protest against what you are about; but since you must have your own way, as you are Irishmen, I demand fair play at your hands. The man had ten minutes law of you when he came to my house: let him have the same law still: let him not be the worse of the shelter he has taken here: do you, therefore, return to the hill at the rere of the house, and I will let him out at the hall door, and let him have his ten minutes law.' I thought that in those ten minutes, as he was young and healthy, that he would reach the river Lennan, about a quarter of a mile off, in front of the house, and swimming over it, escape. So they all

agreed that the proposal was a fair one, at any rate, they promised to abide by it; and the man seeing the necessity of the case, consented to leave the house; I enlarged him at the hall door, the pursuers all true to their pledged honor, stood on a hill about two hundred yards in the rere of the house; a hanging lawn sloped down towards a small river that in all places at that season of the year was fordable—about a quarter of a mile farther off still, in front of the house, the larger river, Lennan, ran deep and broad between high and rocky banks. The gauger started off like a buck, and as a hunted deer he ran his best, for he ran for his life, he passed the little river in excellent style, and just as he had ascended its further bank and was rising the hilly ridge that divided the smaller from the broader stream, his pursuers, broke loose, all highland men, tall, loose, agile, young; with breath and sinews strong to breast a mountain; men, who many a time and oft, over bog and brae, had run from the gauger, and now they were after him with

fast foot and full cry. From the hall door the whole hunt could be seen—*they* helter skelter down the lawn rushing—*he* toiling up the opposite hill, and straining to crown its summit—at length he got out of sight, he passed the ridge and rushed down to the Lennan; here, out of breath, without time to strip—without time to choose a convenient place he took the soil, in the hunting phrase, and made his plunge—at all times a bad swimmer—now out of breath, encumbered with his clothes, the water rushing dark, deep, and rapid, amidst surrounding rocks; through whirls, and currents, and drowning holes, the poor man struggled for life; in another minute he would have sunk for ever, when his pursuers came up, and two or three of the most active and best swimmers rushed in and saved him from a watery grave. The whole party immediately got about him, they rolled him about until they got the water out of his stomach, wiped him with their frize coats: twenty warm hands were employed rubbing him into warmth, they did every thing huma-

nity could suggest to bring him to himself. Reader, please to recollect, that we are not describing the feats or fortunes of Captain Rock or his myrmidons; we are not about to detail the minutiæ of a cold-blooded, long calculated murder; we are not describing the actions of men who are more careful of the life of a pig than of a human creature. No, the Donegal mountaineers had a deed to do, but not of death; they were about a deliberate work, but not of murder. The moment the gauger was restored to himself, and in order to contribute to it an ample dose of the *potcen* that he had persecuted was poured down his throat, they proceeded to tie a bandage over his eyes, and they mounted him on a rahery, or mountain pony, and off they set with their captive towards the mountains. For a whole day they paraded him up and down, through glens and defiles, and over mountain sides, and at length, towards the close of a summer's evening, they brought him to the solitary and secluded Glen Veagh; here they embarked him in a curragh, or wicker boat, and after

rowing him up and down for some hours in the lake, they landed him on a little island where was a hut that had often served as a shelter for the fowler, as he watched his aim at the wild water birds of the lake, and still oftener as the still-house for the manufacture of irrepressible unconquerable *poteen*; and here under the care of two trusty men was he left, the bandage carefully kept on his eyes, and well fed on trout, grouse, hares and chickens; plenty of *poteen* mixed with the pure water of the lake was his portion to drink, and for six weeks was he thus kept cooped in the dark like a fattening fowl, and at the expiration of that time his keepers one morning took him under the arm, and desired him to accompany them; then brought him to a boat, rowed him up and down, wafted him from island to island, conveyed him to shore, mounted him on the pony, brought him as before for the length of a day here and there through glen and mountain, and towards the close of night, the liberated gauger finds himself alone on the high road to Letterkenny.

The poor man returned that night to his family, who had given him over as either murdered, or gone to America. But he stood not as a grimly ghost at the door, but as fat and sleek, and as happy as ever.

Now wherefore all this trouble; why all these pains to catch a gauger, fatten him, and let him loose? Oh it was of much and important consequence to these poor mountaineers. A lawless act it surely was; but taking into view that it was an act big with consequences affecting their future ruin or prosperity, it might almost be pardonable. Amidst the numerous parliamentary enactments that the revenue department of the country caused to be passed in order to repress the system of illicit distillation in Ireland, one was a law as contrary to the spirit of the British legislation as to the common principles of equity and conventional right—a law punishing the innocent in substitution for the guilty. This law made the townland in which the still was found, or any part of the process of distillation detected, liable to a heavy fine, to

be levied indiscriminately on all its landholders. The consequence of this law was, that the whole North of Ireland was involved in one common confiscation. It was the fiscal triumph of gaugers and informers over the landlords and proprietors of the country. They were reaping their harvest of ruin, under a *bonus* offered for avarice, treachery and perjury. Acting on this anti-social system, the gauger of the district in question had informations to the amount of £7000 against the respective townlands of which it was composed. These informations were to be passed or otherwise at the approaching Assizes, and there was no doubt but that the gauger could substantiate them according to the existing law—and thus effect the total ruin of the people.

Under those circumstances the plot for the seizure and abduction of the revenue-officer was laid. It was known that on a certain day about a month prior to the Assizes he was to pass through the district on his way to the coast—it was known that he kept those

informations about his person, and therefore they waylaid him, and succeeded in keeping him out of sight until the Assizes were over, and shortly after this imprudent and unconstitutional law was repealed.

But to return to Glen Veagh—as we were rambling along its rocky strand, admiring the stillness of its waters—the sublime solitariness of its mountain shore—here a ravine, climbing up amongst the hills; its chasms and its dancing waterfalls, fringed with birch and stunted oak—there a white silicious peak, protruding itself on high, over which the hawk cowered, as if priding itself on its inaccessible nest—before us the sleeping lake, extending itself—

"Blue, dark, and deep, round many an Isle."

and these isles set like precious gems, with just enough of trees for ornament—the birch, the rowan ashe, the service, the holly—and high from the central, largest and most distant island, arose a blue and wreathed smoke, that bespoke the manufacture of mountain dew—the smoke certainly added

much to the picturesque accompaniment of the scene, and we could just discern a small cabin or sheeling in the island, half concealed amidst the copsewood in which it was enveloped.

I could not help expressing a wish to see the process whereby this admired liquor was compounded, that in the estimation of every Irishman—aye, and high-born Englishman too—is so superior in sweetness, salubrity, and gusto to all that machinery, science and capital can produce in the legalized way—and which verifies the observation of the wise man, "that stolen waters are sweet."—Just as we were conversing in this way, a man turning the point of a rock, stood unexpectedly within a few yards of us. He was one of the largest men I have ever seen amongst the Irish commonalty. He was tall, that is not unusual; but he was lusty, his bones and muscles were covered with flesh—there was a trunk-like swell in his chest, and a massiveness in his body—a pillar like formation of limbs bespeaking that he was a

man moulded to be a giant, and was fed up to the full exercise and capability of his frame. He had a bull-like contour of head and neck, short and crisp curls appeared from under a small hat which seemed unable to settle itself over his ears, from the full development of the organ of combativeness that protruded itself in this region of his cranium.

The man stood before us with the assured look of one who was prepared saucily to say, what business have you here—two greyhounds were at his heels, and a lurking grisly cur, half bull-dog, half terrier, shewed his white teeth and began to growl. 'Oh, how are you Teigue,' cried my friend, (who, I believe, knows every one in Donegal) 'how are you my gay fellow, I am glad to see you, for you are just the man in all these mountains that I wanted to see?'—'Why, then, your honour, I am entirely obliged to you, and in troth when I just came upon you now, I did not know your honour—for as I was just walking over the mountain I saw some strange unco people, and I only slipt down to see the cut of

their countenances.' 'Ah, Teigue; I know rightly you do not like unco people, for fear that a gauger might be amongst them'—'Ah, then, now, is it I fear a gauger?—Teigue O'Gallaghan, fear a gauger!—no, nor a Commissioner from Dublin Custom-house, barring he had army and guns at his back—not I by my troth, for its little I'd matter just taking one of them by the waistband of the breeches and filluping him, do you see, into the middle of the lake, and there leave him to keep company with the trouts—no, no; but the likes of you—no offence master, the likes of you I mean, not in the inside, but teeth outwards, might come and give information, and put *dacent* people to trouble, and be after bringing the army here to this quiet place and put us out of our way and all that.'

'Well, Teigue, you know me don't you?'—'I do your honour, and am sartain sure that you are true and of the right sort, and every inch about you honest.'—'Well, Teigue; I want to get this gentleman, who is a friend of mine, on the lake; he desires to get into a

boat to see its beauties more conveniently, besides he has a longing wish to see how the hearty drop is made, can you indulge him?' 'That I will, and a thousand welcomes'; so away he went towards the point of the rock which jutted out into the water, and putting his finger to his mouth, he sent forth a whistle that sounded over the lake, and thus reverberating, echoed from bay to bay, and multiplied itself through the glens and gorges of the mountains; at the same time he made some telegraphic signal, and in a minute we saw a boat push off from the island of Smoke. While Teigue was absent, I asked my friend who he was?—why, says he, that is one of the most comfortable and independent fellows in all this mountain district—he exerts a muscular and moral influence over the people; he has a great deal of sense, a great deal of determination; a constant view to his own interest; and luckily he considers that interest best promoted, by keeping the country in peace. Those that fall out he beats into good humour, and when the weight of his argument

cannot prevail, the weight of his fist enforces compliance with his wishes. Then he is the patron of illicit distillation—he is co-partner in the venture, and is the watchful guardian over its process; there is not a movment of a gauger that he does not make himself acquainted with; there is not a detachment leaves a village or town that he has not under watch, and before a policeman, or a red coat, comes within three miles of these waters, all would be prepared for them; still and worm sunk; malt buried; barrels and coolers disposed of, and the boat scuttled. There is not a man in Ireland lives better in his own way, than Teigue; his chests are full of meal, the roof of his kitchen is festooned with bacon; his byre is full of cows; his sheep range on a hundred hills; as a countryman said to me the other day, "Teigue O'Gallaher is the only man of his sort in Donegal that eats white bread, toasted, buttered, and washed down with tea for his breakfast."

In the mean time the boat came near, and Teigue joined us, and after some difficulty in

getting aboard from the rocks, and adjusting ourselves in proper trim in the most frail bark, that perhaps was ever launched on water, we rowed out into the lake; and here really the apparent peril of our situation, deprived me of the pleasure that might otherwise be enjoyed in the picturesque scenery around; the bottom of the boat was covered with water, which oozed in through a sod of turf, that served as a plug to a hole in its bottom, the size of my head; and Teigue O'Gallagher who sat at the head of the boat surrounded by his dripping dogs, almost sunk it to the gunwale, and every now and then, the dogs uneasy at their confinement, tumbled about and disturbed our equilibrium; if a gust of wind had come, as it often does on a sudden from the hills, we should have been in a perilous state. As it was, the two young men who rowed us, and who it is to be supposed could swim, enjoyed our nervous state, and out of fun told us stories of sudden hurricanes, and of the dangers and deaths that have happened to navigators

on this lake; we, therefore, declined a protracted expedition, and only desired to be landed on the island, where we arrived in a short time, and then had opportunity of witnessing the arcana of illicit distillation. The island that at a distance looked so pretty with its copsewood, its sheeling, and its wreathing smoke, when we reached it, presented as ugly and disgusting a detail as possible; and a Teniers or a Cruikshank, could only do justice to the scene, and present a lively picture of its uncouth accompaniments.

A half roofed cabin, in which was a raging fire, over which was suspended the pot with its connected head and worm; two of the filthiest of human beings, half naked, squalid unhealthy looking creatures, with skins encrusted with filth, hair long, uncombed, and matted, where vermin of all sorts seemed to quarter themselves and nidificate; and where (as Burns says,) "horn or bone ne'er dare unsettle their thick plantations;" these were the operatives of the filthy process which

seemed in all its details, to be carried on in nastiness.

John Barlycorn, though hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
When Irishmen distil his blood,
They cleanliness despise.

The whole area of the Island was one dunghill composed of fermenting grains; there were about twenty immense hogs either feeding or snoring on the food that lay beneath them; and so alive with rats was the whole concern that one of the boatmen compared them in number and intrusiveness to flocks of sparrows on the side of a shelling-hill adjoining a corn-mill. I asked one of the boatman where the men who attended the still slept. 'Och, where should they sleep but on the grains with the pigs; they have never been off the island these six months, they have never changed their clothes, and I believe, though they are convenient enough to the water, they have never washed themselves." "And are they not afraid?" "Why who would they be afraid of but the rats." "And do they never go to divine worship?" "Ah, that they don't, it's little they care

about religion—one of them is a Protestant, and he curses so much that its enough to keep ghost, angel, or devil off the place—and in troth the Catholic is not much better, may be the Priest wont have work enough with *him* yet.'

I was truly disgusted with the whole scene, and anxious to quit it.* I was vexed and disappointed to find such a romantic or beautiful spot so defiled, so desecrated, I might say, by a manufacture, that has proved of incalculable mischief to the peaceful habits, the moral character, and religious duties of the people of the country—but we would not be allowed to depart before we partook of the produce of the pot. With all his faults, Pat is not deficient in generosity, and he is ever ready to share—yes, and often to waste the liquor which he has a peculiar delight in manufacturing; because, perhaps, the undertaking is attended with risque, and gives

The visit to Glen Veagh, took place four years ago. I have reason to believe, that in consequence of better arrangements in the revenue department, illicit distillation has ceased long ago in Glen Veagh.

birth to adventurous engagements, and escapes: and as the song says

An Irishman all in his glory is there.

I cannot take leave of Glen Veagh, without calling to mind a visit we paid to a characteristic dweller of this singular and solitary scene. In a sunny nook where a dark deep ravine expanded itself into a little grassy valley, affording room for potato garden and a small meadow, and beside a small garrulous brook, rose a cabin, I dare not call it a cottage, for that supposes comfort, and associates cleanliness, neatness, the woodbine bower, the rose-covered lattice, with its idea, —and such a spot on Ulleswater or Windermere would have been blessed and beautified with such accompaniments; but here we had no such amenities—the grunt of a starving sow, the growl of a gaunt greyhound, were the sounds that accosted us as we bent our heads to enter the narrow aperture that served almost as much for a chimney as an entrance. But when you entered, things bore somewhat a more satisfactory appear-

ance; there was better furniture than is generally to be seen in an Irish cabin; some old-fashioned high backed chairs, some old carved, oaken, brass-mounted chests; a decent dresser, on which were ranged some pewter dishes and plates; implements of fishing were suspended along the walls, and a long French musket, its barrel mounted with brass, hung right over the immense mantle-piece of the chimney that jutted out almost into the centre of the apartment; above the gun was an old mezzotinto print of the Holy Family after Raphael, and over that again an old armorial bearing, on which you could observe a salmon, a lion passant and a bloody hand, all well smoked. Beneath the canopy of the immense chimney, and beside the hob, in a comfortable high backed chair, made of straw in the manner of a beehive, sat Jack M'Swine, the master of the mansion. He rose apparently with pain as we entered.—I thought he would never cease rising, so slowly did he unbend his extraordinary height, and with apparent difficulty, as suffering un-

der rheumatic pains, he advanced to meet my friend, whom he accosted with all the ease of an old gentleman, and all the cordiality of an ancient Irishman. All the lower class of Irish are particularly civil and attentive to you when you enter their houses: I never in any of the provinces entered under a poor man's roof, that I was not received with the smile of pleasure and the language of benignity, the best seat wiped, and offered for my acceptance, the pig expelled, the dog punished if he dared to growl at my entering,—but here was even something better than this, for there was the Irish heartiness adorned with the urbanity of a gentleman; if he were the lord of a palace he could not have received us with more kind and unembarrassed courtesy, than did this dweller of the lonely mountain hut; and when I was introduced to him as one who had come from Dublin to see and admire the beauties of Glen Veagh, nothing could exceed the anxious kindness with which he expressed his desire to do every thing to further my views; he lamented he

had not a boat; that his fowling convenience and fishing tackle were not in trim for our use; in short he seemed to feel a double pang that he was a poor man.—But who was Jack M'Swine? The lineal descendant of the ancient sept of the M'Swines, who next and only inferior to the O'Donnels, possessed a large portion of Tyrconnel. Our friend of Glen Veagh maintained that he was the M'Swine na Doo—the Caunfinny or head of the family,—and surrounded by poverty as we saw him, the dweller of the wretched hut, without one shilling of income, with nothing to live on but the produce of his potato garden, and the milk of a few cows that ranged the mountains, yet Philip the Second of Spain ruling over dominions on which the sun never set, was not prouder in his bearing, nor richer in the recollections of his Austrian ancestry, than this fading shadow of an Irish Tanist: the man literally lived, moved and had his being as dependent on his family associations; and still life was only supportable under the one hope which he cherished.

Amidst chilling discouragements, insurmountable obstacles, and endless rebuffs, he had now come to the verge of the grave; grey he stood and tempest worn, like one of the withering oaks on the side of Glen Veagh, and still he put forth the leaf and struggled for existence, hoping against hope. The M'Swines, as proprietors of a large portion of the mountain district of Donegal, had usually sided with the O'Neils against the O'Donnels; and O'Neil's demand of sixty cows as tribute from O'Donnel, was often enforced by the assistance of M'Swine; and when James I. conquered the O'Donnels, and escheated their lands, as a reward to M'Swine for his opposition to this chieftain, his mountains, perhaps because not worth confiscating, were left to him in peace, and in the following reign of Charles, when the execrable rebellion of 1641, broke out, the M'Swine for some reason did not join in it; there was no proof of massacre or murder against him, and the Act of Settlement left him his property as an innocent Papist.

Here then down to the present century the M'Swines lived, the lords paramount of these glens and mountains, in barbarous and profuse hospitality,—here surrounded by followers and retainers, amidst fosterers and cohershers, their hall full of horse boys, and dog boys, and cow boys,—all idlers, all gentlemen; all disdaining any trade or occupapation,—fishing, fowling, hunting or fighting by day; feasting, quarrelling and carousing by night,—thus the M'Swines from father to son lived; borrowing money, and mortgaging one mountain tract or line of sea after another. This is the common history of an Irish Castle-Rackrent family, and thus the common fate of the Sir Thadys and Sir Condys of Ireland attended the M'Swines, and our poor friend Jack came into the world the inheritor of his forefathers' name, pride, recollections and imprudencies; but alas! his lands had all vanished and become under foreclosed mortgages, the properties of families who possessed the low-born English and Scotch propensity of foresight and

frugality; and still Jack M'Swine clung to the hope and expectation of recovering some of his alienated lands; he told us how certain tracts were illegally conveyed away from him by his father, and he besought me with all the anxiety of a man who was catching at vague impossibilities, that I would search the records in Dublin Castle for him, and make out his title. No one could possibly have seen this fine old man, so tall, so meagre, and yet so decent, in his coarse attire, and so urbane and so gracious in the old-fashioned manner of the last century, without wishing that some portion of the wide domains of his ancestors was restored to him, and that his grey hairs might descend in decency to the grave;—or rather it would better become my desire and my prayer to turn these immoderate hopes, these ceaseless anxieties from such unreal fancies, from these fallacies of earthly ambition, to seek a property in a better country—an inheritance with the saints in light: desiring to be found in Christ, clothed in his righteousness, endowed with

his unspeakable gifts, and possessing his unsearchable riches. Every year this hearty old Milesian comes down from his mountain glen, and spends a day at the hospitable glebe-house of my friend, and he regularly brings to the younger part of the family an appropriate present; a gift which from the remotest times a king might accept, and a noble might bestow—a young eagle or jer-falcon of the true hunting breed, from the cliffs of Glen Veagh. Before I left the country, this genuine gentleman brought me such a present as a grateful recompence (the only one he could bestow,) for the hearty interest and attention which I, as he said, condescended to take in the fallen fortunes of poor John M'Swine.

We proceeded on from Glen Veagh to the hospitable mansion at Ards, before referred to, and where the contrast presented by a beautifully planted and ornamented demesne, and by the accurate row-culture and farming, worthy of Norfolk or the Lothians, to the mountains, moors and wastes we passed over,

was as grateful as unexpected. But as I do not pretend to be a Young or a Curwen, dealing in the details of farming or the statistics, I shall pass over what I saw at Ards, only saying, that I trust I shall retain, though I may not describe, the grateful sense of the kindness I received while there. But the lofty cloud-compelling Muckish was near Ards, and on this pig's back* I was determined to mount ;—there will be no limits to vision from it; I shall see all Donegal, and Innishowen, and Tyrone; I shall see Derry, the brave, devoted city, the joy of the whole Protestant world, under my feet; I shall see the fine land-locked Lough Swilly, the deep indented waters of Mulroy. In short, I shall see what I have ever had a passion for seeing, a wide and outstretched view from a mountain. So, in spite of the fervors of a July day, and joined in the daring enterprise by some of the younger part of the family at Ards, we set forth to climb the mountain. And here it was literally climbing. There are

* The English for Muckish is a pig's back

some lofty mountains you can ride to the top of. To the craggy height of Snowdon, Welsh tourists, as I am informed, ascend in carriages; but rest assured this facility was not possible to us; for actually in many places we had to catch hold of the heath and rock to help us in the ascent; and so steep and downright was the mountain, that a stone of any size could be hurled from the top to the bottom. Thus amusing ourselves rolling down the compact silicious rock, and observing the noise, velocity, smoke, and flashes of fire that were elicited in the momentum of the descent, at last, after near four hours exertion, we arrived at the summit of our ambition.—I ran, covered with perspiration and panting with heat, to mount the topmost ridge, and just as we arrived there, just as we had cast our eyes around, and began to feast on the immense vision of earth and ocean beneath us, a vast murky cloud from the Atlantic, big with sleet and moisture, enveloped us and the whole top of the mountain as with a night-cap, and made every thing so dark,

indistinct, and dreary, that we could scarcely see one another: besides it was attended with such a cold, cutting breeze, that we, who were all with, pores open, under the process of perspiration, felt as if the Cacodæmon of the mountain, in revenge for his invaded solitariness, had risen in anger, and armed with a scythe had rushed on to cut us asunder—to retreat, therefore, was the best policy. How similar the results attending the ascent of this mountain are to what await our most aspiring hopes and promising speculations in this life; looking up to attain some desirable elevation, grasping, scrambling, heated, weary, at length the object occupying eye, hand, intellect, and fancy, is gained, the ridge of ambition is conquered, and hope is crowned, and still we are not happy;—no, some troublous cloud, some misty thing, comes and warns us that after all our toil and labour things were easier and brighter below. But I, whose curiosity was more intense than that of my friends, in spite of a cold and driving sleet, and fearless of a

fever, still lingered behind, and hastily observed that on the top of this lofty mountain, which at a distance appears so acute and linear in its ridge, there was a plain of some acres, on which grew in luxuriance that species of saxifrage so great an ornament to our gardens, called London Pride; so abundant was it that you might suppose that some comical fairy gardener had established a nursery of it here. A poet given to prettiness might point a sonnet here on the natural habitant of pride, as lofty and rocky, and cold and barren; pride every where to be found, and in all places useless, whether it blows in the garden of a purse-proud London citizen, or extends in dreary solitariness on the mountain of a Donegal Nobleman. I also took time to observe, that on the north-western side of the elevation where it stands exposed to the driving sleet and tempest and saline spray of the great Atlantic, that even the white silicious stone of which it is composed, and which is almost compact as quartz, is decomposed and has been converted by the agency of the ele-

ments into beds of minute fine sand, as pure as the driven snow—this the proprietor of the mountain rolls down the side of the hill in canvas bags, and exports to Dunbarton in Scotland, where it is manufactured into the purest crown and plate glass. My friend and I proceeded onwards from this angry mountain to the promontory of Horn-head, and were received at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Stewart, who amidst the multiplicity of gentry of that name in the province of Ulster, is as usual designated and distinguished by the name of the property over which he resides; and here on this promontory or island, for it is surrounded by the sea, on this outport towards America, I found a family as amiable, society as polished, reception as cordial, and attention such as Irishmen could give, or Irishmen be grateful for. Mr. Stewart has the most extensive stocked farm in Ireland, or perhaps in the world. I have heard it said of old Mr. Keating of Tipperary, that he used to sheer at one sheering 25,000 sheep; but Mr. Stewart reckons his

stock not by hundred or thousand but by hundreds of thousands. I can assert he is lord of millions; the whole promontory of Horn-head, containing upwards of 1000 acres, is one well-stocked rabbit-warren, and the sum arising from the fur alone of these rabbits amounts to a handsome income. But besides this, there is not an ocean-bird that dips its wing in the waves of the Atlantic, the gull, gannet, penguin, peterel, and albatross, and all those numerous and nameless aquatic creatures that live and sleep upon the ocean—these come in countless millions to the precipitous cliffs of Horn-head, for six weeks in the summer, to build their nests on its inaccessible rocks, propagate their species, and then return to be seen no more until the following summer. Birds here are seen of species unknown in the West of Ireland, and which never on any other occasion are seen near land. Therefore, after partaking of most genuine hospitality in the mansion of Horn-head, the young gentlemen of the family accompanied us on the following day

to the cliff. Did Shakspear see these enormous battlements of Ireland? Dover cliff, of which he gives such a sublime description, is perhaps magnified in the imagery of the poet: but certainly I conceive Horn-head comes up to his representation. One would think the Muse had caught up from Stratford-upon-Avon the Poet of Nature, and dropt him on this mighty promontory, until he had made up in his mind's eye the whole magnificent scene.

> How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
> Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
> Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy
> Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
> That on unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more.

—Nothing indeed could be more astonishing than the whole scene; there was a mist hanging over the Atlantic, that gave a mysteri-

ousness to its magnificence, like the way into the eternal world—"shadows, clouds, and darkness rested upon it;" there was no wind, it was a perfect calm, and yet the roll of the waves and the roar of the tides as they rushed and rolled amidst the caverned cliffs, communicated an awful grandeur to the whole scene. It was as the moan of suffering endurance under the ceaseless vexation of the Atlantic. This promontory as I have before mentioned, has a cliff beetling and overhanging the ocean, and protruded like a horn, from whence it derives its name; adjoining which a signal station was erected during the war, in which a poor man was induced to reside. Oh! what a horrid place for a poor mortal to reside when the ocean tempest came on; but now in the midst of July the scene was quite different—if it was a scene pregnant with grandeur, it was also one teeming with life; the whole surface of the boggy or mossy soil of which the mountain was composed, even to the edge of the cliff, was burrowed with holes caused by certain

aquatic birds that make their nests in holes in the ground; the soil was in this way so hollow, that there was much danger in walking; thence for 1500 feet down the precipice on every ledge of the rock, on every slope, or crag, or point where a nest could be placed, it was black with birds carrying on the process of incubation, all arranged in their different families and species on the face of the precipice; and here and there on some bolder and broader prominence, too high from below and too deep from above to be accessible to man, were eagles' nests, and young ones as large as turkeys, and the old birds from thirty to forty at a time floating in mid air above, shrieking and challenging from on high our audacity in molesting their sovereignty. Oh! that some Atheist standing on these cliffs, and surveying this magnificent scene, would reflect upon what it was that brought all these unimaginable myriads of sea fowl to meet at certain unvaried seasons on these precipices—must he not ask himself who imposed a necessity on these dwellers

of the trackless ocean to congregate here, coming thousands of leagues from east and west, from all the winds of heaven, and guided hither by an instinct surer than pole star, or cynosure, or magnet. How they came, how they returned, who fixed the unerring law on them, and see how generation after generation they still obey. But these animals of God have never fallen—they never broke the original law imposed—they still give God the obedience of unbroken fealty and instinct. Man alone is the law breaker, and sin has degraded reason, while instinct is upright; or as the prophet Jeremiah says—"Yea the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle and the crow and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

Here the country people carry on a more fearful trade than even gathering samphire—namely, the taking these birds off their nests, these dark dwellers of the ocean are all furnished with a covering of the finest down,

which bears a high price, I believe about five shillings per pound, and about two dozen of these birds furnish a pound; it is therefore a most tempting employment for these poor people; for an active and experienced man can take three or four dozen every day, but it is accompanied with immense danger, and annually two or three or more fall a sacrifice, and are dashed to pieces. This practice of taking birds is described in some treatises on Natural History, so I shall not trouble my reader with it here. I shall therefore proceed further along the promontory where the cliff arose not so high, to where the curious natural phenomenon occurs, called M'Swine's Gun, which is caused by a horizontal cavern running for many yards under the cliff, from whence a perpendicular shaft rises to the surface, and this is called M'Swine's Gun. This particular point, lies open to the north-west, and when the tempest sets in from that quarter, the storm forces the sea with tremendous power into the cavern, and whenever the gale is most fitful, and an immense

surge beats in, up flies the water through the perpendicular shaft like the Geiser spring in Iceland, some hundreds of feet high, accompanied with a report louder than any piece of artillery, and the shot of M'Swine's Gun is asserted to have been heard in the city of Derry.

C. O.

SKETCHES IN DONEGAL.

LETTER III.

TO THE REV. SIR F. L. B——SSE.

On the following day my friend and I set out to retrace our steps homeward, and to vary our route; we returned along the shores of the deep land-locked arm of the sea called Mulroy Bay. Nothing can equal the variety that this water presents; here, like a beautiful and placid lake winding through mountains, and without any apparent outlet; there, like a broad and magnificent river; and again opening into a fine harbour in which navies might ride in safety. Formerly the hills and shores of

the bay were covered with timber. The oak, ash, hazel, in stunted copsewood, still cover the declivities; if these beautiful shores were in any other country they would be improved, cherished, and resorted to, but here no one comes. The cormorants, the curlews, and the sandpipers stood on the rocks over these solitary waters, and seemed to wonder what brought two beings in the garb of gentlemen to molest their loneliness. Adjoining this water, on a mountain ridge about two miles off from the shore, my friend brought me to see a place called the Giant's Grave. We walked up to it through a wet and mossy mountain, and on the summit of the ridge, in the middle of the moor, and surrounded by a peat-bog, were two long caves, or rather troughs, composed of immense stones, joined in the shape of coffins, and covered over with large flag stones; one of these coffins was about thirty-four and the other about twenty feet long, and from four to six feet broad. I could obtain no account from the inhabitants, who were Protestants,

of the origin or use of these strange formations. They said they knew nothing about them, but that they were giants' graves—I never in any other mountain district of Ireland saw any thing similar, and ever since I have been puzzling my brain how to account for them. I remember some years ago having found a vitrified fort on the top of one of the mountains of Cavan, the only one that has been observed in Ireland. I sent up a specimen of the vitrified material to the Royal Irish Academy, and also an account of the fort. A learned Theban of that Society said that my specimen must have come from a glass-house, and he gravely maintained that my fort was the ruin of an old manufactory of glass, although others present objected to his solution, hinting that it was rather an improbable place to erect a glass-house on one of the highest hills in Ulster. In the same way I suppose that some philosopher will say that my mountain sarcophagi are only places for burning kelp, never considering that to drag sea-weed up to the top of a

mountain two miles, would not prove a very light labour. I have often desired to know whether such things are to be met with in other parts of Ireland, or whether any one can assign a cause for their construction.

In returning back to the road from these gigantic tombs, we passed through a village composed entirely of Protestants, and all of one family and name. They have settled here in their quiet secluded village on the borders of Mulroy Bay, with some good land skirting the shore, and a large tract of mountain pasture for their cattle to range on. We went into their houses, and were received with much simple kindness, refreshed with the best food they could afford—oaten bread, butter, and potatoes;—a fine race of men, a fair family of women, decently clad, sufficiently fed—the ignorance of any thing better than their own state, forming their bliss, it would be cruel to desire to make them wiser—in a worldly sense be this spoken. In a religious view, if they be ignorant —he who knows the value of a soul, would desire to enlighten them.

On the other side of the water of Mulroy, is the peninsula of Fannat, which is bounded on the east by Lough Swilly, and on the west by Mulroy Lough; it is a wild mountain district, subject in many places to the blowing of the sand; but containing a great and increasing population. I understand that the Protestants of that district, are blessed with the residence and pastoral labour of a truly pious minister, and that his exertions, his preaching, and example, have had a most beneficial effect on those who attend to his instructions. The Romanists, as I am informed, are a most bigoted and superstitious race, given up to will-worship and saint adoration. St. Columkill has done wonders for them—I was told of a rock in this district on which the glory of Tyrconnel stood, and where he was determined to out Herod St. Patrick—who, good-natured as he was, only sent all the snakes and toads a packing from Croagh Patrick; but upon this rock, St. Columkill mounted and with bell and book, not forgeting the lighting of a holy candle, he cursed

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all the rats, mice, and earth worms in Fannat; not a tail of a rat, if you gave its weight in gold for it, could be got in the peninsula, the cats were laid aside as sinecurists. Mrs. Florinda M'Swine, a venerable virgin lady, was the only possessor of a grimalkin in the parish, and she retained it more for curiosity than convenience—nay more than that, there was not one earth-worm in the churchyard where the Catholics were interred. Old Johnny M'Alister the sexton, declared that in opening a fresh grave, and when he trundled up a skull, neither

> Worm crept in, or worm crept out,
> Or sported the eyes, or the temples about.
> Such power belongeth to saints.

But in an evil hour, a road was ordered by the higher powers, to be cut through the district, and a black Presbyterian, and withal a Scotchman, was the person appointed to lay out the new line—and what do you think of the man, foul befal his infidelity, he found the holy stone in his way, as he was levelling for the road; and with the scorn of a very chield of

John Knox, he ordered his heretic people to knock it out of the way—and would you believe it? from that day forth, rats, and mice, and frogs came into Fannat with the greatest freedom in the world. A rat was actually seen running across Father M'Mahon, the Priest's kitchen, and it 's as true as you 're there, that Farmer M'Cullom gave a fat goose to a Derry cadger, for a young kitten.

But there is one standing miracle of Columkill that yet holds out, and we trust that no Scotchman shall be ever able to shorten or mar such a privilege. The holy man has actually conferred on the inhabitants of Fannat, immunity from dying by the rope; do what they will, riot, rob, or rape—send them to Lifford, where, even if Lord ——— was to come down as a special hanging judge, to try them, still the Fannatians would all get out of dock—they might be sent to sea, to the other side of the world, to see Botany Bay; but every mother's soul would come home to die in Fannat—not an ounce of hemp was or ever shall be expended on one of them.

Not long ago the miracle was tried and to its utmost stretch—Columkill's honour was at stake—two or three fellows had committed an atrocious felony—they were taken and committed to Lifford, witnesses were ready and willing to prove their guilt to the uttermost—thousands trembled for the character of Columkill, 'twas neck or nothing with him: as the trial approached all Fannat was on fire with suspense. But, my good Sir, though the whole world knew that hanging was too good for them, yet for the honour of the Saint, it was the delight and glory of the country, that the men came gloriously home without passing under the hands of the hangman. These stories were told me by my friend's herd, Amy M'Ilwee, who sits, or walks, or sleeps, the whole summer day tending cattle, and who seems to think, waking; or dream, sleeping, of nothing but ghosts and witches, and saints—of Oisin and Fin M'Coul and Columkill. Reader it it is well for you that I forget the quarter of Amy's stories.—One he told me, of a ghost

in Fannat, which amused me at the time, and perhaps the cause of my amusement was the absurd seriousness—the confident believing countenance with which the uncouth and simple creature carried on his narrative.

"When I was a little boy, my father, God be with his sowl, put me to herd sheep with Jerry M'Cullum who kept a tan-yard, and besides that, held a farm in Fannat. Jerry's father was not long dead, and he had left him well off in the world—the old man was to be sure, a passionate old body, and when he was *dacently* buried, Jerry was not sorry that he had tanpits, farm, and the whole *concarn* to himself. But not many days after, as the girl was in the byre milking the cows, and just as she was done and her piggin full, all at once the cows set about a moaning in their bales, they then began to kick and fling, the milk was all kicked about and spilt, and looking behind her, what should Honour O'Kane see but her old master looking grim and grizly at her, and surrounded with blue blazes; and then to be sure Honour made haste to

quit the byre. The cows, when they were turned out next morning, never could be forced in again, nor if you cut their tails off would they ever go into these bales again.

"Not long after this the apparition came into the kitchen, and without any provocation at all, tossed down all the bacon from the hob, on the heads of the *sarvants*, as they were waiting for their supper.

"At another time, as the young master was sitting over a glass of punch with his friends, all at once, the press, the cupboard, the clock, and all the pewter, glass, and *chany*, set about tumbling and tossing around them, and trouble-the-house was seen with a curious and devilish grin throwing soot and dust in the eyes and mouth of the astonished guests. He was the most mischievous ghost that ever came out of Purgatory—not a man could come about the house after night-fall without having his head broke; the dogs ran away out of the tan-yard; the hides rotted in the pits; the farm ran to weeds, and neglect, all were at sixes and sevens; and still

the old ghost was as vexatious and turbulent as ever. The only person he would let alone was Tim the piper—Tim had often played *Coolin*, and the *jig Polthoge*, for the old master, just when he was in a passion, and now Tim came, and even after sunset he ventured to fill his pipes and lilt up one of the old tunes, for sure and *sartain*, said he, the ould Gentleman, God give him rest, will take my music as he always did in good part—nay I will lay my tobacco-pipe upon my knee along with the chaunter, and I would not put it past the good ould crathur, cross as he is to them all, but he will fill my pipe for me with the best Virginia; well, would you believe it, but Tim the piper was not out in his reckoning, for that very night, after he had finished playing *Coolin*, he found a roll of tobacco lying on his knee, for which Tim was, as in duty bound, for ever thankful. But this did not satisfy the young master; every thing about was going to the bad, and he was thinking of running away to America. But before he made up his mind to quit, he was deter-

mined to leave no stone unturned to lay the ghost in the red sea. So he went to a fairy woman, and she desired him to take a white cock, and just at the threshold of his door, to wring his neck off, and sprinkle the blood up and down the house, and that would drive away the ghost. But *it* would not do: and that very night the rioting and the roaring, the tossing about of tables, chairs, and all sorts of moveables, were worse than ever.

Then he was advised to go to the freemasons, and try what they would do with their *hocus pocus*; so he brought for love or money, I am sure I don't know which, a jolly looking man, with silver trowel and fine satin apron, covered over with golden angles, and arches, and suns and moons. The honest man took plenty of dinner and plenty of punch, for freemasons are free enough with the liquor; and then he set to work, flourishing his trowel up and down the house, muttering Greek gibberish to himself. But, my dear, while he was in the midst of his fee-fa-fum, and just as

he was standing on the stairs under the cock-loft, the ghost, setting up a horse laugh, pitched a cow's hide, full of horns, on his skull; and some of the horns stuck in his head and hung queerly over his ears, others fastened in his silver apron—others tumbled and clattered so about his heels, that the poor devil thought all hell was broke loose upon him; and off he set, roaring like a bull, through the country. At last Jerry was advised to go to the priest. Now I ought to have tould you long before that Jerry and all his breed were Protestants; and he did not like to go to his *Raverence*, because his ould friends would say he was a turncoat. But what's all the world to a man if his house be haunted, and he can't sleep; so Jerry even went as he was desired to Father Phelim the Priest; and to be sure he received Jerry M'Cullum in his parlour most genteely. 'What 's your business with me, Mr. M'Cullum?' 'Why, Father, I suppose you have heard of my sore troubles, and how I have neither prosperity by day, nor rest by night.

My father's ghost is sure to be the ruin of me.' 'But why, Mr. M'Cullum, should you come to *me*? You were never under my knee —you were never at my mass—you have lived without my sacraments—you have paid me no dues—you keep no more fasts than a dog—and the church holds you as a heathen and a publican. What have you to do with me, Mr. Jerry M'Cullum?' 'Och! but Father dear, do but come this once and lay this cruel ghost, and I promise you that I and all belonging to me will go to mass and do your bidding all the days of our lives.' 'Do you say so?' says the Priest. 'Will you give me your Bible oath that neither you nor yours, in *secula seculorum*, will ever darken a church or meeting-house door? that you will come to my altar, fast on Friday, come to confession at Easter, and take and conform to the rosary of the Virgin? swear, I say, by the cross and by this book, you will thus mind my bidding, and come home to the open arms of your mother the church, and I will go in the name of the Virgin, St. Patrick, and

St. Columkill, and lay the ghost in the Red Sea.' Jerry swore and crossed himself willingly; and that very night the Priest proceeded in his vestments, and with his breviary and his bell, and a bottle of holy water, and the clerk of the chapel bearing two holy candles. He marched up and down the house, he read all the sacred Latin prayers; he challenged and he chid the ghost; he commanded it with a mighty voice to return to its own place, for the work was done, and there was no more occasion for it to walk under the moon; and then the holy man closed his book, and ordered the holy water to be sprinkled, the bell was rung, the blessed candles were put out; and from that day to this, Jerry's house is quiet, and he and all his seed and breed are good Catholics."

Amy told me this with much feeling; and, in the ardour of his religion, and in the interest of his story, he forgot he was speaking to a Protestant.

Before I conclude this letter, I would say something concerning the state of religion

in this district, and from what you have already read, you may fairly infer that the Roman Catholics, who form the larger portion of the population, are addicted to well-worshipping and sundry absurd superstitions; at the same time it is but right to observe, that amidst all the spiritual degradations of this people, you can often detect the germ of fervid devotional religion, and bursts of genuine piety are to be observed, which bespeak hearts capable of high attainment in christian holiness; moreover it is to be acknowledged that the influence of the clergy, has latterly been directed to check immorality, and obviate many evil practices—drinking at wakes has been thus prohibited, and effectually, as I hear, put a stop to amongst Roman Catholics, whilst the practice is still too much adhered to amongst Presbyterians and Church Protestants. But after all the funeral of the deceased must be honoured with a libation. —Pagan as well as Christian practice, has sanctioned this observance, and if the Priest has succeeded in excluding the outpouring of

strong liquors from wakes. His Right Reverence the Bishop, did not see the necessity of forbidding it at the burying; but there is nothing like exemplification.

Dondy O'Donnel was as snug a farmer as any in Donegal, his cattle covered half the hills under Lough Salt, and though he could neither read or write, he knew how to count his own guineas—and you could scarcely enter under his cabin door from the crowd of sheep, goats, calves, pigs, geese, turkeys, and cocks, that bleated, moaned, grunted, and cackled around you. And one day Dondy's wife fell sick, and was like to die, and Dondy as he ought to be, was sad and sorry that his old mistress should be in the way of leaving him alone—so Dondy knowing that the Doctor was to pass that road on his way to the sea-shore, watched all day, and towards evening he spied the physician, and accosting him kindly, requested him to come across to his cabin, and see his wife who was sorely sick. "Well, and Dondy, you are a snug man, and therefore if I go," says the

Doctor, "you must pay me." "Pay you, and now Doctor what would you be after axing me?" "Why my good man my time is precious, and it cannot be unfair to ask so warm a farmer as you are, a crown." "O Doctor where is your conscience, to *ax* a poor struggling crathur like me, such a sum? where oh the living earth would the likes of me be after getting it?" "Well Dondy, I wont go for less." "O Doctor honey, be *asy* on a poor body, and take half a crown and my blessing along with it." "No, no, Dondy, I know you well: so if you don't launch out the crown I must, and will start off about my business." "Well Doctor, a crown's a crown, and in the name of the blessed Virgin and all the saints, I will this time *chance* old Molly. So Doctor agra, God speed you over the mountains." Thus they parted, and old Molly, as it was God's will, died next night; and sure enough 'twas she that was laid out as she ought to be, and there was not an O'Donnel or a M'Swine in all the country round, that did not come to the wake, and the burying;

and the priest was there, and to be sure it was he that got the plateful of a collection on that occasion; and though not a drop stronger than water was tasted at the wake, there were 1580 glasses of real proof *potecn* decently drank before the corpse left the house; and Dondy, though he was careful about half-a-crown, and why should 'nt he? expended £14 15s. on doing the genteel thing at Molly's funeral.

The Presbyterians in this district are, I may say, a contrast in characteristics to the Romanists: they are as cautious and cold as the others are apparently confiding and sanguine. To a stranger the Presbyterian is not generally a prepossessing companion—he is wondrous inquisitive, and most of his questions are found to originate from an attention to his own advantage. And, speaking generally, it may be said that worldliness, and not religion gives the tone to the conversation and character; it is also to be noticed, and at the same time deplored, that their clergy have been obliged, from the scanti-

ness of their salaries, to secularize themselves, and add the concerns of farming to the duties of their clerical callings; consequently there cannot be that attention to the catechetical instruction of the young, nor to the, from house to house, visitation of their flock, which formed such important items in the ministration of their Scottish predecessors. I was not able to ascertain whether what is called New-Light, or Arian principles, had diffused themselves in this quarter: but what matter how the candlestick is removed, so that the light which was seated and shining on a hill is extinguished: it was removed from Laodicea as well as from Alexandria; and the paralysis that is superinduced by wordliness, has been, and ever will be found as inimical to the life of true religion, as the more acute attacks of philosophy, vainly so called.

Of the Established Church I heard and observed much that was promising and most commendable. Formerly, (and perhaps in a few places still it is the case,) there was little

activity amongst parsons, and little genuine religion amongst Church Protestants, whose creed, if creed it could be called, partook more of hereditary recollections and religious partialities, than of that faith which works by love, and that hope that purifies the heart; and the descendants of the defenders of Derry and Enniskillen, came to church more ready to contend under the flag of a party, than under the banner of the cross; and the sturdy advocate of a cause too often failed to live as the servant of righteousness: thus I hold that orangeism with all its loyalty, was but a bad substitute for the humble devotedness of a Christian; and false is the honor given to the King, when unconnected with the fear due to God. Another evil Church Protestants were obnoxious to, was their diffusion over immense surfaces of country, and belonging to immense parishes; many were too far from their churches, and from parochial schools. This evil has been in great measure remedied; and good schools, and convenient churches have encreased and

are encreasing. Moreover, when not guarded by the pride of orangeism, but too many Protestants have intermarried with Romanists, and many have consequently surrendered their own and their children's faith under the ceaseless and fervid importunities that are engendered in the breasts of Romanists, by their tenet of exclusive salvation: the Popish wife, holding firmly as she does, the awful conviction that her Protestant husband and children, must go into final and irretrievable misery—why, it is more than meritorious—it is imperative—her heart must be harder than the adamant, if with tears and prayers and stratagems and pious frauds, she did not strive to pluck them as brands from the burning. Besides the poor uninstructed Protestant, finds all his neighbours on the watch for his conversion to what is considered the only true and ancient church; and, as I am fond of illustrating my positions by facts, I must be allowed to give an instance of the superstitions that may be allowed to fix and nestle themselves in a Protestant's heart, living as he does, within

the atmosphere of the Romish contagion. A young clergyman who is now occupied in devoted untired ministrations over the face of a large parish, one day called, in the course of his, from house to house, visits, on a poor Protestant, who was by trade a blacksmith; and who, as living at a considerable distance from church, but occasionally attended along with his wife and children.—On entering into the man's cabin, he observed a girl, whom, (though evidently the blacksmith's child,) he never had observed at divine service, and upon enquiry he found her to be his eldest daughter.—"Why my good girl have I never seen *you* at church? why have *you* staid away?" "Oh Sir, I am a Catholic." "You belong to the Church of Rome: how comes that?" Here the father interposed and said, "Why indeed your Reverence, since you must know, Bessy's going to mass was owing to a vow; and the cause was this: My poor wife for four or five years after our marriage, bore as fine children as ever saw the light, but regularly when they came to be two or three

months old, they were seized with convulsions and died off;—this, you may suppose, was a grievous thing to Mary and me, and in our affliction the neighbours all said that it was our own fault, because we did not go to Father Martin O'Cahan the priest, who never failed to cure the falling sickness and convulsions. So the time came round for Bessy to be born—for wife, please your Reverence, in these matters was as sure as a sun-dial; and Bessy was a sweet child, and it went to our hearts that she should go away from us like the rest: so one morning after much ado with my conscience, I told Mary to go off to the priest. Now Father Martin, to say the least of him, was indeed a pains-taking and a knowledgeable man; and though I never did sit under his knee, yet to give him his due, I ever will think that neither parson nor Presbyterian minister could come up to him in riding about making the people good; and he had as soft a tongue and as smart a whip as you ever saw, always ready to persuade his flock to do their duty.—So off

Mary went, and Father Martin received her very tenderly; but with all that he pronounced it impossible that he could ever save the child, unless a solemn vow was made on the holy Bible, that if he cured the child it should be reared a Catholic—for ever after sent to mass—and never on any account read a Protestant book. While the priest was thus speaking, poor little Bessy looked up in her mother's face, and it smiled so sweetly that she could not resist making the vow; which she and I have for ever since honestly and fairly kept; and there she is before my face, the first of her name that ever went to mass. Then Sir, when the following year came round, and Tommy there was born; and it went to my heart all out, to let him die, or what I thought was almost as bad, to bring him to the priest: so just as I was in this quandary, a dealer in rabbit-skins one day stopped to get his ass shod in my forge; and he told me there was a place down far amongst the mountains, beyond the Rosses, where there was a wise woman who could

stop convulsive fits.—So away I travelled to this woman, and I gave her a golden guinea to tell me what would save Tommy: so she gave me a black cock that never crowed, and she desired me to take and bury that cock alive along with a lock of the child's hair and the parings of his nails, in the grave, where, if the child had died, he should have buried him. Accordingly I came home and did as this fairy woman directed: and there is Tommy, God bless him, alive to this very day—going to your Reverence's school, and saying his catechism like a proper Protestant: indeed it would have broken my heart to send one who bore my own name and my grandfather's to the priest; for Sir, I am proud to say that my grandfather was one of the prentice boys who shut the gates of Derry, and defended that good town for King William and the Protestant cause."

This instance of superstitious weakness, I am well assured, could not occur at present; for the Protestant clergy are now much more

active—more efficient—more under the sanctions of Gospel truth than they were some years ago; and wherefore is this?—because the Episcopacy of this district of Ireland has been for some years, well and faithfully served. The bounteous, princely munificence of one prelate—his cool steady circumspect character—succeeded as he was by a man of commanding talent, and indefatigable exertion—overseeing every thing—overlooking nothing—fearless in investigation, faithful in duty, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord—this man seemed to be set in his high and arduous station for the rise of the Church of Ireland to its due eminence; and under God, he appears destined to revive the spirit of the Reformation in Ireland. Young men under his auspices, started forth to fill the ministrations of this diocese—to preach truth, and practise piety,—an excitement in this way was caused, and Gospel seed was sown, which under Providence must produce fruit an hundred fold; and in more than one instance such a sensation was excited by the

preaching of a highly gifted young man, that the roads on the sabbath day leading to the church, when he preached, were crowded with all classes of Protestants flocking to hear—like men hastening to some great fair, or market, or race-course,—hither the Dissenters flocked, and here their old prejudices against the service-book thawed away, while with open hearts they received the message of peace and pardon proclaimed to poor sinners through the blood of Jesus; even scoffers went to hear him and they never sneered more; even Deists and Socinians bowed and yielded up their scepticism before the ascendancy of his preaching. I did not on this occasion hear this young man; he had left this district, being called to another sphere of action, but in departing he threw his mantle over the shoulders of his equal in the knowledge of divine truth,—his superior perhaps in the power of enforcing it. On my return from the highlands of Donegal, I staid for some days at the comfortable and hospitable residence of an old and excellent friend, who

has a fine property, and a beautiful and highly dressed demense at Convoy, which is within a short drive of the town of Stranorlar, and on the next Sabbath day I was induced to join the family in a drive to church to hear the Rev. Mr. P—e. But too often a church in the country parts of Ireland is a very vacant thing, but indeed it was here far otherwise; a large church was filled almost to inconvenience. Nothing could be better conducted; the Liturgy, that master-piece of uninspired man, admirably and feelingly read; the psalmody bursting forth into one accordant peal of praise from one end of the church to the other; not a pew that did not contribute its share to the harmony,—then the sermon.—

Reader did you ever hear Mr. P——? if you have, why I need not describe his matchless powers; you *have* heard him, and the impression must be indelible;—if you have not, why attempt to pourtray what I cannot do justice to?—At the time I mention, this young man was unknown beyond the circle of a few miles in Donegal. Now every man in the

empire has at least read of him, and I must certainly do myself the justice to say, that on the day I heard him preach at Stranorlar, I marked him down as a man gifted and graced for his Divine Master's use with figure, tone, feeling, energy, talent, truth and piety, so that it could not be but that he should rise to be the first preacher in Ireland. The sermon ceased, and when it ended you might hear a feather fall in the great assembly, so solemn, so awe-struck were the poor sinners on hearing God's message from one of the sons of the prophets. At length the people rose, they made haste to proceed home, I trust with the fear of God on many a conscience, but it could not be: a thunder storm was abroad, and the rain was teeming down like water from a shower bath My friends (said the anxious minister still untired by his labours,) you had better return to your pews, sit down, and let us read the word of God. We all took his advice, he ascended his pulpit again, and he read and expounded most admirably that most interesting portion of Scripture, the 12th of 2d Corinthians.

"That was a fine shower," said a farmer-like man, as we departed from church after the shower and lecture were over.—"Yes, my man," I rejoined, "I trust it will prove profitable to us all; may the word it has caused us to hear, enable us to grow in grace."

C. O.

*** Though no mineralogist, I would observe, that as a field of research to the miner and geologist, Donegal is well worthy of examination—perhaps more so than any other district of Ireland. I believe every one who knows Ireland must acknowledge that it is not as rich in mineral treasure as Great Britain; and indeed you may travel many miles in our country without meeting any thing worth notice in a mineralogical point of view. But Donegal is certainly an exception;—and I understand a Genevan mineralogist, a Monsieur Berger, some years ago traversed the country, and was highly impressed with its mineralogical riches. And I have reason to believe that it is a favourite field of excursion and research to the present professor of mineralogy to the Dublin Society. Here I observed immense tracts of red granite, porphyry, serpentine and primitive limestone, adapted to the uses, as marble, of the statuary and the manufacturer—white, flesh-coloured, dove, and blue. Near Convoy I observed a kind of magnesian stone or steatite, that might be applied to many uses in architecture and the arts; it is as easily cut and carved as a piece of wood: it bears the fire so well that it would answer for crucibles. The country people use it as bowls for tobacco pipes, and it stands the effects of air and moisture. I should imagine it would be of infinite use in ornamental architecture, as a material for those delicate

carvings and tracery, mullions and fretworks of the Gothic style of building. It seemed to stand the weather much better than the soft sandstone of which these ornaments are usually formed in Cathedrals, and which has proved so perishable. On the contrary, I observed this material in walls and other exposed places, and there was no sign of decomposition or exfoliation from the weather. It appears that in the ancient Ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland, they made use of this steatite, for I observed it employed in abundance in the old Abbey of Kilmacrenan, said to be built by Columkill—at all events this Abbey is evidently one of the oldest buildings in Ireland, and here it was used to form a beautiful east window, which is now thrown down and destroyed, but still a great deal of its carved interlacings and fretted work cut out of this *cam* stone (as it is here called,) lie scattered about the church-yard as head-stones to graves; and the angles are just as sharp and the carvings as accurate as the day they were chiseled: a friend of mine cut off a bas relief, representing a tiger *passant*, from a solid block of this stone, with a common hand saw, and he said it was easier to him than if he wrought on so much wood of the same diameter. This bas relief must have been chiseled at least 700 years ago.—There are many valuable lead and copper mines also in this country; also in some of its larger rivers, pearls of a considerable size and fine colour are found.

SKETCHES IN DONEGAL.

LETTER IV.

TO THE REV. SIR F. L. B——SSE.

BEFORE I left Donegal, I was determined to make a pilgrimage to Purgatory in the far-famed Island in Lough Derg.—So leaving my hospitable friend's house at Convoy, and proceeding through Stranorlar and Ballybofey; I ascended into a wild moorland, dreary and desolate in the extreme, and approached the gap of Bearnosmore, one of the most magnificent defiles any where to be seen; a chain of lofty mountains extends nearly at right angles from the great ranges that defend the north western coast from the Atlantic,

and runs forward into the county of Tyrone. Through this chain, which is very precipitous and almost inaccessible, nature has cut this extraordinary gap, and through it a very level roads leads you into the low country bordering on the bay of Donegal—on either side the mountain rose abrupt and almost perpendicular. It was a grey cold morning in September, when I passed through, a fog rather than a cloud had wreathed itself around the heads of the hills, and left you to guess at their elevations. The water-worn chasms that were channelled in the sides of the mountain to the right and left were now dry and black—the heath was in its autumnal bloom, and the yellow flowered furze flaunted around in its unprofitable gaiety, and here and there a stunted oak or birch, gave sufficient vegetation to the Alpine picture to make it sublime without being desolate. There was a stream, or rather a strand of one, (for the weather was very dry,) winding through a defile; but there was sufficient evidence what a torrent it must be, after

autumnal or wintry rains. Oh! how I wished, even at the expense of a thorough wetting, to go through this pass after a fall of rain—to see hundreds of cataracts tumbling headlong on either side—to hear the rush of the river, the roar of waterfalls, and moanings of the mountain blast—realising the Poet's description, when

> Red came the river down,
> And loud and long the angry spirit of the waters shrieked.

Just at the northern entrance of the pass you observe a square sort of castellated ruin on a position commanding the defile. It was erected in King James's war, and here it is said that Rapin, one of those French Huguenots who did William such good military service, and who have been beneficial to every country where they took refuge—here it is said this honest and impartial historian compiled his voluminous history. But no matter when the grey and massy walls of this old fort were built, or who were its successive keepers; the defile itself has seen

many a warrior and many a plunderer pass for battle or for prey, through its open mouth—often through it have the clans of O'Neil and O'Donnel rushed to join Maguire of Fermanagh, in attacking the English fortresses on the Shannon, or in spreading desolation over the plains of Sligo and Roscommon; through this pass Ebher M'Mahon the Popish Bishop and General, led the victorious veterans* of Benburb to fight the Cromwellians at Letterkenny, when with sword in one hand, and breviary in the other, he headed his men to the charge, and fought for, and lost his cause and his life. Through this pass the brave Enniskilleners in King William's wars held communication with their

* Owen Roe O'Neal defeated the Parliamentary Scotch forces at Benburb, with the loss of 3200 men, with all their artillery and baggage: Monroe, the Scotch General, fled without hat, wig, or coat. Owen Roe's army was all composed of old Irish Macs and O's. The Papal Nuncio Rinuccini, writing to Rome an account of this victory, announces, "that the army of your HOLINESS has obtained in Ulster, a signal victory, with the *slaughter* of almost the whole of the Puritan forces—curious perversion of words: a thing called a HOLINESS, committing *slaughter* on a thing called a PURITAN.

fellow sufferers and fellow conquerors of Derry. But what is this to my present purpose, it is no reason because I am proceeding to Purgatory that I should put my reader into *it* before his time, by imposing on him the perusal of dull description, and old historical events—so to proceed—nor shall I detain you gentle reader with an account of my journey from Bearnosmore to Petigo in the vicinity of which lies Lough Derg. I shall briefly say that except about the town of Donegal the country is dreary and desolate in the extreme; I have seldom travelled in a more uninteresting extent of moorland, than what lies here in all its solitariness before you; but when you descend within two miles of this latter village, the road falls towards Lough Erne, and you get a very noble and extended view of this fine Lake, which is more expanded here, and less beset with islands than elsewhere—the great fault of Lough Erne is that it is too much incumbered with hilly islands, so as to give you rather the idea of a hill country, with its low lands

flooded, than of a broad sweeping expanse of lake. Indeed the ancient tradition is that such was the origin of Lough Erne—Giraldus Cambrensis with his usual gravity and attention to truth, assures us that this district of country was inhabited by a people that became fearfully and incorrigibly vicious—so much so that Sodom would have blushed at the deeds they perpetrated, and therefore the Sovereign Judge of the earth, decided that this land so defiled, should be covered with a flood of waters, as a signal memorial of his wrath, and this is the way that the vengeance was inflicted—a certain Well lay in one of its central vallies, concerning which there was a prophetical decree that if it were at any time left uncovered, it would overflow and drown the whole district, and therefore it had a good close lid fixed on it, not forgetting a hasp and padlock—but so it happened on a day, that a woman came to the well to draw water, and just as she had filled her vessel, she heard her child cry at a distance, and supposing it to be attacked by a

wolf; full of a mother's fears, she ran towards the cry, and forgot to close the well—out then the waters of destiny, flowed in overwhelming tides, so much so, that not only the woman and her child, but all the people universally, and the cattle of the whole country, were by a particular and judicial providence, overwhelmed in the waters—and thus the Author of nature announced that land to be unworthy of inhabitants, which had been conscious of such enormous turpitude; and to this very time the fishermen as they urge their barks along in calm clear days, can observe under them, houses, and chimnies, and castles, and churches, and more especially those church turrets which according to the usage of Ireland, are not only narrow and high, but round withal—so far the worthy Welshman—the Irish historians as usual find fault with him for presuming to say that any of their countrymen should be so wicked; therefore, though they do not deny the miracle, they warmly try to shove the crime off the natives' shoulders, and fix it upon some Scotch

Islanders, who, as usual, fond of leaving their own country, are not very fortunate in conciliating the affection of the natives amongst whom they settle.

Bad as the origin of this lake is, St. Columkill, whose fame follows me wherever I travel through Donegal, it seems, took its curse off; and although it was not granted him to float away its waters, yet by his especial blessing and prevailing prayer, he not only obtained a peculiar fecundity of fish for it, with which it has ever since been blessed, but moreover, in order to accommodate the salmon whom he observed one day tiring themselves to death trying to bounce up the fall of Beleek, he prayed away many feet of the precipice down which the water tumbles; and from that day forth, the salmon found what was before cruelly laborious, now a very pleasant exercise for their fins and tails.

From the place where we first caught a full and open view of this lake, as we descended from the dreary mountainous moor over which

we had been journeying, there appeared underneath, between us and the shore of the lake, a fine ruin of an old castle, with its lofty keep and square bawn, flanked by four round towers. This beautiful ruin stood upon a green hilly lawn, that swept down to the water's edge, and on its verdant knolls hundreds of sheep were depasturing; alighting to walk down a hill, I asked an old man, what was the name of that ruined castle: he told me the name, and I forget it; but of the builder he informed me the story went, that he was a poor man, who in ancient times went abroad upon the seas, and there joined pirates and buccaniers; and amidst blood and battle, and cruel deeds, he amassed wealth, which he succeeded in bringing home with him; and he came and purchased these lands and built that castle, and here he lived only to watch over his money; and the pleasure of his existence was to look at, and his sole occupation to guard it;—and so the miser lived, and it was a pity that where his treasure was, that the heart of his

body and the soul, could not for ever dwell: so he buried his gold in one of the dungeons of the castle, and in the pride of his preserved secret, died.—People calling themselves his relations, came looking after his effects, and here they found his castle,—and here his land that he could not carry away; but where the gold was disposed of, none could tell. So they dug here and they dug there, until they undermined the building, and as you see, the greater part of it tumbled down. One man who called himself the rightful heir, dreamt, as well he might, concerning the money, and coming by night, rooted in one of the vaults: he brought trusty men to help him, and torches to give light: and so, after digging with infinite pains and trouble, they came to a plate of metal that sounded hollow under their mattocks; a ring was seen connected with the plate whereby it could be raised, and lo, just as they lifted it up and saw the yellow pieces lying in untold quantities under their very feet, and within their very grasp;—it was then that the heir, uttering a blasphemous

and exulting cry, exclaimed, that "in spite of God or Devil, he was a great and happy man;" and lo, a withered and unearthly arm stretched itself forth from the darkness of the vault and extinguished the torches; and amidst yells and mocking laughter; stones, and dust, and brickbats tumbled about their ears; so that bloody and beaten, in terror they quitted the ruin, never to return: so there is the old castle, —and there, for ought I know, is the money unto this very day.

I arrived in the morning at Petigo, a little town situated amidst pretty green and wooded hills about one mile from the lake. It was not necessary to enquire for the sign of the Hog in Armour, or the Cat and Bagpipes, or for the Head of Wellington or St. Patrick, in order to select the inn at which I desired to breakfast, there being but one house of entertainment in the village. Now gentle reader, I would have you to know that in a village of this moderate size, in Leinster, or Munster, or Connaught, off the

leading roads you would have found, as I often did, but very sorry accommodation. but travelling in the province of Ulster, I have frequently, in apparently unfrequented places and out of the line of the direct roads, found small inns, where the proprietor was partly farmer or partly shopkeeper as well as host, in which ascending up a pair of stairs leading from the kitchen, you found yourself in a clean and tidy sitting room, with one or two comfortable bed-chambers off it. This shows that there is amongst the middling classes, a greater circulation of business and a more prosperous intercourse, than in other parts of Ireland; or in other words it shews that the plantation of Ulster, has infused into this province somewhat of a British character. After satisfying myself as to the comfort of my apartments, I returned to the kitchen, the common room of the half farm-house, half inn; where was sitting under the hob, which stretched out far into the apartment—one of the largest, and at the same time comeliest women that could be seen,

she was, as the phrase is, "fat, fair, and forty;" and a little slim, rat-eyed, sour-faced maid, was busy rubbing one of her immense ancles, as it reclined on a stool.—The good woman, for good nature beamed from her rotund and placid countenance, had sprained her leg. On the other side of the kitchen fire stood a man in a rusty black coat, whose whole air bespoke what is termed a shabby genteel personage—he was tall, and so spare that his body seemed to have retreated from his clothes, and his maudlin eye, and paralytic gestures, bespoke the confirmed dram drinker. While I was admiring the contrast between the healthy heap of a hostess, and this shred of a man—the back door opened, and in came a bustling impudent looking man, who answered the salutation of the landlady, of "you 're welcome Colonel," with a ready and condescending—thank you, thank you, mistress—Now this fresh addition to the inmates of our "hostelrie," presented another, and a different specimen of the effects of proof *poteen*—the force of whose stimulus instead

of invading and debilitating *his* frame had ascended to his countenance, reddened his cheeks, blossomed on his forehead, and aggravated and enflamed his nose—altogether he personified a sanguine Bardolfian character. In a short time a conversation, which ripened into controversy, arose between the soldier and the spare man, who long and ill-favoured like a bill of costs, was the village attorney. The colonel boasted of his own and his horse's freshness after their morning ride—"and what 's your ride to my walk this morning?"—I have just come ten miles, and it 's often I have walked forty."—"*You* walk forty miles!—why my good man it must be with another body's legs you went, for sure such spindle shanks, that seem to play hide and go seek with their lankiness, within the folds of your trowsers, would fall asunder after a walk of ten miles." "Compare yourself with ME!—I that have undergone the hardships of a peninsular campaign—I that have hunted the French from Cadiz to the Pyrenees—I that have marched all day

under sun and shower, and sheltered my head at night under the soft side of a cold stone—you Sir, to presume to compare yourself to me—you who never saw any battle but a cock-fight—Sir, I tell you that you must be mad or drunk—and Sir, let me tell you, that it is highly indecorous for a person pretending to the character of a gentleman, to be overtaken in liquor so early in the morning—and you master," says the angry Captain, turning to the host who had just come in, "You Sir, deserve to have your license taken from you, for permitting people to intoxicate themselves at so early an hour in your inn; and Sir, let me tell you, that as one of the justices of petty sessions, I am strongly inclined to lay your irregular conduct before the bench." With this the angry hero made his exit towards the stable, and I went up to my breakfast, which as soon as I finished I applied myself to the inn-keeper in order to ascertain the facilities of reaching Lough Derg; mine host was a little, lively, good-humoured man, who at once entered into my

views,—"Oh, indeed Sir, it would be a pity for a gentleman like you to come to Petigo without seeing the sacred Lough—hundreds and thousands come here for that purpose." "Well Sir, and do pilgrims stop at your inn?" "Why, sometimes they that are rich come—I had one here not long ago, that came all the ways from the back settlements of Maryland in the United States." "Well, and was he satisfied with the results of his pilgrimage?" "Why, Sir, I happen to be a Protestant, and it is not to me that such a man would open his mind; but I think at the same time I could gather from the man, that the wisest act of his life was not the very expedition in which he had been engaged." "Well, my good Sir, how can I get to Lough Derg, which you say is four miles off?" "Why Sir, your gig cannot go, that's certain, there being no road; and your horse, unless very surefooted and accustomed to rocks and bogs, may not find it easy either." "Well then, can I hire a horse?" "No Sir, this is harvest time, and

not a man in the village can spare a horse." "Well, and can you hire one?" "No, Sir, but I can lend him, and he is very much at your service, and I will also send a boy to guide you to the place, and a message to the man who owns the boat, in order that he may ferry you to the island." Now, my good reader, if you have been a traveller either in England or on the Continent, no matter whether it was a Swiss, or an Italian, or a British lake you were travelling towards, I feel almost certain that you have not met with a more accommodating inn-keeper than mine inn host of Petigo; perhaps you never had the use of a post horse for nothing;—accordingly, accepting of the facilities afforded me, I set out on horseback, attended by my guide; and I can say truly that a safer horse, or a more intelligent little guide I could not have desired. The guide was a boy about fourteen years old—a loose, barefooted, agile youth, with an open countenance, and a lively eye.—"Do you often go to Lough Derg?" "Oh very often in the season, your

honor; I go to pick up a penny by holding the horses of the *clargy* and the quality when they come to the station, please your honor," "You are a Catholic, no doubt?" "To be sure, your honor." "And were there many here this year?" "Ah no—what they call the Jubilee has spoiled the place out and out for this year." "And well, and my fine fellow, can you read?". "No in troth I cannot." "And why not? it is a pity that a boy of your age and smartness cannot read." "Och indeed Sir, but it is a pity; and after all it is not my fault: my mother, who is a poor widow, cannot afford to pay for my schooling, and I went for a time to the Protestant school; but the priest, God bless him, took me away from it, and sent me to a school in the chapel; which he set up to take away the scholars from the Protestant school; but Sir, the chapel school died away, and is gone to nothing, and I lost my luck for *edication*." "Well and my good boy, do you know your catechism?" "A bit of it, Sir." "Come now, what 's the fourth commandment?"

"Oh please your honor, I have not come to *that* yet." But if my poor companion, who thus, at this most interesting and capable period of his life, was so ignorant and totally destitute of every portion of religious and useful knowledge, it was not so with his mind in other respects: it was well furnished with all the country news and the traditionary stories about St. Patrick's purgatory, which he told me with a lively facility that bespoke ingenuity gone astray, and talent run to waste.

The road from the village of Petigo leading towards Lough Derg, runs along a river tumbling over rocks; and then after proceeding for a time over a boggy valley, you ascend into a dreary and mountainous tract, extremely ugly in itself, but from which you have a fine view indeed of the greatest part of the upper lake of Lough Erne with its many elevated islands, and all its hilly shores, green, wooded, and cultivated, with the interspersed houses of its gentry, and the comfortable cottages of its yeomanry. The finest yeomanry in Ireland: men living in

comparative comfort, and, having in their figures and bearing that elevation of character which a sense of loyalty and independence confers. I had at length, after travelling about three miles, arrived where the road was discontinued, and by the direction of my guide ascended a mountain path that brought me through a wretched village and led to the top of a hill: here my boy left me and went to look for the man who was to ferry us to purgatory, and on the ridge where I stood I had leisure to look around. To the southwest lay Lough Erne, with all its isles and cultivated shores: to the north-west Lough Derg, and truly never did I mark such a contrast—Lough Derg under my feet—the lake, the shores, the mountains, the accompaniments of all sorts presented the very landscape of desolation—its waters expanding in their highland solitude, amidst a wide waste of moors, without one green spot to refresh the eye, without a house or tree—all mournful in the brown hue of its far stretching bogs, and the grey uniformity of

its rocks; the surrounding mountains even partook of the sombre character of the place—their forms without grandeur, their ranges continuous and without elevation. The lake itself was certainly as fine as rocky shores and numerous islands could make it, but it was encompassed with such dreariness —it was deformed so much by its purgatorial island—the associations connected with it were of such a degrading character, that really the whole prospect before me, struck my mind with a sense of painfulness, and I said to myself, "I am already in purgatory;" a person who had never seen the picture that was now under my eye—who had read of a place consecrated by the devotion of ages, towards which the tide of human superstition had flowed for twelve centuries, might imagine that St. Patrick's purgatory, secluded in its sacred island would have all the venerable and gothic accompaniments of olden time; and its ivyed towers and belfried steeples—its carved windows and cloistered arches; its long dark aisles and fretted vaults, would have risen out

of the water, rivalling Iona or Lindisfarn; but nothing of the sort was to be seen: the island about half a mile from shore presented nothing but a collection of hideous slated houses and cabins, which give you an idea that they were rather erected for the recent purpose of toll houses or police stations, than any thing else—and true it is, they were nothing else but toll houses which priestcraft had erected to tax its deluded votaries. I was certainly in an interesting position: I looked southerly towards Lough Erne, with the Protestant city of Enniskillen rising amidst its waters, like the Island Queen of all the loyalty, and industry, and reasonable worship that have made her sons the admiration of past and present time; and before me to the north, Lough Derg, with its far famed isle, reposing there as the monstrous birth of a dreary and degraded superstition—the enemy of mental cultivation, and destined to keep the human understanding in the same dark unproductive state as the moorland waste that lay outstretched around. I was soon joined by

my guide and by two men carrying oars, with whom I descended from the ridge on which I was perched, towards the shores of the lake, where there was a sort of boat, or rather toll house, where the pilgrims paid a certain sum before they were permitted to embark for the island; in a few minutes we were afloat, and while sitting in the boat I had time to observe my ferrymen: one was a stupid countryman, who did not speak; the other was an old man with a woollen nightcap under his hat, a brown snuff coloured coat, a nose begrimed with snuff, a small grey eye enveloped amidst wrinkles that spread towards his temples in the form of birds' claws, and gave to his countenance a sort of leering cunning that was extremely disagreeable. I found he was the clerk of the island chapel—that he was a sort of master of the ceremonies in purgatory, and guardian and keeper of it, when the station time was over, and priests and pilgrims had deserted it. I could plainly perceive that he had *smoked* me out as a Protestant—that he

was on his guard against me as a spy, and that his determination was to get as much and to give as little information as he could; in fact he seemed to have the desire to obtain the small sum he expected from me, with as little exposure of his cause, and as little explanation of the practices of his *craft* as possible. The man informed me that the station time was over about a month, and he confirmed my guide's remark that the Pope's Jubilee had much diminished the resort of pilgrims during the present season. He informed me also that the whole district around the Lough, together with all its islands, belonged to Colonel L——, a relation of the Duke of Wellington; and that this gentleman, as landlord, had leased the ferry to the island to certain persons who had contracted to pay him £260 a year; and to make up this sum, and obtain a suitable income for themselves, the ferrymen charged each pilgrim five pence. Therefore, supposing that the contractors make cent per cent by their contract, which it may be

supposed they do, the number of pilgrims to this island may be estimated at 13,000; and as my little guide afterwards told me, (though the cunning old clerk took care to avoid it,) that each pilgrim paid the priests from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d.; therefore we may suppose that the profit to the Prior of Lough Derg and his priests, was no small sum. It is curious here to remark, that this very landlord I have just spoken of, the proprietor in fee of Purgatory, should have been so persecuted by the priests at the late election—that he who had represented for seven successive parliaments, a northern county, was actually turned out in spite of his high character—high connections—and numerous friends: really this bespeaks great forbearance on his part—another more vindictive might be induced to retaliate, and ejecting the priests from this source of their gain, and this strong hold of their superstition, have forbad access to the island by sinking the boats, and sending John Thrustout to go his rounds, and keep his stations in Purgatory.

In a short time I arrived at the island, and as stepping out of the boat, I planted my foot on the rocks of this scene of human absurdity, I felt ashamed for human nature, and looked on myself as one of the millions of fools that have, century after century, degraded their understandings, by coming hither. The island I found to be of an oval shape; the buildings on it consisted of a slated house for the priests, two chapels, and a long range of cabins on the rocky surface of the island, which may contain about half an acre, there were also certain round walls about two feet high, enclosing broken stone and wooden crosses; these were called saints' beds, and around these circles on the sharp and stony rocks, the pilgrims go on their naked knees;—altogether I may briefly sum up MY view of this place, and say that it was filthy, dreary, and altogether detestable —it was a positive waste of time to visit it, and I hope I shall never behold it again; but as it is still, and has been for a thousand years so famous in the annals of superstition,

I shall, with your leave good reader, give an account of its modern state as recorded by an eye witness, who, more fortunate than I, was witness to the process of the pilgrimage during the busy time of the station.

"The island is about half a mile from the shore; on approaching it we found all the people walking round one of the buildings, in the direction of the sun.

"There are two chapels, one for confession, and another for general worship. In the former no strangers are admitted; but on entering the latter by one of the galleries, a mighty multitude of the most apparently devout worshippers I ever beheld, presented themselves. All were kneeling except the choir, and every one busy for himself, without the smallest interruption from his neighbour. The only instruments they used were their beads, crucifix, and manual. Their food is a small quantity of bread, which they bring into the island with them, and water, *which by the Priest's blessing, is supposed to be made equally nutritive as wine.*

They take this only once a day, except when in the prison, where they remain twenty-four hours. During this period they are prohibited from tasting food of any kind. Twenty-four Priests are the regular number for officiating in this place, each one hour. The prison is a dungeon into which the light of day is not allowed to enter. A man with a switch is kept in regular exercise here, to keep the pilgrims in a wakeful state. Sleep is very dangerous, for a single nod may lose the soul for ever, without the interference of all the fathers and saints of the calender, and a considerable sum of money."

THE FOLLOWING IS EXTRACTED FROM BISHOP HENRY JONES'S ACCOUNT, PUBLISHED 1647.

"The island called St. Patrick's Purgatory is altogether rocky, and rather level: without the compass of the island, in the water towards the north east, about two yards from the shore stand certain rocks, the least of which and next the shore, is the one

St. Patrick knelt on for the third part of the night in prayer, as he did another third in his cell, which is called his bed, and another third in the cave or Purgatory; in this stone there is a cleft or print, said to be made by St. Patrick's knees; the other stone is much greater and further off in the lake, and covered with water, called Lachavanny: this is esteemed of singular virtue; standing thereon healeth pilgrims' feet, bleeding as they are with the cuts and bruises, got in going barefoot round the blessed beds.

"The entrance into the island is narrow and rocky; these rocks they report to be the guts of a great serpent metamorphosed into stones. When Mr. Copinger, a gentleman drawn thither by the fame of the place, visited it, there was a church covered with shingles dedicated to St. Patrick, and it was thus furnished: at the east end was a high altar covered with linen, over which did hang the image of our Lady with our Saviour in her arms; on the right did hang the picture of the three kings offering their

presents to our Saviour; and on the left the picture of our Saviour on the cross: near the altar, and on the south side did stand on the ground an old worm-eaten image of St. Patrick; and behind the altar was another of the same fabric, but still older in appearance, called St. Arioge; and on the right hand another image called St. Volusianus.

"Between the church and the cave, there is a small rising ground, and a heap of stones with a little stone cross, part broken, part standing; and in the east end of the church was another cross made of twigs interwoven: this is known by the name of St. Patrick's altar, on which lie three pieces of a bell which they say St. Patrick used to carry in his hand. Here also was laid a certain knotty bone of some bigness, hollow in the midst like the nave of a wheel, and out of which issue, as it were, natural spokes: this was shewn as a great rarity, being part of a great serpent's tail—one of those monsters the blessed Patrick expelled out of Ireland.

"Towards the narrowest part of the

island were six circles; some call them saints'-beds, or beds of penance. Pilgrims are continually praying and kneeling about these beds; and they are compassed around with sharp stones and difficult passages for the *accommodation* of such as go barefooted.

"In the farthest part northward of the island are certain beds of stone cast together as memorials for some that are elsewhere buried; but who trust to the prayers and *merits* of those who daily resort to this purgatory. Lastly in this island are several Irish cabins covered with thatch, and another for shriving or confession; and there are separate places assigned for those who come from the four provinces of Ireland.

"In all, the pilgrims remain on the island nine days—they eat but once in the twenty-four hours, of oatmeal and water—they have liberty to refresh themselves with the water of the lake, which, as Roth says, 'is of such virtue that though thou shouldst fill thyself with it, yet will it not offend; but is as if it flowed from some mineral.'

"The pilgrims at night lodge or lie on straw, without pillow or pallet, rolling themselves in their mantles, and wrapping their heads in their breeches; only on some one of the eight nights they must lie on one of the saint's beds, whichever they like."

This Purgatory, with all its superstitions is very ancient.—Cæsarius (quoted by Keating) who lived 500 years, (says mine author,) after Christ, asserts 'whoever doubts whether there be such a place as purgatory, let him go to Scotia—let him enter into the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and he will no longer doubt the pains of purgatory.' And as a sample of the stories which grave historians could palm upon poor credulous Papists, I shall contract for the reader's edification a tale full of unction, delivered by Phil O'Sullivan, in his Historia Catholica Hibernicæ, tom. 1, lib. 2, which story this veracious annalist asserts to be full worthy of remembrance, as both delightful and wonderful; serving to exhort sinners to

observe God's commandments, to avoid sin, and wonderfully setting forth the pains of purgatory, so that they may be feared :—

THE HISTORY OF A SPANISH VISCOUNT.

"I Ramon, by the grace of God, Viscount of Perels, Baron of Lereta, was a follower of Charles King of France; and in his court I did hear persons discoursing of strange things, especially what concerned Patrick's Purgatory; and when Charles the French King, died, I did repair to John King of Arragon, whose subject I was, my patrimony lying in his dominions. He always esteemed me as a King should a subject; and my observance of him was great: he gave me a command of three gallies in the Pope's service; and while therein engaged, news was brought to me of the King's death; and at the relation thereof being troubled in mind, I did earnestly desire to know in what estate the King's soul was; and if in purgatory—what pains it suffered there. Whereupon I called to mind what I had heard of

St. Patrick's Purgatory, and I resolved to visit it, to know some certainty concerning the King's soul, and also to obtain pardon for my own sins."

The grave historian then proceeds to relate how the curious and loyal Ramon obtained leave from Pope Benedict XIII. to go to Purgatory; and how he set out from Avignon on that day in September, sacred to the blessed Virgin, in the year of our Lord, 1328.—Proceeding then to Paris, he obtained letters from the French to the English King—and under the protection of that puissant monarch he arrives at Dublin; and receiving all honour and escort from the Lord Deputy, the Primate, and O'Neal King of Ulster, he arrives at Patrick's Purgatory. Here he is introduced to the Prior of the monastery, who dissuades him from the adventure—warning him how he has undertaken a difficult task; and informing him how many have failed in the attempt, and made shipwreck of body and soul.—But the sturdy commander of the Pope's gallies, re-

solves to proceed, and is therefore initiated into those preliminary rites, which were by St. Patrick appointed; and which are now observed.—Going then into the convent, and the mass for the dead being said, he is brought in procession to the cave, being well sprinkled with holy water. Then said the Prior most solemnly, addressing him just as he was entering into the cave, 'Behold the place into which you desire to enter; and particularly attend to what I say, while I prepare you for what shall happen:—First God's messengers shall meet you, and you shall be taught by them what to do; afterwards you shall see Satan, who will seek to destroy you: first, by flattering speeches, and afterwards by threats; but you may escape from all his cruelty by saying these words, "JESUS THOU SON OF THE LIVING GOD, HAVE MERCY ON ME A SINNER."' The Viscount thus warned, after kissing the prior and all the friars, proceeds into the cave, followed by an English knight, with whom he was forbidden to discourse on pain of death. The door being

then closed, "I," says Ramon, "observed that the size of the cave in which I was shut, was about four elnes, and I found the inner part to turn to the left; and as I went on I perceived the ground under me so weak and shaking, that it scarcely seemed able to support a man; therefore fearing to fall into some untried depth, I did slip back, and fell on my knees to pray. In about an hour I began to tremble, to sweat, to be heartsick, to vomit,—in which trouble I was overtaken by sleep, but was awoke by the noise of thunder; and while the fear of these awful peals was scarce over, a new and sudden terror seized me, as I felt myself sliding downwards with inconceivable rapidity; and with the fall I was so astonished, that I did not recover myself until I said the words taught me by the prior,—"Jesus thou Son of God have mercy on me a sinner." And now I found myself in a place very dark, but the gloom soon passed away, and I perceived I was in an immense hall, arched and standing on pillars, but there was no more light

in it than the twilight of winter; and while admiring the size and grandeur of the structure around me, I was interrupted by the entrance of twelve men in the garb of religioners, who saluting me courteously, said, 'let our great God be praised, who has given you the resolution to descend here for the purging of your sins—a hard task truly, and difficult, but which shall be richly rewarded if thou goest through successfully; but if terrified with the fear of threatened pain, or terrible forms, you fall back, you shall then be everlastingly destroyed; wherefore, that thou mightest not be destroyed by the adversary, we are come to tell thee that Satan in this place will assail thee after our departure;' whereupon they went their ways; and suddenly amidst horrific noises, in rushed an innumerable multitude of devils, in fearful and sundry shapes—all accosting me—all protesting against my error and madness in daring to descend to a place unfrequented by, and unsuitable for mortal man; that though my boldness deserved instant de-

struction, yet through regard for the manifold services I had done them on earth, they would spare me, and conduct me back to the door of purgatory; but if I would not hearken unto them, but persevere to pass through the infernal kingdom, that then they would destroy me, body and soul for ever. To all this, I knowing and prepared for their craft, would not hearken: whereat being enraged, they came upon me, grinning and making mouths, and one catching me by the poll, cast me into the midst of a raging fire in the midst of the hall; others amused themselves drawing me to and fro, with iron hooks and flesh-forks; still I remembered the direction of the twelve men, and of the prior; and did call on the name of Jesus.'

The Viscount thus goes on to narrate how some fiends of the hall haled him away, and hurried him along where was a mighty and fierce wind that took away his breath, his hearing, and pierced through his body; and with a prolixity which we have no desire to copy, he describes his passage through the

second, third, and fourth fields of torment, all in safety, in consequence of calling on the Divine name. 'In the first field I met,' says he, 'John my King, who, with tears in his eyes, said he was here with sundry others of the like calling, for showing favour to one man more than another.' He also met a priest of his acquaintance, who confessed he was within a hair's breadth of being eternally damned; and he met Aldonsa Cawlea, his cousin, (ladies, I pray you mind this,) who sighing, said, she was in this sorrowful place for spending three hours every morning in patching and painting her face. Thus the Viscount gives a graphical, and questionless, an authentic account of his passage through the furnace, the river, and the pit of pain; for the sake of its brevity, we transcribe the account of the River of Pain:—

'Being astonished with the terribleness of the punishment, I was along with my attendant devils, driven by a high wind over a huge mountain, and cast into a great river, extremely cold, and distressingly stinking,

where many were tormented, who, once on earth sat in warm palaces, in the midst of perfumes and odorous frankincense, and civet; but now were tormented with frigorific shiverings, and with smells intensely detestable.' And now the Viscount is brought to the very gates of hell itself, and casting one peep into that abode of Satan, he was so astonished that he forgot the Divine name, and gave himself up for lost—but by the help of the Deity, he was recalled to himself, and cried "Jesus thou Son of God," and instantly by a rushing and ascending wind, he was forced upwards, and cast upon the brink of the pit: and now he is brought to a deep river, whose flood was flame, and it was as full of devils, as an earthly river is fraught of fish; and here he sees arching high above the accursed stream, a narrow bridge, and a demon says to him—'over this, which is the bridge of calamity, must you pass or retire, and if you will be advised by me, who know more of the matter than you can do, you will go back quickly; for if you attempt the

passage of the bridge, you shall, by a mighty and strong wind, be forced back, and driven into that hot river.'

But this was the Viscount's last trial, and he was not the craven caitiff, to let an imp's persuasion daunt him from his steadfastness; and in spite of Satan and his fiends, bitterly cursing him, the pilgrim in the very fore-face of the gate of hell, passed out of purgatory, over the bridge of calamity, into paradise. We need not occupy the time of our Catholic readers with the recital of the numerous amenities of a place where we hope they will all be in due time; but of this you may be sure, that the Viscount met with innumerable crowds of Popes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, not forgetting Monks, Friars, Nuns, &c. &c. of all colours in the rainbow. The Archbishop of Paradise, upon whom it devolved, Ex Officio, to escort purgatory pilgrims, most kindly brought him to a high mountain, whence he could discern the very gate of Heaven.

We desire not to relate how it was that the

Viscount returned, suffice it to say, that he got back with the greatest ease in the world, and meeting the English Knight at the door, they both knocked—his Reverence the Prior opened, and they were dismissed to go forth into the upper world again, under the consoling assurance that all their sins were forgiven. That creditable historian Philip O'Sullivan affixes his inprimatur to the above story, in the following words.—"If this history of the Viscount seem in any thing difficult to believe, let him who desireth to be satisfied, read Dionysius Carthasianus, his work of the four last days, where he more at large prosecutes the subject, and resolves all doubts and difficulties."

This authentic circumstance took place in the fourteenth century, and yet in after time Patrick's Purgatory begun to lose its character, so much so, that even the Pope ordered it to be destroyed as a filthy nest of superstition and of evil deeds; and in the annals of Ulster for the year 1497, we find the following record:—"The Dean of St. Patrick's

Purgatory in Lough Derg was in this year cashiered by the guardian of Donnegal, and sent by the Bishop, under the authority of the Pope to the Deanerie of Lough Ern on St. Patrick's day; the people understanding out of the book of the Knight, and other ancient books, that this was not the purgatory which Patrick had from God, although the people resorted to it."

But soon again Purgatory was restored*

* As a specimen of the estimation in which Patrick's Purtory was held before the reformation, we subjoin the following certificate from the Primate of Ireland, to two French Priests, of their having entered the Purgatory:—

"To all children of our mother the church, to whom these testimonials shall come, Octavianus, by the grace of God, and of the See Apostolic, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, wisheth everlasting salvation in the Lord—wishing you without question to credit what followeth; seeing it is a holy and meritorious thing to give testimony unto the truth; chiefly seeing our Saviour Jesus Christ came down from heaven "to bear witness of the truth."—Hence it is by these presents we make known unto you, that John Garhi and Francis Proly, of the city of Lyons, priests; and John Burgess their boy and servant, the bearers hereof—men of good repute, and piously affected, did visit the Purgatory of the holy Confessor St. Patrick, the Apostle for Ireland, within which the sins of men even in this world are purged. And the holy mountain in which the said holy confessor did fast without temporal

to its pristine honour and renown; it was too profitable a concern to Friars, not to be kept a going, and therefore in 1632, we find that the superstitions of the place had arisen to such a shameful height, that the State ordered Sir James Balfour, and Sir William Stuart, to seize unto his Majesty's use, this island of Purgatory, and accordingly we find that Sir William proceeds to the island, and reports that he found an Abbot and forty Friars, and that there was a daily resort of four hundred and fifty pilgrims,

meat, forty days and forty nights, together with other places of holy devotion, and things of greatest observation in Ireland; and that afflicting their bodies in fasting, and according to the ceremony of that place, they did for a certain time remain in that purgatory as it clearly appeareth unto us; and that by the power of Christ our Redeemer, they did contemplatively encounter all the frauds and fantastical temptations of the devil, devoutly so finishing the purgatory and deserving the merits and prayers of the said saints to the Most High. Whom by these presents we receive into the protection of our church of Armagh, and of the said holy Confessor—whose manner of life and conversation we recommend unto you all, of which we are confident, having for two years conversed with them. Ex Registro Octaviani—in Bibliotheca Rev. Patri Jacobi Ardmachani—1485.

who paid eight pence each for admission to the island.

Sir William further informs the Privy Council, that in order to hinder the seduced people from going any longer to this strong hold of Papistry, and wholly to take away the abuse hereafter, he had directed the whole to be defaced, and utterly demolished; therefore the walls, works, foundations, vaults, &c. he ordered to be rooted up, also the place called St. Patrick's Bed, and the stone on which he knelt; these and all other superstitious relics, he ordered to be thrown into the Lough, and he made James M'Grath the owner of the island to enter into recognizances that he should not in future permit the entrance of Jesuits, Friars, Nuns, or any other superstitious order of Popery to enter therein.

Having thus given the modern and ancient state of this purgatory, it is time to think of leaving it; and I confess I prepared to turn my back on this strong hold of superstition, without a desire ever again to visit it. I considered

that I was withdrawing myself from the exhibition of a stationary satire upon human reason, where the craft of the cunning had made a successful experiment on the extreme credulity of uneducated man.

A large flock of well-fledged comfortable geese, headed by a very solemn looking grey gander, were sailing under the shelter side of the island, and hove in sight just as we were about to depart. I think geese are very much belied when made the representatives of stupidity or folly; but in the common acceptation, they might be considered, in the absence of pilgrims, as fit substitutes to frequent this island. A black cormorant with outstretched neck, passed over our heads on his way to exercise his voracious propensities on some of his fishing haunts on the lake: if the Pythagorean system could be entertained in fancy for a moment, it might be imagined that in the metempsychosis, this all devouring bird represented one of the old priors of this purgatory, who had lived on human credulity, and battened on

the terrors and fears of man. As I put my foot into the boat, and pushed off from the island, I observed that the priest's house which was contiguous to the little pier that served as a place for embarking and disembarking, had a large window that fully commanded the ferry, and from whence could be observed the whole line of march of the pilgrims, as they descended from the ridge of hills that surrounded the lake and approached the ferry; in fact, no man could draw near the ferry, or embark for the island without being accurately noticed by one stationed in this window. And as we rowed away from the island, I busied my mind with supposing the various characters of priests and friars that have sat in that window, observing the freights of human folly that were discharged from this little boat before their eyes. I fancied one, a man, who had from his infancy to manhood, year after year, taken up a new trammel of submissiveness to authority under the bearing-down system of Popery, until his intellect was enveloped

amidst the cords that tied it up; and there he sat, deluded and deluding— the slave of a talisman, which, if he had the courage to strike with one vigorous thought, would have shivered into atoms.—Another I fancied as one who gloated on the lucre of the craft, and who sat in his window, counting the coming pilgrims—his avaricious heart beating quick with delight, as he measured the boatfuls of people coming over to add to the store of money he was collecting, and which was to him as a God;—and then I conceived another ecclesiastic sitting sadly in that casement; every deep line in his countenance denoting the inward struggles and discontent that consumed him—sitting there as the abettor of a fraud that his soul revolted at—acting there a part in a drama that at one time forced him unfeignedly to laugh, and at another time to weep; and yet still without courage to break through the guards that custom, associations, and the frown of others drew around him—with the deep compunctions of the guilty—without the

courage of a martyr—the Breviary he was forced to read—his abomination—the Bible, which some secret force impelled him to examine, his accuser, and at the same time convincer—thus a child of light walking in darkness, who would not mourn over, yes, and find excuses too for such a man, when in the gaudy vestments that covered his abased body and his suffering soul, he administered those rites he knew were idolatrous; and took a part in those absurd and monstrous superstitions which he felt were as contrary to the simplicity of the Gospel, and the truth as it is in Jesus, as darkness is to the risen light.

The only picturesque object I observed, as we rowed towards shore, was a little island in the centre of the Lough, on which there was a hut. It was an interesting object for the eye to rest on, as the only human habitation within the whole scope of vision in the vicinity of Lough Derg—all else around its shores, waste and desolation; and it immediately struck me that this little cabin,

on this speck of an island, was the solitary cell of some devoted ascetic. But on inquiry, I found from my companions in the boat, that it was no such thing—it was built by a *poteen* distiller; and there occasionally, and to answer the demands of the resorting pilgrims, he provides a supply of that article, which seems intimately connected with the devotions of the lower classes of the Irish Roman Catholics; from north to south, wherever I observed a holy well, or holy station, there was always adjoining some place for the sale of strong liquors—yes, even now, wherever piety erects a new chapel, cupidity soon sees the gain of constructing a public house.

Before we landed I ascertained from my cautious conductor that the present Purgatorial Island which we had just left, was not the one always resorted to, nor indeed the one that was consecrated by St. Patrick; and as it appears that the Romish schoolmen are not agreed as to the precise spot where purgatory is located: so the Romish priesthood,

until that knotty point is settled, have arrogated to themselves the right of changing the position of Patrick's Purgatory. The clerk of the present purgatory confessed that the present island has been used for that purpose, but comparatively at a late period; and he pointed out an island due north of the present station, which is called the Saint's Island, and which he said was the one St. Patrick sanctified, and wherein he opened a passage to the real purgatory under ground.

The position of this larger island agrees with the description of Coppinger and Jones, written two hundred years ago; and it is probable, that when by the direction of the Council Board, Sir William Stuart invaded and uprooted this nest of superstition in the seventeenth century, that the priests migrated to the present isle. My old and cunning friend, so far passed beyond the bounds of his caution as to assign a substantial reason for this change of purgatory.—"The old island, Sir, was too near the shore, and in summer time, the people could come from

the mainland to it by a little wading; and often, Sir, ungodly people used to bring over to the pilgrims, liquor and other things, that used to spoil their devotions and interrupt their fasts; but now he must be a good swimmer who could get to our present holy place."—Now I suspect that the real reason of the change was, that pilgrims, as he said, could wade to the old purgatory, and so smuggling themselves through the necessary stations, unperceived by, and without payment to the friars, get a pardon for their sin—thus cheating the Devil and the priest at the same time.

We at length landed; and I was not sorry, after giving my old Charon some silver, to get rid of him; and with my light, merry, and communicable guide to return towards Petigo. To beguile our mountain road, I asked the boy why the lake was called Lough Derg?—derg signifies red in Irish: the water has no red colour, but is as clear as that of any other mountain lake—perhaps it is called red from the quantity of red bog.

"Oh, indeed, Sir;" and mind here, reader, I pray you, that my memory does not serve me to give the following story exactly in the boy's words, "that is not the reason I have heard the old people give: formerly, I hear say, it was called Lough Fin or Fin M'Coul's Lough, but afterwards it was called Lough Derg, or the Red Lough; and the reason of that, as I have heard, is, that once upon a time, long ago, there was an old wicked witch of a woman, who had a great big giant of a son; and the whole of their evil days they spent in contriving how much mischief they could do in Ireland. The witch was knowledgable in all the bad herbs in the country, and her whole delight was to boil all these herbs in a pot, and brew poison, in which the son used to dip the points of his arrows; and every man or beast that he touched with one of these, surely died. Now this old witch went by an Irish name which signified the Hag with the Finger; for she had but one finger on each hand; but that finger, was withal so long, and so pliable, that

it could execute all the bad plans which her evil mind contrived. Now Niul, King of Ireland was at his wits' end to know how he should get rid of this pest of an old woman; and he consulted wise men of those days, who were called Druids; and they said that none but the Fions could destroy her; and they could only do it by shooting her with a silver arrow. Whereupon King Niul sent for Fin M'Coul, and commanded him to rid the realm of Ireland of the Hag with the Finger; and you may be sure that Fin M'Coul, who was ever loyal and loved his country, did not refuse to hunt the Hag: so taking with him Oisin his son, and Gal M'Morni, and Cuneen Miul, he went in search of the bad woman. Now, so it is, that in East Munster, there is a green hill on which there is not an herb or flower, good or bad, bitter or sour, sweet or stinking, growing in all Ireland, that does not also grow on that little hill; and there the Hag with the Finger was a culling of simples; and she always carried the silver pot, in which she boiled her poison. Now just as

she was in the midst of this bad work up came Fin and his heroes, and surprised the mother and son; and Gal M'Morni, who was formost, let fly his arrow at the wicked ones; but it missed its aim, and only upset the pot and spilt the poison; and then it was that throwing the old mother over his shoulders, the giant made off as hard as possible through the bogs and woods; but just as she lay dangling at his back, Fin M'Coul let fly a silver arrow which pierced her heart, and her bad soul flew off to hell, its proper place. But the stupid giant, (for giants, they say, are always heavy-headed,) perceived not that his mother was struck; and so onwards he went, never looking behind him, going as fast as ogres do, until he came to the mountains of Donegal; and there stopping to take rest, and looking behind him, he found nothing remaining of his mother, but her spindle shanks, her back bone and arms, not forgetting the long finger—all the rest worn and torn away while passing, as he did, with a strong man's speed, through

woods and bushes and brakes. So finding nothing remaining but an anatomy of his old mother, here he threw her down, on one of these hills, and away he went where he never was heard of more; and I hope he may never come back. Now it came to pass not many years after, as the Fions were hunting along these wilds of Donegal, in pursuit of a broad-horned deer, (one of those whose bones and antlers are found at the bottom of our bogs,) the party consisting of the same Fin M'Coul, Oisin, Gal M'Morni, and Cuneen Miul, came to the very hill and very spot, over yonder lake, where the giant boy cast down his mother's bones; and Oisin the poet, as he passed these relics of mortality, began to moralize, as he saw bleaching under sun and shower, what man must come to.—Thus as the Fions were musing, a little red-haired, long-chinned, hump-backed dwarf passed by; and drawing near to the hunting party, standing as they were around the skeleton; the dwarf with great civility accosted them, and said, 'Gentlemen and valiant Irishmen, for such

surely you seem to be, from your appearance and bearing, I do entreat you to pass on, for I would have you to know that those bones before you are the remains of a perpetrator of evil; and even at this moment, mischief, extreme mischief, is mixed up with what lies before you; for in the thigh bone of these relics of the Hag with the Finger, lies a red worm, which if once let loose from its confinement, and if it gets water enough to drink, will destroy the world.' This news the dwarf gave with that sententious gravity that becomes such acute and quaint folk: and then with the importance of a *lord*, he marched off and pursued his path over the hills. Now it is right to inform the reader that of all the Finian race, Cuneen Miul was the most hand-over-head person, utterly regardless of consequences—a rolicking "pococurante" sort of a blade, very like a proper Paddy at the present day,

Whose sweetest *divarsion* that 's under the sun,
Is to fight in a fair for the sake of the fun;
And while fists are tossing,

And cudgels are crossing,
And every head broken,
Is of glory a token:
Huzza for the boys when the row is begun.

Such a personage was Cuneen Miul; and therefore smashing the Hag's thigh bone across with his hunting spear, out, without any doubt, crawled forth a long hairy worm, that writhed and wriggled about as if looking for water; whereupon Cuneen Miul, all reckless of consequences, took the worm up on the point of his spear, and giving it a sling, cried, 'There is water enough for you.' and he pitched it into the middle of yonder lough.—My dear Sir, in an instant of time, and with the rapidity of enchantment, there arose out of the bosom of the lough, an enormous and turbulent beast, of such magnitude and destructiveness, that the Fions with all their valor, were obliged to hide themselves from its fury; and then this prodigy ranged over the whole country, destroying man and beast—swallowing hundreds at a mouthful, whenever he unclaspsed his engulping jaws.

Fin M'Coul and all his merry men were in the utmost dismay at this extraordinary event; and as force and valour were quite ineffectual against such a murderous monster, Fin had recourse to his wits, and as his custom was, he began to chew his thumb; and he had not long continued this oracular operation, until a spirit of wisdom came over him, and he was given to know that this devouring beast was only vulnerable at a spot where was a mole on her side; and with the discretion that always directed him, he made ready for the attack; and to that purpose prepared a short sharp cut-and-thrust sword; and with this rapier under his arm, he stood before the monster, who came ranging along with open mouth, sucking into that tremendous gulph hundreds of men—proceeding with such velocity, and doing such destructive deeds that the words of the rhymer might be applied when he says,

A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea,
And a kingdom bread and butter.

So, as I before said, Fin M'Coul stood before the monster; but instead of innocently submitting to be sucked in like a common man, Fin, famed as he was above all the Fions* for feats of agility, took a hop, step,

* The famous militia that Fin M'Coul enrolled and trained in Ireland, before the Christian era, was perhaps the bravest and most accomplished body of men ever recorded in the military annals of the world. Some of the indispensable qualifications of a member of this corps, may be here inserted on the authority of Keating and other Milesian historians of established credit; and we challenge the British Guards, or the French Legion of Honor to come into competence with these Hibernian worthies in military education: in the first place, the Fion must have a poetical genius—he must be well acquainted with twelve books of poetry: now a modern Guardsman is supposed to be well accomplished if he is acquainted with the poetical adventures of Johnny Newcombe; and for a recruiting serjeant it is enough if he stoutly lies in good round prose.

The Fion also, to show his dexterity in the management of arms, was placed in a green field, encompassed with sedge that reached up to his knees, with a target on his left arm, and a hazel stake in his right hand, an ell in length; and then nine experienced soldiers were commanded to stand at the distance of nine ridges of land from him, and cast their javelins at once: if with his target and stake he had skill to defend himself, and come off unhurt, he was admitted—if not, he was sent to the right about. But this was not all: it was not only requisite that he should fight well, but also that he should run away well; and therefore to make trial of his activity, he had

and leap, and fairly and clearly jumped down its throat, and without any accident he arrived at the bottom of its stomach; and there looking about as well as such a dark place would permit, he observed about 200 men and women alive, who had been lately

his hair plaited, and he ran through a wood, a company of the Fions pursuing him; and he was allowed but the distance of one tree from another, as law, when he started: if overtaken or wounded before he got through the wood, he was declared unfit for service.

A further qualification was, that he should not only be swift, but also light of foot, so as not to break, as he ran, a rotten stick when he trod on it. His body must be so agile that he could leap over a tree as high as his forehead, and must as easily stoop under one lower than his knees; and moreover, it was required of him that without stooping or lessening his speed he should be able, in running, to draw a thorn out of his foot.

Like the Indians on the plains of Paraguay, his food was beef and water; and like his warlike antipode, the New-Zealander, he baked his beef in the same way; for instance, hot stones were laid at the bottom of a pit, upon which was placed the raw flesh, then a layer of bullrushes, then a layer of hot stones, and so on until the pit was filled: and so the meat was baked.

In a word it was the pride of the Fions that one of them could beat nine Englishmen or Scotchmen; and as an Englishman can certainly beat nine Frenchmen, so by legitimate consequence a Fion was an overmatch for eighty-one Gauls.

swallowed—100 quite dead, and sundry more who, under the agency of the gastric juice of the monster, were passing through the process of digestion and assimilation. You may be sure that Fin did not forego his activity in this black hole; and therefore he lost no time in ascertaining the topography of the aforesaid mole, when after some groping, he found that it lay about twenty yards below the region of the heart; and to work he fell with his short sword, and in a little space of time he opened an orifice about the size of a coach-house door in the monster's side, who, during the operation, no doubt, felt very alarming symptoms of cholera morbus, moreover, it is not to be supposed that Fin and his fellow prisoners were slow at making their exit from "durance vile;" and well it may be said, that such a jail delivery was not since the evacuation of the Trojan horse. And thus Fin not only released many captives, but he spoiled the appetite altogether of the "blatant beast" who lay along bellowing, and its abominable blood streaming from

its open side, and rushing like a mountain torrent into the lake, all whose waters were thereby dyed red; and so along the shore it lay, in purgatorial agony, suffering all the pains due to all its former voraciousness, until St. Patrick came; and he in order to show unto the obstinate Pagans, what power was committed unto a Christian saint, commanded the monster to arise and proceed to its appointed place at the the bottom of the lough, where it lies to this day, living, and at times roaring, but for ever restrained by Patrick's power from coming ashore to perpetrate its former mischief.—'Tis true in stormy weather, when the tempest sweeps over the lake, whose vexed billows appear like squadrons of white horsemen, making their battle charge on the eastern shores: then it is that the ancient monster is observed amidst the foam and fury of the elements, riding and bellowing across the lake; and many an old man can testify that from the top of these hills he has seen the apparition, and has fled

in terror, fearful of its coming ashore to resume its former destructiveness."

This edifying legend I not only heard from my young guide, but also with little variation, it was repeated to me not long ago, at the foot of Croagh Patrick, while sitting on the edge of a cliff that overhangs the entrance into Clew Bay, which lay before me with its hundred green isles, and Clare Island in the offing, spread under the setting sun, and presenting in firm outline its ancient castle and picturesque elevations —to the right the sacred mountain, with its sharp and well defined cone cutting the cloudless horizon, and its long shadow stretching many a mile inland; and in all the stillness of the atmosphere sitting serenely magnificent, as the landmark for the Atlantic mariner, and the signal station of a people's superstition. On a rock at whose base some hundred feet below, the ocean tide boiled and growled, I sat along with Terence O'Flaherty, whose mind was a storehouse of superstitious and legendary lore;

and among other acts and monuments of saints, witches, fairies, and Fin M'Coul, which he took as much pleasure in narrating as I in hearing—he corroborated the above history; and moreover gave a most sufficient and satisfactory account why it was that Fin, whenever he was at a "non plus," had recourse to chewing his left thumb.—His account, in substance, was as follows:—

In days of yore, Cormac, son of Art, ruled Ireland, and a hospitable prince was he. His house was always open, many were the retainers kept in his hall; and thereby, like more modern princes, his expenses outran both his ready money and his tardy credit; and he was at his wit's end how to supply with meat and strong drink, those who honored his quality by feeding at his expense.

After all the most obvious recipe that can occur to any prince, when desirous of aggrandizing himself, is to go to war with one of his neighbours. The grand *monarque* of Versailles, and the celestial sovereign of Ashantee, have had recourse to the same

expedient, and why not Cormac son of Art? Now, Fiachadh Muilliathan, King of Munster, had some fat pasture lands along the banks of the Suir, which preserve their credit for fertility unto this very day, and go under the name of the Golden Vein; on these plentiful plains Cormac cast his longing eye, assuring himself, that were he once possessed of such mensal lands, he should never want a sirloin or baron of beef to grace his board. Go to war, therefore, he should; but withal, Fiachadh of Munster was potent and wise, and he valued those very fields as the apple of his eye; and his merry men of Ormond and Desmond, were as fond of fighting as their White Boy and Rockite descendants are, at this very day.

In this difficulty Cormac resorted for advice to a Druid, who was a Caledonian; for even in these early days the Scotch *itched* after foreign travel, and were every where at hand to give advice to those who could pay for it; and he being an enchanter and depository of old prophecies, told the King

that in one of those rivers that run under ground in the western land now called Mayo, and not far from that lofty mountain, now named Croagh Patrick, there was a salmon, which if caught and eaten, would communicate such wisdom, prowess, and good fortune to the eater, that from that day forth, fame and prosperity would attend him in all his wars. You may be sure Cormac lost no time in setting out on his fishing excursion into Connaught, and attending to the directions of his adviser, he came to the banks of a river that rises in the mountain chain surrounding the reek of Croagh Patrick; and pursuing that river's course through a fertile valley, he at length came to where the turbulent stream falls into a fearful cavern, and is lost to be seen no more; and whether it seeks by some unknown passage the depths of the ocean, or whether it plunges into the earth's abyss and goes to cool the raging of its central fires, was never yet ascertained; but close to the jaws of this engulphing cavern, there is a dark, deep pool, where the stream, as if

in terror, whirls about in rapid eddies, and here amidst multitudes of fish it was supposed the salmon of *knowledge* spent its days. On the banks of this pool, Cormac and his Caledonian adviser sat day after day; and complain they could not of want of sport, for many a fine fish they caught and broiled on the live coals which they kept for their accommodation on the bank; but still Cormac became not a whit the wiser; and after feeding on salmon, firm and curdy enough to satisfy the "gout" of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, he at length grew so tired of fish, it palled so much upon his appetite that the Milesian monarch began to sigh after the fat mutton that the broad pastures of Tara supplied; and never did one of his Catholic descendants loathe more the sight of fish at the close of a black Lent, than did the son of Art his salmon diet. At length the the fish were caught with such rapidity, that if he got thereby the wisdom of Solomon, he could not be brought to taste of every one taken in this populous pool. And now

he and his adviser presumed to make selections; and applying the arbitrary principles of physiognomy to fish, ventured to throw back some into the stream, while others, as more plump and well favored, were elected to the honor of being broiled; and here methinks the discretion of the King and his Druid was not evinced; for many a time and oft, ugly heads contain capacious brains, and sleek skins fail to enclose shining intellects: so it proved here, for one evening a little fish was taken—a poor, long, lank, spent thing, with a hooked snout, just such another as a poacher spears by the light of a blazing wisp of potato stalks, on a dark night in October. Now who would suppose that any one who had his pick and choice would think of feeding on a spent salmon: so this good-for-nothing fish was thrown on the bank, leaving it to its own fancy to bounce and wriggle back into the river; and just as it was in the very act of eloping into the stream, an idle "gorsoon" who was looking on, caught it by the gills, and says he to him-

self, "though this be not plump enough for a King's palate, it may not come amiss to me;" so choosing a snug place behind a rock, just within the cavern's mouth, he blew up a fire and set about to broil his fish.—Now it is time to tell who this *boy* was, for questionless his match Ireland has not produced from that day to this.—No one else he was than the famous Fin, the son of Cumhall, and grandson of Trein the Big, who was sent to these shores of the Western Sea, from his native halls of Almhuin, in order to save him from the enchantments of the tribe of Morni, that sought to take his life; and here he lived, sporting along these wild hills, and here he might have died, unknowing and unknown, were it not for the circumstance I now record; thank therefore he may, his stars, that he was not so squeamish in the choice of his fish as King Cormac: so having lit up his fire, he was not long in clapping his salmon, all alive as it was, on the coals; for, alas, sportsmen as well as cooks, think little of the pain they may inflict on fowl or fish; and

thus on the live coals the poor animal was not long, until a great swelling blister arose by the force of the fire, on its heretofore bright and silver side; and Fin seeing the broiling salmon, was uneasy, not at its sufferings, but in apprehension lest all the nutritious juices of his game should be wasted in the fire, if tho blister should rise any more: so pressing his left thumb to it, he caused it to burst, and the said thumb feeling a sensation of burning, he claps it into his mouth to cool; and oh, what a change—he, who, until that moment was as little troubled with knowledge as with care; and, as the saying is, "knew not a *B* from a bull's foot"—the instant his thumb came between his teeth he felt as wise and prudent as if he was 100 years old—all his future glories—all the failures of his foes, and all his own achievements flashed before his eyes, and he saw prospectively how that Ireland and Caledonia would ring with his fame, and both contend for the honor of giving him birth.

Thus it was that Fin M'Coul, instead of

King Cormac, happened on the salmon of *knowledge*; and time and your patience, good reader, would fail me, to recount all his succeeding renowned deeds.

And now, I take my leave of Patrick's Purgatory and Donegal, advising you, my good Sir, unto whom I have ventured to address these letters, and every other person who may have leisure to peruse such trifles, if you do not like the information and amusement I have placed before you, to go and see for yourselves.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your's, &c. &c.

C. O.

Lucan, Dec. 16, 1826.

SKETCHES

IN

THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

SKETCHES

IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

LETTER I.

TO THE REV. THOMAS P. M——E.

DEAR SIR,

Our mutual friend, Sir F. B. has, I understand, shown you some letters which I addressed to him, descriptive of a portion of Donegal with which you are well acquainted. If I am rightly informed, you were pleased to express your approbation of these my sketches, when you said, that after your day of active exertions, when the mind but too much partakes of the exhaustion of the animal spirits, you could take up my light and trivial matter, while unable to resort to more sedate or profitable reading. Allow

me, then, to address similar sketches of the southern coast of Ireland to you; for to whom have I a better reason to dedicate these and any thing else my humble pen can produce.

In the following pages you will perceive that I have not trodden on worn tracks. I leave to tourists and lakers to hurry along, like a gang tied to fashion's chain, from the Giant's Causeway to Killarney: no, (to use a huntsman's phrase) like flinging hound, I track a scent of my own, and desire to seek amusement where neither the seal-skin cap, nor the Tilbury tournout of a tourist ever were seen. It is needless to inform *you* what brought me to this extreme southern part of the county of Cork; suffice it, for all our present purposes to say that I arrived at the village of Skull, (as it is now called; but in older and Catholic days, Sancta Maria de Scholia, St. Mary of the Schools,*) on a fine cold clear day in the month of last

* This was, as tradition informs us, the Maynooth of Munster.

March, and as I rolled along a M'Adamized road leading to the village, I had no occasion whatsoever, to look out for a sign-post to tell me where there were dry lodgings, or entertainment for horse or man; for if there be entertainment in a hearty welcome, comfortable fare, and a community of Christian fellowship and feeling, I had all prepared without money and without price, at the house of the curate of the parish. If any reader of these sketches be a quiet easy personage, that loves a summer jaunt along the lower road to Lucan, or by the Glanmire road into Cork; one whose eye perhaps is made up for the enjoyment of such scenes, where the industry of man dresses, brightens, and brings into full point and prominence the features of nature; perhaps such taste and likings made and moulded on landscapes such as these, would not relish the rough coast of Cork, the cliffs of the Atlantic, the mountain bulwarks that curb the angry ocean; but still, after all, if I could show even a *cockney* these shores, gilt and

gladdened by the sun, I think I should command his admiration; and I might expect even him to exclaim, "these are thy glorious works, Parent of good."

My friend resides in an ancient glebe-house, sheltered down on the shore, in a sunny nook, half way between the church and the village. It is under the guardianship of a protecting hill, and some old sycamore trees in solitary magnificence and unpruned luxuriance, their long branches sweeping the lawn; seem to say we are here to show that no one should be so comfortable as a good minister. Here also, the myrtle, the hydrangia, and many a tender plant grow, adorning the pastor's garden; altogether it was a happy, quiet, close, and secluded spot, and the contrast it presented to the serrated mountains, to the black sea-beaten rocks, to the bold promontories and boiling ocean, reminded me how in lapse of time, and succession of its dwellers, this quiet glebe might give shelter to some delicate mind; some intellect, luxuriant, and gifted

with high and Christian imaginings—a lively contrast to the rugged mountaineer, and rude seaman with whom it was his fate to mingle, but not coalesce. On the morning following my arrival, my host said he really did not know better how to induce me to stay with him, than to take me on an excursion amongst the parishioners; for this is one of those new-light clergy, who consider that one of the most useful purposes for which a minister can live, is to go from house to house amongst his flock, and hold communion with them in pastoral visits; there presiding as teacher, guardian, counsellor, and friend, "instant in season, and out of season,"—"reproving, rebuking, exhorting with long suffering and doctrine." What do you choose then, I offer you land or sea, mountain or ocean; I am vicar of Cape Clear Island, where I have no Protestant parishioners, except about twenty of the water-guard: I am curate here, of Skull, where interspersed amongst moor and mountain, I have fifteen hundred Protestants to visit, and

oversee. Some how or another every one likes to land on an island. Sancho Panza was not solitary in longing to have a Barataria of his own, of which he might say all *here* is mine. 'Tis true, that old Cyclopean man-mountain, Johnson, who loved a blind alley in London better than a green field at Richmond, says, "every island is a prison strongly guarded by the sea." But I prefer Sancho's fancy to the Doctor's, and therefore, my dear friend, I will even attend you, to your vicarage of Cape Clear. Very well, so be it. The day is unusually fine for the time of the year; the mist is ascending from the sea; the cap is rolling off from the mountain; I see the boats going out to cut sea weed; all likely to be safe: I will go into the village and get some lads to handle the oars; also, to the kitchen and bespeak some cold meat; do you get ready your great coats, for it is cold, and see, don't forget to put a Bible in your pocket: in half an hour we shall be afloat—and so it was, in less than the given time the boat was launched, four

as fine fellows as ever Ireland sent to make Wellington a Duke, or Nelson an Earl, had their horny hands fastened to a oar—three were young and loose lads,* about twenty years of age, full chested and broad shouldered, all bone and muscle, not a particle of fat on their whole frames, loose, light, and joyous in their appearance; fit for land or sea, trained to oar or spade.—The potato after all is a wonderful root, that can rear, invigorate, and throw such life, elasticity, and energy into the human frame—the fourth was an older and steadier character, selected for his prudence and knowledge of tides, currents, and localities. Says I to myself, when I looked at his shrewd sedate countenance, this man may, like my boatman to the Holy Island, be able and willing —may have the tact and find delight in giving me some supply of the legendary stories and traditionary superstitions of this vicinity. But alas! my friend put this expectation out

* The boatman above alluded to, may come before the public in another volume.

of promise when he whispered me, the three young fellows are Catholics, but John is a Protestant, a good Christian, a God-fearing man, a man whom it is well to have with us, when venturing in equinoxial weather in an open boat, some leagues out on the Atlantic; O! then, says I, this man cares nothing about the *saints* or *good people*. A well-found boat, four springing oars set in motion by as elastic backs, soon brought us out into the middle of the bay of Skull; not a breath was on the ocean; the grey mist of the morning had risen, and was dissolved in the clear cold atmosphere; the sun walked above in its pride of light, the harbour had become a looking glass for the hills and headlands to dress themselves in, and assume a softer and sweeter countenance, as

> The smooth expanse received, impressed
> Calm Nature's image on its watery breast.

The bold and cave-cut promontory; the lofty light house; the ruined castle; the green island; the sable rock, with all its gulls and cormorants, round which the tide

growled, danced, and boiled; all these were reflected and prolonged in westward lines upon the bosom of the deep, and above, towering as the lord paramount of the mountain range, stood Mount Gabriel.

Reader, if you have never been in the South Western district of Ireland; if you have not seen these great bulwarks, that stand as redoubts to the continent of Europe against the force of the great ocean, you cannot form, from seeing English hills, or even Welsh or Wicklow mountains, an idea of these out-works of Ireland; they look as if Noah's deluge here first operated, and the windows of Heaven had opened here particularly, and washed them bare to the very bone. No bog, no soil, no verdure on them — all grey and rugged in the anatomy of their stratification: amidst these everlasting hills, arose in peculiar prominence, Mount Gabriel. Why, my lads, said I, is yonder mountain called by such an outlandish name; one would think it was brought here by Oliver Cromwell, it has such an un-Irish—such a

Saxon name? O! then, says Pat Hayes, who was one of the most talkative of the party, a fine youth, with a huge curly head, that disdained the wearing of a hat; a broad face, giving ample latitude for the grin of an immense mouth, which as belonging to an Ichthyophagous, or fish-eating animal, was set with teeth bright and sharp like those of a sea lion, or a walrus. O! says Pat, it is a pity that the *blockhead* is not here to tell the gentleman the story about this, for sure and certain such poor garsoons as the likes of us, know little, and care not the tail of a herring for such ould stories. And who, said I, is the *blockhead?* O, says my friend the Vicar, who sat beside me at the helm, the *blockhead* is an old man living up on the mountain, who, from his great memory, his knowledge of cures for cattle, charms against fairy-struck people, experience in bleeding, acquaintance with legends about the *good people*, the Milesians, and Fin M'Coul, is called far and near, the BLOCKHEAD.

My dear fellow, will you to-morrow bring

me to that man; I would pilgrimage over many of your hills to get into chat with him; for said I to myself, this is just the man that I want. And Crofton Croker shall not make all the Fairy legends of the South his own. —Ah my good friend, do bring me to the *blockhead* to morrow. Why, yes, to be sure, —but stay, can you speak Irish? Not a word, to my sorrow be it spoken. Well then go home first and learn Irish, for Thady Mahony can speak no other language.— Well boys, can none of *you* (as I cannot get it out of the *blockhead*) tell me about Mount Gabriel; O! yes, Sir, says Pat Hayes, my godmother used to tell me it was called after the Angel Gabriel, who came, you know, from Heaven to deliver the happy message of mercy to the Virgin—ever blessed be her name. And so on his return, as he was flying back, he looked down upon Ireland, and as he knew that in time to come, this honest island would never part with the worship and duty it owes to the Mother of God, he resolved to take a peep at the happy land,

that St. Patrick was to bestow for ever on the Virgin. So down he came, and perched on the western peak of that mountain; the mark, they say, of his* standing is there to this day, and his ten toes are branded on the rock, as plain as if I clasped my four fingers and thumb upon a sod of drying turf; and just under the blessed mark, is a jewel of a lake, round as a turner's bowl, alive with trout; and there are islands on it that float up and down, east and north, and south; but every Lady-day they come floating to the western point, and there they lie fixed under the crag that holds the track of the Angel's foot. With conversation such as this, we beguiled the row until we passed two long islands that sheltered the entrance of the bay of Skull—and now we were abroad on what appeared to a poor landsman like me, to be the great Western Ocean; and oh!

* A Correspondent acquainted with the country and the Irish language, informs me that the Irish name for the mountain is Knockcushthe—Knock signifies hill, and cush—foot. —The Mountain of the foot.

what a noble expanse, as East, and West, we ran our eye coastward.—To the right, Baltimore; to the extreme left, Crookhaven, and the Mizen head, and studded along, rose

> ——————Sea-girt isles,
> That like to rich and various gems, inlay
> The unadorned bosoms of the deep.

And here and there this bold coast had its high head-lands, and cave-cut promontories, relieved with fortresses of other times, pleasing to the eye from their picturesque forms and positions; interesting to the mind, from the associations connecting us with days gone by, of romance, enterprize, and peril.

Eastward, the dark Rosbrine, the Fortalice of Felimey O'Mahony, the pirate and the Popeling, under the shelter of whose strong hold the Spanish Jesuits from Valladolid and Salamanca landed, and diffused their deadly animosity against Elizabeth and the Reformation.—Here Archer, Sanders, and Allen concocted the furious insurrections of Tyrone and Desmond; and hither came

Carew, the Lord President, with all the power of Munster, to quell the pride, and lay low the bulwarks of the Bishop of Rome: and where is now the Psalter of Rosbrine—the rhyming record of all the pious practices, and crimson achievements of these sea Lords. Nearer again, Ardtenent Castle, another cliff-nest of these Mahonys; and in the western offing, look at the Black Castle out there, like a solitary cormorant watching all day long its prey on her rock-perch. And westward still, the bold and high Ballydivelin, see how it cuts the clear blue sky with its embattled loftiness. O! says Denis O'Driscol, one of the boatmen, as he rested on his oar, many a white bone, bleaching under sea and sun is wet and dry, day by day, under that old Castle; there lie the unburied bones of two tribes of the Mahonys—Justin Oge, and Carberry Buy O'Mahony of the North. They fell out about a prey of cattle, and met here to decide the feud on that sunny strand; for a summer's day they fought hand to hand, and foot to foot. Justin's true love,

the sloe-eyed Grace O'Sullivan, sat on the tower of Ballydivelin. Justin fought under the weavings of his Grace's scarf; and Carbury Buy never feared, or pitied, or forgave, —on they fought, till the sun sinking over Crookhaven, looked on them all lying lifeless on the strand, like tangled sea-weed; not a mother's son remained alive to wake or carry to the grave the exterminated tribe.

It was now time to look seaward, where the southern expanse lay beautifully green —a liquid jasper beneath your eye; but like sheeted quick-silver before it.—Thus the ocean in all its smooth splendour, lay basking beneath the sun; quiescent after its equinoctial troubles, and yet there was a long, full, slow swell, heaving in from the south; like the calm breathings of a Giant's sleep, it majestically raised our little skiff, and laid us down again; as if it would say in the treachery of its "grim repose," how could I do harm—I who had never been on the ocean before—who had never crossed any sea, except the narrow channel that divides

Wales from Dublin, now, out in a little bark on the skirts of the Atlantic, I was greatly struck with this awful swell, that seemed as an attribute of its own great grandeur, unconnected with the influence or operation of any other element. As we rowed along, we came near an island, on the western side of which was a little sandy cove protected by an old shattered castle, whose top was covered with grey moss, and its base clothed with sea-weed, and studded with limpets.—This was evidently, in distant times, the hold and retreat of some dark rover of the deep—some barbarian that united the bold bad occupations of the smuggler and the pirate. In latter days, within man's memory, it was the scene, of shipwreck, ruin, and plunder. Before light-houses were established, and placed under the now admirable arrangements on those coasts, it was too much the practice, for the barbarian dwellers of these rocks and isles, to hang out false lights to lure unwary vessels in dark and stormy weather, to venture in and to go to pieces on these

rocks.* In this way, on a dark and howling night, was a wisp of potato stalks kept burning on the top of the Castle, and Denis Mahony who had the care of the light, says to his son Felix, Phelim my boy, I see a light, it seems to be on this side the Calves—sure enough a vessel has mistaken our lucky wisp for Crookhaven light; in she comes, give me a fresh wisp.—She is our's, as sure as there is a cottoner in Cork.—There she drives, sweep, crash, on the Seal rock; Phelim, my darling, she is our's.—Such was the language of the old wrecker to his son. The whole family, the whole islanders were soon down on the shore—an African trader had struck on the

* I am informed by one who knows the southern coast better than a hasty traveller can, that the most approved method of alluring a vessel amongst the rocks of this dangerous coast, was to tie a lanthorn about the neck of a horse, and send him out to graze along the shore; and the tossing of the light as the animal lifted or lowered his head, resembling the moving of a ship's light, mariners were induced to believe that they might safely keep nearer shore as a vessel was seen still nearer than themselves; and thus they struck upon the rocks—this was also the established custom in Connemarra and Erris on the western coast.

rocks, and the people were busy, not in saving either crew or vessel, but in getting on board the wreck, and plundering and tearing up every thing to pieces; the best and only thing that can be said for them was, they did not commit murder. She was laden with the rich produce of the African coast—gold, ivory, gums, ostrich feathers, &c. &c. The crew next morning were put on shore at Baltimore—they made the best of their way to Cork—they complained to the authorities, and a Commissioner of Excise, with some soldiers, were sent to the wreck; but all the property was plundered, nothing but the shattered hull remained. But what became of the enriched people? Little good, in troth, says John Bennett, gold dust was easily secured, bags were buried, and their fortunes made; as for the ivory, the Guager might take that, it was of no use to them; but the women wear the foreign feathers to this day, and many a year after, girls of the Mahony's of Castle-island were known at a patron or fair by an ostrich feather stuck to

the side of their caps. But what good did all the gold do the Mahonys? Arra, they were worse off than their neighbours—what came over the devil's back went under his belly—they sold the gold to pedlars and shopkeepers, in Baltimore and Skibberreen, they bought tobacco by the roll, and whiskey by the hogshead, they brought a piper from Bantry, and a fidler from Clonakilty, they lived as well as a Priest at station, every day from Saturday to Thursday, eating bacon, swilling whiskey, dancing, and running lewdly to the devil, until at last, the fever came amongst them: they died like sheep of the red water. Oh! it was a bad day for the Mahonys that the Neger's gold came amongst them—the church-yard has them all now except an old man, who has no son to carry him to the grave; what good did the Neger's gold do him, the lone beggarman?

Now as we approached Cape Clear island, the wind began to rise from the north-east, a sharp curl rose upon the sea, which one of the young men said was called in Irish the

rootings of the pig. As we neared the island, we observed a little harbour partly defended from the south-west wind, by high and cavern-ed cliffs; to the right lay a castle called Duna-more, or the Golden Fort, a most pictur-esque object, built on a rock beneath a beet-ling precipice. Half of this structure lay in large masses of ruin, round which the sea rushed, growling as in triumph over its fallen honours; the remnant still stood, dark and shattered, the ready victim of some future storm. Just as we sailed under the cliffs, and turned our helm into the snug cove, was an old church, clothed with ivy, lichens, and wall-pepper, and the first sight that met my eyes in landing directly under the church-yard, was a human skull, that lay tossing about, as idle as an egg-shell. It has often struck me, what little consideration the Irish have for human bones—these memorials of their own mortality—they seem to pay no regard to the relics of their once loved friends, when committed to the grave. I particularly remarked this, all through the

county Cork, and nothing to me could be more revolting, than to see in all their burying grounds and abbeys, human bones heaped together in immense stacks, or tossed about mouldering, crumbling, and decomposing, covered with nettles, hemlock, and rank weeds. I observed to one of our rowers, that *there* was a large skull. O! Sir, it is nothing to the skull and bones of Cornelis O'Driscol, whose thigh bones they keep for the people to kiss on the chapel altar. And who was Cornelis O'Driscol? Oh the biggest man that ever was born, but the best natured fellow that ever supped milk. He could beat a whole faction at a fair, and he could drive a ball with his hurl as high as Mount Gabriel, but he never kilt a man that he was not sorry for it, and his heart was as tender as a sucking chicken, and then he was so huge and strong. One night, God rest his soul, he was lying along the fire-side, and his old father was sitting under the hob on the other side. The wind was strong from the south-west, there was a spring-tide, and

it raining so, that you would think every cabin in Cape Clear would be washed away. Cornelis, says the old father, did you moor the launch well to the rock—my life to a hap'worth of tabeccy you did not, you needle legg'd red shank; get up you spalpeen, and go moor her tight, or the tide will toss her away, and what will we do catch the hake and herrings for the wife and childer next Summer. Up, without saying a word, got Cornelis, and out he went; it was well he was strong and long, for there was so high a wind, and a stream running so strong from the rocks, that it would have driven or washed ano ther man into the sea; but down went Cornelis, breasting the wind like a sea-gull; he caught up his father's launch, just as readily as I lift this spar, and clapping it under his left arm, he brought it up clear and clean, and laid it in the cabbage garden, behind the cabin; and so my dear soul, when the neighbours went out in the morning, they found the launch, which would have taken four good men to row out to sea, carried like a potato

basket, and laid where boat was never seen before, since Cape Clear was an island* While I was thus prating to poor Pat Hayes,

* A valuable correspondent has given me another version of the story of the strong man of Cape Clear.—He informs me that it is true there was a man on the island of remarkable strength, and who may be remembered by persons yet living, but his name was Cadogan. "I heard many stories of him in my boyish days, among which was, his power of lifting enormous weights. One of the best stories I have heard, and I have reason to believe it true, is the following:—A revenue officer with a small party went into the island on information of smuggled goods—Cadogan not liking such intruders, was determined to take measures, but without bloodshed, to prevent what was deemed an invasion of the islanders' privileges; accordingly having with some followers surrounded and disarmed the party, he seized the officer with Herculean gripe, and holding him over the brink of a tremendous precipice, he addressed him in words like the following—'You see now, Mister S. how like a fool you are after acting, in coming to trouble the *dacent* and quiet people of this little place of an island, wanting as you do to spoil our little trade,—are you not now in my power? might I not drop you as a gull would a herring into the sea there below, and what could you do then? But no, Mr. Gauger—give me your oath as a Christian, and your honour as a gentleman, that neither you nor your people shall ever set foot on this island again, and I will draw you in to myself, and let you go home to your wife and childer like a happy man, and you will have my blessing going along with you.' You may be sure the officer acceded to the proffered terms; and so he and his men were dismissed with no other injury than what they suffered from their fears."

I was joined by my friend, the Vicar of the island parish, out of which he receives the immense sum of £30. Yes, said he, it was a curious scene the day I was inducted into my Vicarage in this old ruin. The people, when they saw me with my surplice on, and reading English prayers, thought I was come to change their religion—they believed I was here to invade the province of the Priest; old women surrounded the walls chattering Irish, and groaning, the boys howled, the men scowled, and looked gruff and angry, and perhaps something worse would have been done, if some one who could speak Irish, had not explained, that there was no intention of doing them harm, or changing their religion. By the way, the Priest is a Prince paramount here, absolute master of the bodies and souls of these islanders; none dare dispute his word, for heaven and supernatural powers are on his side. Some very few years ago, certain persons that the "Soggarth," or Priest, did not like, had established themselves in the Castle of

Dunanore, which I have just spoken of: I did not hear exactly in what way they offended, perhaps they were smugglers, and did not pay the regulated fees, or dues, but out of Dunanore they must come. Now you see how yonder castle is perched on a rock in the sea, the approach to it is by a narrow causeway, the breadth of a man's path; on either side is the boiling tide dancing and springing about; a single stone thrown from the castle would have sent the Priest to purgatory; but on the sacred man marched, who dare touch him; he bore a charmed life—he walked on surrounded by the halo of reverential respect, and stouter than mortal would he be that dare bar his entrance. "Out of this, ye vermin—out of the castle, pack every mother's son of you: begone, or I will send the old walls tumbling about your ears." The mandate was obeyed, one took up a stool, another a bed-post, the children carried pots, porringers, and trenchers, and when all were gone, like the children of Israel departing out of Egypt; then it was that the Priest, taking

out bell and breviary, pronounced his curse, and down with tremendous crash, and dash, went the half of the old castle into the sea, and there the remainder of it now stands, a memorial and mark of priestly power. My good reader, do not be in the least incredulous, for all this must be quite true; every one on the Island believing it, except a few poor heretics of the water-guard. But you will ask, is this omnipotent Priest still in power on this island? No, he is not, it would have gladdened mine eyes to have beholden him. Alas! mortal man, even in the midst of his might, is given to faults, and must bend to fate, and our friend of the castle had one failing—and if, in any instance it would be excusable, it was here: in the dark and misty atmosphere that surrounded him, after his chilly walks over the barren heights of his parish, on returning home to his lonely parlour, with no companion but his breviary—none of the charities of domestic life around him—no one in the world near him that had a claim to say, live for me; what wonder is it

that he fled to the bottle for refuge from the sense of desolation and *one-ness*; what wonder that he sought in brandy, from that artificial excitement of spirits, which could lift him up from the prostration of all those hopes, endearments and associations, that make life to others desirable. His end was awful and sudden; he left his island parish either for the purpose of relaxation, or business, and landing at the town of Baltimore, he went to a public house, and called for a quantity of spirits; it was left with him in his apartment. In a few hours, those that came into the room found the liquor drank, and the Priest no more.

It is now time to think of the Waterguard: you know, says my friend, it was not to prate about old bones or castles I came with you; will you come about *my* business? Yes, certainly; I hope, though feeling an interest and amusement in old legendary stories, and the play of a people's superstition, I do not set the less value on the work, the efficiency, the furtherance of Divine truth:

onward, let us go. So we toiled along a craggy path, that led us to a hollow sort of ravine, that seemed to cut the island in two, and connected two coves, or bays—one on its north, and the other on its south side. In this sheltered hollow was the house of the water-guard, a crew of about twenty sailors with their families, who are stationed here to put a stop to smuggling on the coast; and what a contrast was here between the hovels of the Irish, and this neat little habitation: low and lonely as it was, it was trim and clean; and more than that, about men, women, and children, there was a neatness and a tidiness, a decorum and a keeping in dress and furniture, evincing, that wherever an English family is stationed, let it be cast where, or tossed how, still it retains the indelible character of superior comfort, and that irrepressible self-respect, that holds itself entitled to enjoy, and bound to preserve order, cleanliness and decency; and it was quite delightful to see how respectfully they approached their minister—how the women

came round him with their little ones—how the urchin "climbed his knee, the envied kiss to share," all anxious to catch the good man's smile, all clamorous to bid him welcome; for indeed it is not often in the year that this island can be approched in an open boat—all through the winter it is impossible. You then, good reader, who enjoy the blessings of a preached Gospel, who have the word of salvation delivered to you Sunday after Sunday, who experience fully "how beautiful are the feet of those who bring the glad tidings of peace," you who thus in rich abundance hear "the ingrafted word which is able to save your souls;" what can you know of, how can you estimate the wants of these poor destitutes, condemned to see Sabbath after Sabbath pass silently away, without hearing the announcement of God's infinite love to poor sinners—no toll for them of the dear church-going bell—none of these greetings and Christian communings that congregating parishioners hold together; when taking sweet counsel together, they

pass onwards towards the house of God. Indeed these poor secluded people seemed in the fullest extent to know their deprivation, as, in the words of the Prophet, they felt a famine, "not of bread and water, but of hearing the word of the Lord." *4th Amos.*

Well, in a short time all were assembled; the rough, but steady respectable seaman, his trim and tidy wife, the blushing, blooming daughter, the bluff boy, with his catechism in his hand; all met in a comfortable room, that contained the well arranged furniture of a kitchen, with its cleanly moveables calling up the associations of a kitchen's good cheer, and at the same time displaying the neatness and snugness of a parlour. We will read first a chapter in the word of the God, said the Vicar, and the 14th of John was opened. Reader, this dear consoling chapter must surely be familiar to you. If you have experienced your birthright of sorrow and suffering—if ever the Holy Spirit has convinced you of the exceeding sinfulness of sin,—if, taking of the things of Christ,

it has displayed before you the preciousness of a Saviour—then doubtless you have made this chapter your friend, and have exercised yourself in it—for, if deprived of all the rest of the word of God, if but the one leaf of the Bible, containing this chapter, floated ashore, it were enough to console an exiled Emperor at St. Helena, or a deserted Selkirk on Juan Fernandez; amidst the solitariness of destitution, and the abandonment of the world, it would prove a castle of comfort. "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions;" and thus the consoling Saviour proceeds, telling of all the fulness of his sufficiency, "the way, the truth, and the life;" no where to go to but to me, no way to go but by me, that you may attain eternal life. Lord, then (as a Christian saint has said,) we will follow *thee*, by *thee*, to *thee*. *Thee*, because thou art the truth, by *thee*, because thou art the way, to *thee*, because thou art the life. And so promising the Comforter, bequeathing peace,

the Saviour concludes this precious chapter, rich as it is in glorious truth, and abundant in consolation, with his farwell words, "Arise, let us go hence."

The place, the occasion, the adaptation of the chapter to the wants, the feelings of these exiled people, (connected perhaps with the visible excitement of him who communicated the exposition, and prayed with his whole soul for grace, and peace, and salvation through the Lord our righteousness,) gave such a tone of feeling to the entire transaction, that there was not a dry eye in company. One old seaman, with a countenance as weather-beaten and time furrowed as one of the cliffs of the isle he guarded, sat before us, the very personification of manly feeling —the big drops coursed down his cheek, and yet no change of countenance, like a summer shower falling on the sea-ward rock, only to cool and brighten it in its passage.

But it was time to depart;—and wont you come again to us soon; and sure, says an old motherly woman, your Reverence wont for-

get to bring a Testament with large print: and sure, says the mother of two beauteous children, you will not forget the catechism for Mary and Jane; and thus they followed with blessings and remindings, until we got out of sight. The parties who had thus taken sweet counsel together, never perhaps to meet again on this side of eternity.

But it was a pity to depart without ascending the summit of the island, without looking down on the fine stretch of land and sea that the light-house hill presented; so on we toiled a devious track, up towards the summit. As we passed along, a girl of about fourteen passed us by; she appeared to be of the peculiar and indigenous and fixed breed of the island, as did the sheep and lambs. The lambs were like motherless kittens, with wiry and starvation hair, instead of wool; and this girl, I never saw such a specimen of an uncaught and untutored savage,—her hair was of a deep madder red, her eyes ferret-like, sparkled from under hair unacquainted with comb or cleanliness;

when she neared us, apparently to avoid the stranger and the enemy, as she considered us, she ran off, barefooted, on the stony rock, whining and gabbering Irish. Further on as we ascended the hill, we came into a snug hollow, in which was a low hut without a chimney, covered with a net work of ropes, to save the thatch from the stripping of the storm; and there came forth from this hive or hovel, a hum as if from a wasps' nest. This may be the Cape Clear School, said my friend, let us go in and see the seminary; so bending double to pass, as through the aperture of a cavern's mouth, we descended into a hole, as dark, smoky, and smelly, as the cave of Cacus; but in a short time, our eyes assimilating themselves to the palpable obscure, could observe about twenty children sitting on stones, humming forth their lessons like hornets preparing to swarm; every little healthy, ragged, fish-smelling urchin, had a bit of a book in his hand—one had a leaf of Reading made Easy, another a scrap of the Church of England Catechism, ano-

ther a torn copy of the Heart of Jesus, and a big girl was poreing over a large octavo volume, covered carefully with a case of green stuff; the name of this useful book was the Gentleman Instructed. The furniture was of a heterogenous character, bespeaking the multifarious occupations of the pedagogue. In a corner by the fire-side was his bed, over which were hanging sundry kinds of fish put to smoke or dry, over the door were nets and rods, along the walls were hanging a number of dead rabbits, and over the game was suspended a bag full of fœtid ferrets, all which bespoke, that independent of his college, this worthy Principal, drew much of his livelihood from the sea in summer, and from the sandhills in winter. Then the quaint look of the Ludimagister himself; his wig, that seemed to be made of the dag wool of the hairy sheep of the island, grown small by scratching, hung on the left side of his head, being pushed away by the pen which was fixed in his right ear. With a magisterial scrape of the foot, and an

important bow, he bade us welcome. Sir, says the Vicar, I am glad to see a school established on the island, I hope you are doing well. Oh yes, Sir, very well indeed, his Reverence the Priest approves of my method; I came in order to please his Reverence, my "Magnus Apollo," and teach the natives not only the rudiments of reading and writing, but also arithmetic scientific and commercial, gauging, surveying, and navigation; the use of the globes, geography, and the mathematics, and I have left my late establishment in Courtmasherry, and the Lord will, I trust, prosper me in the desire to communicate the liberal arts to the poor islanders. Having delighted some of the little scholars by asking them to spell a few words, and giving them half-pence, we evacuated the academy, and my friend said on leaving it, I am glad the new Priest is sufficiently liberal to allow a school to be established here. The owner of the island some time ago built a school-house, and offered to pay a master, but the Priest, his miraculous

Reverence, said he would allow no School, they were well enough without learning; the fish were caught, and the potatoes grew without it, and men could do all that man wanted, eat, drink, and sleep. It was a happy little place, and he would not alter things, or turn what was well enough inside out—such were his authoritative reasons. He argued "if ignorance be bliss, 'tis folly to be wise ! !"

And now we had arrived at the summit of the island, and looking abroad into the immense Atlantic, might in fancy imagine we saw the sons of Milesius, the dark riders of the ocean, coming in their thirty ships to the invasion of Ireland ; and if we had faith befitting a proper Milesian descent, and imaginations worthy of a Gadelian pedigree, we might fancy we saw the Tuatha Danaan assembling round their circles of power, and raising incantations to bar the entrance of the invading fleet into the river of Kenmare. We might figure ourselves as surrounded by the very magical mist that gave Ireland the form and figure of a pig's back, and from whence

in bardic story it has been called Hog-island, and from hence probably it has retained a propensity for pigs and pig-styes to this day; but divesting my narrative of these Milesian imaginations, in sober seriousness, we saw nothing but the wide stretch of ocean, now looking dreary and darkly towards the south, in accordance with the dim and gloomy destiny that seems to hang over the Spanish Peninsula. We observed the fishing smacks hastening in, and one of our oars-men gave us warning that there was every appearance of a rapid change, and threatening marks of a rising gale of wind: still it was fair and calm where we were, beneath us was the whole island, a congeries of rocks and cliffs; to look at it, it might be said to be incurably barren, and yet to see it studded as it was with human habitations, and teeming with people, you might imagine that they fed on, and digested stones. But like the sea-birds around, they merely nested upon these rocks —they owed to the teeming ocean the entire of their sustenance—indebted to it for the

weed that produced their potatoes amidst the rocks—and drawing from thence the fish that made the potato palatable. In the centre of the island lay a lake, the qualities of which, as we were informed by one of our men, were not more strange than useful; it saves the necessity of soap, it will wash your shirt as white as a gull's breast, without a lather of suds; steep a train oil barrel in it for twenty-four hours, and it will come out so sweet that it smells like a bean-blossom, and you may churn butter in it. O! Gentlemen, says he, it would amuse you to the heart to see the women tucking flannel and frize in it of a summer's evening; there is no tuck-mill on the island, and yet, thanks to the lake, and the legs of the honest women, they have the finest frize in Munster—they make it as lasting as leather; it would make any one as merry as a miller to see the "Calleens" on a summer's evening, as noisy as crows in Lord Bantry's rookery, sitting opposite one another in the soft sweet water, kicking a piece of cloth from one to another, until it

came out as tight as a board. But on this subject we checked our communicative friend, not having any ambition to know more of these succedanea for the machinery of a tuck mill.

I inquired "What island is that to the east? it looks as if it had some fine land on it; and of all the picturesque castles I have observed on these shores, I think that yonder is the most striking; and then to north of the castle I saw more ruins. Altogether, it is an interesting island. I wish we had time to row there."—"Not, certainly, to day," said my friend, "it is well even if we can get home; the clouds are coming down from the mountains.—Look at Gabriel what a night cap he is putting on; see the white horses are beginning to ride on the wave. It will be a hard pull on the *boys* to bring us home. Pat Hayes, run down to the Cove and make all ready to have us afloat and out to sea immediately." So off Pat ran; and as we followed him, descending the hill, I received the information I wanted concerning Inni-

sherkin. This island formed the wealth and strength of Sir Fineen O'Driscol; *that* was his castle of Dunalong, and yonder is the Franciscan abbey which Florence O'Driscol, when in wealth and power, built for the good of his soul. Here thirty friars said masses for the souls' safety of these sons of the sea, who but two often left their Christianity behind them when they gave their sails to the wind, as their forefathers, when going to be christened, kept their right arm unbaptized, that it might be free to plunge in deeds of blood;—thus the name of O'Driscol was feared from the Bristol Channel to the Shannon's mouth; and so Florence O'Driscol, the wrecker and the smuggler, the rover and the ravisher, in order to settle accounts with his Maker, built the monastery; and thus the castle and the friary, kept a regular and fair account with each other. —The O'Driscols supported the men of God, and the friars saved the souls of the sons of the sea. But of all the O'Driscols none maintained Dunalong, or the Ship Castle, in

such bravery as Sir Fineen—none perpetrated his preys by land, or his piracy by sea, with such address and success. He and his natural son, the dark Gilly Duff, or Black Gilbert, lived in right Milesian glory—what was gained by barbarian force was spent in profuse hospitality. The Ship Castle was the seat of their strength and the storehouse of their plunder: there the pedlars came to purchase the soft goods and female drapery that were robbed or smuggled from foreign vessels: here the inland gentry came to procure the pipes of wine and Cogniac brandy that were necessary to support the hospitality of their inland fortresses; and thus Sir Fineen, under the walls of Dunalong kept a sort of fair—the produce of his adventures on the ocean was exchanged for the cattle and corn of the rich plains of Tipperary and Limerick: and thus, in the curious combinations of his fortunes and character, he possessed the attributes of a merchant, a mariner, a pirate, and a Milesian chieftain. All was fortunate and fair with Sir Fineen and

his dark son, until in the net which he laid privily for plunder, was his own foot taken. On a stormy night, in 1539, as Black Gilly was coming in his ten-oared launch from looking along the line of the shore, he saw a vessel in distress driving towards the entrance of Baltimore harbour, with one mast cut away, her rudder unshipped, and totally water-logged and unmanageable. Up rowed Sir Gilly, and proffered to pilot the vessel, and tow her in safety into port, provided he was well paid. "What are you freighted with?" —"Portugal wines. We belong to the corporate merchants of Waterford, and we are out from Oporto these three weeks." "Give me three tuns of wine," says Gilly, "and you shall be safe in moorings in two hours." —"Agreed," said the supercargo; and in a few minutes O'Driscol had her in tow, and brought her safe to moorings under Dunalong Castle. "The fire of hospitality," says Gilly, "was never out on my father's hearth: come from the dangers of the sea, come with a hundred thousand welcomes to O'Driscol's

board." With joy and gladness the master of the vessel and his men went on shore; and eagerly partook of the food and festivity of Sir Fineen: wine in abundance, and drugged wine afterwards, were pressed on them, and partaken of—and fast sunk in sleep and wine, they left the vessel to her fate. Then it was that the chieftain and his clan fell to work: every bark on the isle was busy—and before morning not a pipe of wine in the Sancta Clara de Sozi but was stowed in the caverns of the castle, or the cellars of the Franciscan convent: for Sir Fineen was ever the man to be true to the Church; he knew he had a long account to settle, and therefore the full tenth of whatever he won by land or sea was sent to the convent, in honour of the Virgin and St. Francis. Next morning, when the master and crew of the Sancta Clara awoke, they saw their ship riding very high in the water—she sat on the sea as light as a drum; and to their surprize and shame they experienced that the hospitality of their entertainer was the snare of a thief and a robber.

However, Sir Fineen helped to ship their rudder, aided them to set up a jury mast, and with many dry jokes on the Waterford merchants, he sent the Sancta Clara empty away from the Ship Castle.

So far all went wondrous well. Night after night, Sir Fineen got obstreperously drunk; and not one in hall or kitchen—cousin, fosterer, and gossip—kern, oarsman, and cuddy—all were at the free tap of the Waterford pipes. Gilly Duff always brought a keg of the black drop, as he called it, when he went his rovings on the coast, and often his oarsmen saw so double, that they missed their course, and were saved by a drunkard's luck. And even the good friars found it expedient to take a mutual oath that a sufficient number of their Reverences should keep in turn sober, in order that the thirty masses might be said duly and daily for the soul of their founder Sir Florence. Thus all went carousingly, in real Irish glory, until one fine morning in May, at day dawn, a three-masted vessel was seen sweeping in under

press of sail towards the castle.—The watch-tower bell of Dunalong tolled loudly. Up started Sir Fineen and his son Gilly. The great thirty-oared barge was soon manned; and in proud appointment they pulled away to hail the stranger, and bid him welcome, when a whizzing shot passing over their heads, bespoke the enemy and avenger; and Captain Pierce Dobbin soon shewed he had the will and power to do them evil. The O'Driscols soon backed their oars, and re-treated to their strong hold. The iron guns were shotted on the battlements, the calivers were pointed from the loopholes; but what could all their old artillery or defences avail against the Waterford force, well appointed in all the munitions of war, and commanded by men as disciplined as brave? And to enter at a breach which was soon made in the castle wall, Lieutenant William Grant and his men landed and marched to the storm. Sir Fineen, heavy and plump, thought in good time of making his retreat, and in his four-oared launch he stole off through the

shallows, to his cousin, O'Sullivan Beare, of Dunboy.

But not so Gilly Duff, he stuck to his defences to the last; he fought, and fired, and swore, like one who feared neither God nor man; and when at last the Waterford men, under the command of the gallant Captain Grant, had forced the barbican and burst into the castle, then Gilly, seeing all was hopeless, seized a burning brand, and running to the powder-room over the portcullis, cried, "the ferret shall choke with smoke in the hole where the rat dies," and applying the fire to a powder barrel, conquerors and conquered were exploded into the air. William Grant alone stood unhurt in the deep recess of one of the tower windows—and that tower of the castle stood, but enveloped in flames. The defeat and destruction of the O'Driscols were accomplished—but how to save the bravest man in Waterford! The flames were crackling around him; burning beams and melting lead falling on every side made his station perilous, and his standing

every moment hotter and more intolerable. "Come, boys," cried Lieutenant Toby Butler, "there is only one chance under God for his life; give me that cross-bow." And then fastening a cord to a steel bolt, he fired it fair and direct over Grant's head. "Catch hold of that string before it is burned, if you desire to be a living man—William, my boy, mind my bidding," Grant did so. "Now draw up the rope. There now, fasten it to the stone mullion of the window—slide down—that's my hearty." And Grant in the twinkling of an eye was safe and sound in the arms of his companions. The Waterford men had their revenge. The city standard floated on the summit of the island. All Sir Fineen's bawns, orchards, and villages went to destruction. Even the Franciscan friary was sacked and ransacked; and the goodly friars, relieved from the responsibility of their thirty masses, wandered through the abbeys of Munster, sighing amidst the austerities of cold cloisters, after the flesh-pots and wine-pipes of Innisherkin.

Thus beguiling the rough way with the catastrophe of the O'Driscols, and after taking some moderate refreshment under shelter of a cliff, we pushed out into the deep. And here what a contrast! The morning mirror was now a boiling billowy chaldron. And as our men pulled the little yawl out of the shelter of the cove, the face of the troubled ocean was truly awful—the wind directly in the boat's bow—the waves coming on rapid and broken. I have not marine terms to describe the character of this sea; but it was the most the men could do to keep the boat's head to the wind. We made little or no way; and now and then a high-headed billow washed over us, and wet the men from head to foot; and yet, drenched and working as they were, they joked away as joyously as if they were in a tent at a fair.

A poor fellow from the island had begged of us to take him to the mainland. He sat, or rather lay, at the bow of the boat, for the men would not let him sit up, lest he should catch the wind. Every surge that washed

over the boat drenched the poor fellow as he lay along, and still the rowers, dripping as they were themselves, amused each other in bestowing Job's comforts on the man, and telling him to cheer up, for sure he was a cabin passenger. And still we made no way, and now and then a wave would strike the bottom of the boat, so that landsman as I was, I apprehended that we should swamp and go to pieces. And now I looked to my friend's countenance, as he held the helm, and saw a gathering seriousness upon it; and I observed him looking wistfully towards the island: his look seemed to say, we must indeed put about, and I was anticipating what a pleasant time I should have to spend on that place of barrenness. Well, said I to myself, God send we may even get there; our friends of the water-guard will get us some accommodation. But try, my good friend, to face the gale for some minutes longer. While we were thus consulting, two sail-boats coming from the mainland approached, on the wings of the wind, which

blew directly in their stern, and sent them forward with the velocity of arrows. As they cut the surge, gracefully and majestically passing us, the men reclining at their ease set up an uproarious shout; it was a malicious triumph over our jeopardy and trouble—"Oh boys," says Pat Hayes—he with a mouthful of ivory, "we will never be able to stand in Skull, if we let these Capers* have the laugh over us—we are done for ever if we put back to Clear—we may as well when we get home, go spend the rest of our days in Judy Mahony's cabin, knitting stockings, if we let these duck-footed fellows cut capers over us:" and off he tugged his dripping waistcoat. All stripped to it, and wrought at their oars as if instinct with new life and power. I never witnessed such athletic exertion: I never saw such a display of temper, spirit, and perseverence. They gained their point: they won their way; and the wind in some measure, in reward of

* The inhabitants of Cape Clear go on the mainland by the name of Capers.

their bravery, having subsided, taking advantage of the lee-shelter of the Calves islands, &c. &c. we shortly after nightfall got safe on shore.

Fare ye well, my fine young fellows of the skiff of Skull—never, perhaps to see you again; but long shall I remember your joyous good-humour, your engaging good nature, your full possession of all those qualities which make Irishmen, with all their faults, the most social and entertaining people in the world.

C. O.

*** Though the writer of these Sketches aims not at giving accurate or statistical information, yet he is desirous, in gratitude for the amusement afforded him during his day at Cape Clear, to call the attention of the public, as far as in him lies, to the state of the poor Capers; and for that purpose shall quote the remarks of a correspondent, who can be depended on:—"Unfortunately the great want of this island, and the main cause of its poverty and depression is the deficiency of a secure harbour. There are two indentures or coves by which the island is nearly bisected—one on the north and the other on the south side; they are wide at the entrance, and without any indenture to secure vessels from a wind blowing in, or from the dangerous agitation of a high swell: hence the inhabitants are restricted to the use of very small boats,

which they can draw on shore, and which can be used for the purposes of fishing or pilotage, only in settled weather. A harbour where decked vessels or large boats, like those of the Kinsale fishermen, might ride securely, would soon make a change in the circumstances of the inhabitants; they would then be enabled to avail themselves of a situation so admirably adapted for the deep-sea fishery; and there is reason to think that this is practicable: at all events the place would be worth the examination of a Government Engineer.—The south cove from its immediate exposure to the ocean, is of course impracticable; but the north cove is much more favourably circumstanced, and it is through that a mole or pier might be constructed at comparatively moderate expense; and it would be worthy of a paternal government to take measures conducive to the well being of a numerous and rapidly increasing population; and the proprietor of the island, William W. Becker, Esq. would doubtless contribute to the work.

Now let us attend to the probable consequences of such an improvement—an almost daily intercourse would be opened between Cape Clear and the mainland—vessels would be enabled to start either for fishery or pilotage, at every favourable change of the wind—a permanent revenue establishment might be formed in the neighbourhood of the harbour, for the prevention of smuggling; and thus a little Protestant colony would be settled there, perhaps a small church might be built and a curate settled, and certainly a school-house established; and thus a Protestant Government would be entitled to say we have at length done something for an island containing a numerous race of hardy, honest, and adventurous natives; and which has hitherto never received the smallest favour, either in the way of encouragement, or relief, or instruction; and to which attention has been as little turned as to Kamtschatka."

"I also remember," says the same correspondent, "the extraordinary attachment which the natives bore to their apparently desolate island; so much so, that when crimes were perpetrated amongst them, (and they were very rare,) the only mode devised for repressing them was, that a tribunal authorised by the priest and the proprietor, sentenced the delinquent to banishment to the mainland for a longer or shorter period, commensurate to the offence; and this punishment proved so effectual, that it was rarely found that a person so punished ever attempted to commit a crime again; and no jail prisoner ever returned to the bosom of his family, after long and loathsome confinement, with more delight, than the poor Caper whose time of banishment had expired, came back to his beloved island.

SKETCHES

IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

LETTER II.

TO THE REV. THOMAS P. M——E.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING abundant business to call me away from the village of Skull, before I took my leave of my valued friend and his hospitable attentions, he asked me would I go and see his humble little church—a plain building, said he, and fitted for perhaps as plain, and yet as ample a congregation as any in Ireland; few parishes even in Protestant Ulster, can boast of a better filled house of worship. We walked, therefore, some hundred yards to this unadorned but neat building, which stands on a high elevation over

the sea: and when its modest little belfry and whitewashed walls send their bright shadows over the water on a calm and sunny Sabbath day, when all is still, when even the sea-birds are silent on the rocks, and the toll of the church-going bell circulates solemnly over the bay,—the sacred sounds reverberating from cliff, and castle, and cave,—it must be a tranquil and blessed scene, as sun, earth and ocean harmonize with that peace which religious worship communicates, and which worldliness with all its pretences and promises, cannot give and cannot take away.

I observed in the grave-yard, that Protestants and Romanists were buried in distinct allotments. It was unseemly thus to carry division even into the grave; to see mortals lie separate in their common clay, and divided even in their dust, though believing in one common God, and seeking to enter a common heaven by the only merits of one atoning Saviour.

Here I was shown the grave of a holy priest; I had seen one before at Kinsale,

but now I had more leisure to examine and enquire concerning this object of a most degrading, disgusting, and barbarous superstition. Unlike every other grave in this large cemetry, no head-stone was elevated, no grave-stone covered the sacred dust, not even a sod 'heaved its mouldering heap;' but the grave looked like a shallow pit, the bottom of which was covered with small stones and rags, scraps of cloth, cotton, and linen. On enquiring why this grave had such a peculiar aspect? I was informed that the clay was all carried away, in order to be infused in water, and drank by Catholics and their cattle, as a cure for disease in the one, and a remedy against sin in the other; and that it was deemed propor in every case when a devotee carried the holy clay away, to bring back the rag in which it was conveyed, and deposit it on the grave. "And pray," said I, "was this Priest remarkable for his extreme sanctity? Did the 'Divinity stir within him?'—did he walk as if God was with him?—was he a powerful preacher, able and successful in

dividing the word of life, in speaking peace to the wounded conscience, through the blood of the all-atoning Jesus? Had his ministry been blessed in the moral culture of his people—and was he a constraining instrument of Divine grace 'in turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?'" "Why no," says my informant, "I have not heard that there were such seals to his sanctity as these; but it is firmly believed he worked miracles. He was proficient at curing the ague, rheumatism, sore eyes, falling-sickness."—"Well, but was he a man of austere life? did he deny himself daily, and carry his cross? Questionless, he was an ascetic and mortified man, another St. Jerome, or St. Anthony?" "Why, no, not that either; for, if I am rightly informed, he could eat until he was full, and drink until his head was light, as well as any other *Father* at a station; and it has been said, that coming home at night from these reverend festivities, it was generally found necessary for two of the neigh-

bours to walk alongside of his Holiness, to keep him decently and safely straight upon his saddle.—It is questionable whether Caffraria, Tartary, or Hindoostan, can produce any superstition more revolting or absurd than this Ierolatria or Priest-worship of the Irish."*

* *Extract from a Communication of Doctor Picknell, Physician to the Dispensary of Cork, April* 4, 1823. *Published in the Transactions of the Fellows of the College of Physicians of Dublin, vol.* 4, *p.* 189.

This communication states that Mary Riordan, a native of Cork, aged 28 years, was afflicted with a most surprising complaint; whereby at intervals she discharged by vomiting, &c. quantities of insects of the Beetle species, some more than half an inch long, in all stages of their existence—some as larvæ, some as pupæ, and some in their winged state; which, as soon as they were discharged, flew about the room. The Doctor, in anxiety to elicit every circumstance which might tend to develope the mode of the introduction of these insects, asked the patient had she been in the habit of eating clay? Her answer was, that when she was about 15 years of age, two Clergymen of her persuasion died, and she being told by some old woman, that if she would drink daily during a certain period a portion of water, in which was infused clay taken from the graves of those clergymen, she would be secured for *ever* against *disease* and *sin*; she accordingly walked to Kinsale, a distance of twelve miles, where one of the clergymen was interred; and succeeded in bringing away an apron and bankerchief full of the clay from the grave. To this she added some mug full of clay from the other clergyman's

But (as perhaps in the course of my travels I may find occasion to recur to this subject,) I proceed to take my leave of Skull, and ask you, reader, to accompany me to the north-west. Bear patiently with me, and I shall at my leisure take you to Killarney. On my way to Bantry, I passed the dark and lofty Mount Gabriel to the left, and took my dreary way over a comfortless tract of country, the peninsula of Ivaugh, the ancient territory of O'Mahony Fune; princes these O'Mahonys were of bogs and rocks enough: and here the tribe of the O'Mahonys has contrived to increase and multiply, and has replenished those wastes with Paddies, pigs, and potatoes. Let no one say, after looking at these moors, studded over with cabins,

grave, who was buried in the city of Cork. Her practice was to infuse from time to time, according to the exigency, in a vessel of water, a portion of the holy clay;—the mixture being always allowed to rest until the grosser particles of clay subsided. She had been in the daily use of the water *medicated* according to this disgusting formula. The Beetles discharged from the woman, were principally of the Bleps Mortisaga species, which is well known to inhabit Church-yards.

and these cabins crowded with children, pigs, goats, cocks and hens, that a poor Irishman is not an industrious creature. No; look at that string of men, women, boys, and girls, toiling up the mountain-side with sea-weed and sea-sand, in baskets on their backs. See them reclaiming, from amidst rocks and bogs, patches of ground on which to cultivate their only food, the potato; and no one witnessing this struggle of human industry against nature, but must acknowledge that the Irish can be industrious.

As I descended the highest ridge of the mountain-chain which divides Dunmanus bay from the southern coast I had just quitted, I observed a druidical circle composed of a number of upright rocks. From the position of this circle of Loda, as Ossian would call it, there is a magnificent mountain and sea view, and at a short distance from the circle are two upright pillars of stone, somewhat like obelisks, about fifteen feet high. Such straight upright shafts of stone are often connected with, and seem to belong to

thd arrangements of that now obscure superstition that raised these circles, and which in some parts of Ireland are called Fin M'Coul's Fingers. I asked a man who was ploughing in an adjoining field, what placed these stones there. He said, that all he knew about them was, that the old people called them "the dance of the strange children." These, such a double-sighted antiquarian as Vallancy would pronounce to be the Tuatha Danaan, who, dwelling originally in Greece, on a fine day took a short sail from thence to Norway or Lochlin, in order to learn the art of magic; to raise circles of power to Loda, and call up magical mists to confound and envelope their enemies. Having acquired all this knowledge, they came and settled in Ireland, where they amused themselves raising stone circles, and setting up rocking-stones and cromleachs, until, in an evil hour for them, and perhaps for the world, the swaggering, bragging, hectoring Dons, the Milesians, chose to come in forty ships, to possess this inviting island, whose

history may well be called the Book of Invasions.*

* A Roman Catholic historian gives this character of these Milesians, from whence the O's and Macs claim honorable descent:—"Never have we read of any people so implacably, so furiously, so eternally set upon the destruction of one another, as the progenies of Heber and Heremon. Never have we heard of any other country upon earth so frequently, so miserably, beyond almost all belief afflicted, harrassed, wasted, turned into a wilderness, by the accursed pride of her nobles, tyranny of her princes, rebellion of their subjects, fury of her men at arms, preying, sacking, burning all that stood over the ground. Never has either book or man told us of any nation besides Ireland, that beheld so many of her beauteous fields so ruddy, all covered with the bloody gore of above 600 battles, fought by her own children, of the same language, lineage, religious rites; tearing out the lives of one another, partly for dominion, and oftener for mere revenge. Never has the sun bestowed its light on any other land to behold 118 monarchs slaughtered by their own disloyal subjects—24 of them in battle, and the rest by downright assassination; and what is yet more hideous, 86 of them succeeded in their regal thrones, by those men who had so villainously dispatched them." "But that which, in this whole account of battles fought, and monarchs killed by their own natives, must be not only strange but astonishing, is that the fury extended to many ages of Christianity, or rather indeed in a very great measure to the whole extent or duration of their being a free people. In the very first four hundred years of the Christian religion flourishing in Ireland, with myriads of holy Professors; yet these princes, and nobles, and martial men were as furiously given to the destruction of one another, as their ancestors had

Gentle reader, pardon me: I forgot that you may not be so partial to druidical antiquities and Milesian tales as I am. So we

been in the time of paganism—insomuch that of 33 monarchs who reigned successively in that nation from Laogirius (in whose reign St. Patrick entered upon the work of conversion,) to the reign of Aodh Ordnigh, in which the first invasion of the Danes began, 24 were by their own Irish *Christian* subjects most *unchristianly* murdered in the Island of *Saints*, six of them in battle, and eighteen without battle, or solemnity, or ceremony, than that of the vilest assassination; and besides all this, infinite were the depredations, wastings, burnings, of the country, beside the endless harrassings of the poor peasants, and even sometimes the violating of sanctuaries, burning of churches, killing of clergymen, and abbots and *bishops too*, for company; besides lesser fights and skirmishes without number. By all which you may perceive that Christianity wrought so little on that people, that for 400 years (the most flourishing part of Milesian history,) their princes were more fatally engaged pursuing one another with fire and sword, than their Pagan predecessors had been," Nay, more, "not even the great holiness of some of their very meekest and most justly celebrated saints has been exempt from the fatality of their genius of putting their controversies to the bloody decision of battle, though they foresaw that the death of so many thousands must needs have followed. Even Columb Cille himself, so *religious* a monk, Priest, Abbot, so much a *man of God*, was nevertheless the very author, adviser, procurer of fighting three several battles." So far Peter Welsh in his Prospect of the State of Ireland, pp. 77. 101. And was not this a pretty Spanish importation? or are we to wonder, readers, at the pertinacity in turbulence of this Milesian

will pass on, if you please, round the head of Dunmanus Bay, a very fine estuary, a safe harbour, for any thing I know to the contrary—certainly to be admired for its fine mountain and sea views. But situated as it is between Crookhaven and Beerhaven, between Bantry and Baltimore bays, it can bear no comparison with either, and sinks, by juxta-position with its more favoured neighbours, into insignificance. But before we hurry on, let me interest you my Protestant reader, in the condition of the poor Protestants of this south-western district of the county of Cork, planted here originally by the piety of the Boyles and other undertakers of the plantation of Munster. The encouragement, the increase, the cherishing of this Protestant yeomanry formed the pride and honest boast of a Boyle, a Cox, or a Carew;

> "This bold peasantry, a Briton's pride,
> They knew, if lost, could never be supplied;"

brood, or that a battlesome people or pugnacious Priesthood should make Ireland like a steam-boiler, always full of hot water, and always ready to explode?

and therefore they were as proud of the number of their Protestants as of their acres: but now that their absentee descendants have other views and other partialities—as the modern system of elective franchise has changed the face of the country, and made Ireland one wide expanse of populous pauperism, the Protestants are effectually discouraged. There was something in the British stuff of which these Protestants were composed, that made them revolt against the slavery of being driven like a herd of swine to the wallowing abomination of a modern election; there was a sternness of self-respect in these men that did not suit with the absolute prostration of private judgment which landlords required; therefore they were displaced to make way for the more pliable Papist. O, yes! if ever you want a tool for a despot, go into the workshops of Popery; go look there and you will find a man who has made a spiritual surrender of his understanding, and he is the ductile metal out of which you may forge tools and subjects for arbitrary power.

The ambitious land-owners of Ireland have had, then, their wicked will of the land: they have inflicted all the evils of universal suffrage on the country, and given a franchise to a population without property, and the powers of freemen to men who are very slaves. Oh, the short-sighted men!! they little thought how transitory was to be their time; they little thought that they were holding their power only *in commendam* for Popish Priests.—When they were making such comfortable nests for their own grandeur, they little thought it was to hatch cockatrice eggs; when they sowed the wind, they little dreamt they must reap the whirlwind.

May I be pardoned for this digression; and, if reader, you won't forgive, why throw my tour aside. But if Lord Broghill or Sir Richard Cox were alive, they would agree with me in the bitterness of my contempt for those purblind men, who have delivered Ireland, bound hand and foot, into the hands of priests.

But, besides, the Protestant yeomanry of the South did not answer for those grasping landlords who insisted on pocketing the utmost penny their estates could produce. The Protestant may not venture to promise what he knows he cannot perform—he dare not undertake the high rent that his Roman Catholic competitor binds himself to; he cannot bring himself to the lazy contentedness of living on dry potatoes; he cannot bear to feed on an equality with his hog—without the comfort of a bed to lie on, or shoe to walk with, or a coat to cover him—the decencies of a man, and a Christian man, whose immortal soul is above a world's value in the sight of God and his angels: these he feels himself entitled to, and claims as his heritage; and therefore it is that when a proprietor *cants* away his farms to the highest bidder, the Romanist is sure to get the land, and the Protestant is forced to emigrate. Besides, the poor Protestant lies under other disadvantages, to a serious and religious mind abundantly distressing. It may be, for

the greater part of the year the comforts and consolations of religion are denied him. Possibly he may be seven or ten miles from his parish church; possibly through the long winter he is never able to bring his family to public worship; and what is he, thus circumstanced, to do? Why, pray to God to put it into the hearts of those having authority, to place good men in the ministry of such parishes; men who are not merely content to go when called for, but go about uncalled; who are instant in season and out of season; who are anxious and prepared to bring Gospel truth and the word of life, home to the cottage hearth; by whose example and exhortations the power of religion is revived, and a spirit of prayer is excited—and thus that Holy Being who heareth prayer,

> ——————"In some cottage far apart,
> May hear well pleased the language of the soul,
> And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll."

Rejoice, then with me, you that delight in the spread of the Gospel truth more than in your necessary food, when I tell you that

such are the men selected to serve the district over which I now am travelling; and they are sowing the immortal seed, and fruit is bearing unto holiness; and if the cottage cannot be brought to the church, the church is brought to the cottage. And lo! it is a beautiful thing, when, on the mountain-side, of a fine still winter's night, men are seen walking along in light, each individual carrying in hand a blazing rod of bog fir, as a lamp to their feet, to guide them to some central house, where social worship is begun, and the book of life is opened;

"And kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days."

And now homeward they all take their several ways. Not brighter the fir torches in their hands, than the joy and consolation they have acquired in communing together on the truths and promises that are in the Lord Jesus.

The road from Dunmanus Bay brings you

over another parallel mountain-ridge; and after a tedious ascent, you crown the summit, and at once see the whole panorama of Bantry Bay under your feet; I challenge the British Empire to show such a harbour, or such fine land and sea scenery. Nothing I have as yet seen in Wales, or England, or Ireland, is at all comparable to it; perhaps Lough Swilly comes near it—but it must yield the palm. It is inferior in climate, mountain outline, and expanse of harbour. Besides, Bantry Bay holds that beautiful gem, Glengariff, within the setting of its wide and gorgeous ring.

As I stood on the southern ridge of mountain, and looked across on a fine clear March day—to the east, in the far blue distance, rose Mangerton, in dark and lofty massiveness: to the left of it, M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, their points piercing the "cumulo stratus" of the clouds, and leaving you to guess at their mysterious altitudes; nearer still to the north-west, Hungry Mountain rising like an embattled wall before you, and down

the mural descent, as relieved from its black ground, fell the cataract of Adrigoll, in a perpendicular silver column of 800 feet!—nearer still, facing the north, the Sugar-loaf mountain, almost as white in its silicious quartzose formation, as if it were chrystallized sugar; directly under my feet was the inner harbour of Bantry, protected and divided from the outer bay by the green Island of Whiddy; and up and down on that placid water were studded isles and islets, one crested with an ancient castle, another crowned with a modern battery—here a Martello tower, there the ruins of a fishing palace;* and to finish the setting of this rich jewel, the trees, woods, hills, and fine mansion-house of Lord Bantry, his green and highly dressed lawn, sweeping down in easy undulations to the very water's edge. I cannot say how much I was struck with this delightful *tout ensemble*. And certainly, as was exemplified here, any thing that is admi-

* Fishing palaces, as they were called, were large establishments on the coast, where they used to cure pilchards.

rable, is made much more so by contrast. I had for miles travelled over a dull and dreary way—bare, desolate, unsatisfactory—rocky elevations, or gloomy moors, crowded with miserable huts, a population evidently and fearfully encreasing, amidst difficulties and privations altogether insufficient to check its monstrous progress; and I had read Malthus's convincing but gloomy book; and, war, pestilence, and famine, "*terribilcs visu, formæ*," rose up in necessary association, as summoned to feast on and make prey in future, of this teeming population. It therefore was a pleasant relief coming down from this district to rest on the sweet green shores of Bantry Bay, to feast the eye on the wooded hills, with all their herds and deer, of Lord Bantry's park, hanging as it does in umbrageous verdure over this noble sheet of water; and to add to the full keeping of the fine landscape, a large West Indiaman rode in all the quiet repose of the secure and land-locked anchorage.

But as travellers have other senses besides

sight to gratify, I must say, in justice to an appetite very honestly earned, that its cravings were for sundry days very amply and agreeably gratified at the hospitable glebe-house of the vicar of the parish. But, as these sketches may reach our Vicar, I shall not requite his good offices to me by wounding the modest simplicity of his character; and yet he must allow me to express the wish that every parish in Ireland had such a Vicar, and such a Vicar's wife. Nay, more, to breathe the hope that the Bishop who appointed this useful man to his important station, may find his pillow smoothed at his departing hour by the recollection of having promoted many such working ministers as he is.

Of the town of Bantry I can say little. A sea-port without trade, a harbour without shipping, and a coast with a failing fishery, must leave this place the abode of poverty and misery. Thirty years ago, Bantry Bay was the scene of bustle, alarm, and terror. One of the largest fleets, and conveying one

the finest appointed armies that ever departed from the shores of France, cast anchor in this bay. Humanly speaking, had this army landed, nothing could oppose them; the city of Cork, in three days, would have been at their mercy; there was no military organization in Ireland prepared to face the invaders or counteract disaffection, which, though it had not completely matured its plans, was deeply disseminated and ramified amongst Romanists and Jacobins. Had Hoche landed and possessed himself of Cork, there was every likelihood of Ireland being for a time separated from England. But the providence of God directed it otherwise. On Christmas-eve, 1796, a hurricane came on, with a fury that those who witnessed it never can forget. The French Fleet was driven out to sea, and Ireland, by the hand of an all-disposing Providence, saved.

Immense sums of money, since that time, have been expended in fortifying this harbour: some say to very little purpose. One purpose I know has been gained—the Mar-

tello Towers have added very much to the picturesque beauty of the bay, and that sufficeth me. The town of Bantry remains thus poor still, in spite of the money lavished in its vicinity. Even the proximity of a Nobleman, who has the rare merit of staying at home, is insufficient to counteract the evils of a population, encreasing beyond the means of subsistence. Leaving the town of Bantry beset and buried amongst hills that seemed to cover in shame its cabins, I proceeded towards the north west, and about a mile from the town, adjoining a pretty oak plantation, a large rock jutted out into the road, on the right hand: a poor man as we passed it made a low bow. I asked a fellow traveller what was the meaning of the man bowing to the rock. "O," says he "that is the rock of the Priest's leap. Don't you observe in it the impression of the Priest's hands, feet, and knees?" "Why I do observe some holes in the stone certainly, like the impression which a man's knees and hands might make on soft clay." "Right," says he, "seeing is

believing—that is the very spot where the Holy Priest landed, when he took his leap from yonder mountain just before you to the north. Yonder mountain is not only memorable for this leap that the Priest took from its topmost ridge when he landed here, but it is also well known as the best practicable pass between this and Kerry. Was it not a brave spring,—did you ever take a great running leap? If so, you must have observed, that the wider the jump, the deeper was the mark your heels made. Just so you may observe, that even this good rock could not resist the pound of the Holy Priest's hands and knees, when he descended from his perilous spring." "Well, now, can it be possible that the people believe in this bouncer of a story?" "I assure you many of them do!!"

"But who was the Priest?—his story, my good Sir, if you please." "Why that is not so exactly ascertained, either as to time or individual. Some assure you it was Father Domnick Collins, who had been out raising the country for the defence and suc-

cour of O'Sullivan Bear's castle of Dunboy, at that time beleaguered by the Lord President of Munster. In the true spirit of one of the newly established Seminary Priests, he had gone forth in disguise to raise the O'Sullivan tribes of Kenmare and Killarney, the kindred clans of M'Fineen Duff, and M'Gillicuddy. He was thus proceeding in his vocation, when he was overtaken one day in Glenflesk, and hotly pursued, by some English scouts, led on and guided by some traitorous Bonnaghs, who, careless of their country and the Catholic faith, sold both to the Saxon churls, like a Moriarty or a Lutterel. The Priest, well acquainted with the country, bent his flight up towards the great mountain chain that divides Cork from Kerry. The Irish kernes were after him hot foot, and the English scouts toiled after him, as well they might, panting and blowing; and now the race was near a close—the game was all but run down—the breath of a redshank was warming the Priest's back. In one minute more the mountain height was gained,—

and in one minute more, he would have been pinioned, and sent to the Lord Carew to gorge the ravens as he hung from the barbican of Dunemarc castle. But at the very instant that the hand of a kern was stretched out to grasp his shoulder, Domnick put up a prayer to the Virgin, and then, strong in faith, he made the spring from the topmost crag of the mountain : off he went, sailing like an eagle down the valley—soaring over lake, and hill, and river—floating on faith ; until he pounced on that rock, which stands there, an incontestible witness of the truth of the transaction."

Leaving the Priest's rock, within half a mile, we came to a turbulent stream. "Come," says my intelligent companion, "it is worth your while to alight here. I can show you what is worth your notice." Accordingly we proceeded some way along the stream, and arrived at a very fine water-fall. I have seen few finer; it is higher than the fall at Ballysadare, near Sligo, or the salmon-leap at Leixlip. The river falls more

than twenty feet, and plunges at once into the sea. It tumbles into the ocean, like a turbulent youth, in the midst of all his hot and angry passions, into eternity. This river Moyallah, like every stream in this mountainous district, is surprisingly clear; unlike the muddy Boyne or red Liffey, it is pellucid as chrystal.

"Not more transpicuous the invisible air."

It rushes thus amidst rocks, and boils beneath overhanging trees, until it starts into the bosom of a beautiful bay, which expands its azure waters to embrace the pure and lively stranger. The place is called Dunemarc. Here, according to the most veracious historian that ever claimed credit, Master Keating; Beth, the father of Ceasair, landed; he being refused admittance into Noah's ark, was advised by the devil to build a bark, and commit himself to the waves; Beth having taken the honest advice, with three men and fifty-three women, (it must have been a noisy crew,) set sail, and after being tossed to and

fro for seven years and a quarter, over the waste of waters, he saw Ireland like an emerald set in the circle of the sea, and, as well he might, he landed and took possession. Here was a fortress belonging to Marquis Carew, Lord President of Munster, who was so instrumental in quelling the invasions of the Spaniards and the insurrections of the Irish, in the reign of Elizabeth; "when the bigotted rebels (as Sir Richard Cox says,) like virginal jacks, started up one after another to disturb the reign of the heretic Queen." Here it was that the Lord President assembled his forces, when preparing to besiege Dunboy, the last strong hold of the rebels, after the discomfiture of the Spaniards and Irish at Kinsale. Of Dunboy we may have occasion hereafter to speak.

At Dunemarc I parted for a time from Bantry bay, but purpose to bring my readers back again.

I now proceeded on my road towards Inchigeela, in an eastern direction. I rolled rapidly along a capital road, and coasting the

river Ouvane, by its northern bank, I came within the gorges of the hills, which now closed me in on every side, and still ascending along the banks of the noisy and sparkling stream, I entered a pretty mountain valley, wherein was a slated cottage, and a pleasant little meadow, the whole surrounded by mountains; and at length

> "The ascending vale
> Long straitened by the mountain here was closed."

The road seemed to have got into what the French call a *cul de sac*, and you seem at a dead stop unless you can say some such talismantic words to the mountain as "open Sesame." But all of a sudden you turn a jutting rock, and enter the singular and stupendous pass of Cooleagh. I have been through the pass of the Scalp near Dublin. I have wondered at the pass of Bearnosmore in the county of Donegal; but neither can bear a comparison with this chasm, which nature has cut for two miles through these mountains.

"Reader," have you ever read Southey's poem of Roderick, the last of the Goths? and if so, don't you recollect his awful description of the vale of Covadonga, in the Asturias. By the bye, fine as it is, and good as is the story of the destruction of the Moors there, I believe he has taken his outline from Hofer's overthrow of a French army in one of the passes of the Tyrol. At all events, good reader, read if you can get it, Southey's poem of Roderick, and if this little tour in no other respect pleases you, you will owe it thanks for directing you to one of the most delightful poems of modern times. What Southey says of Covadonga may be well applied to the pass of Cooleagh.—

"Here amidst heaps
Of mountain wrecks, on either side thrown high,
The wide spread traces of its watery might
The tortuous channel wound."

"No fields of waving corn were here,
Vineyard, nor bowering fig, nor fruitful vine,
Only the rocky vale. The mountain stream,
Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
Arose on either hand. Here hung the yew—
Here the rich heath that o'er some smooth ascent

Its purple glory spread—or golden gorse—
Bare here, and striated with many a hue
Scored by the wintry rain, by torrents here,
And with o'erhanging rocks abrupt.
Here crags loose hanging o'er the narrow pass
Impended.

This deep and extraordinary chasm, which nature has excavated through these mountains, and which, within these last ten years, has been taken advantage of, in order to make an excellent road between Macroom and Bantry, is really one of the most picturesque things in Ireland. It is well worth a journey to see its rocks and precipices: its cliffs clothed with ivy, and here and there interspersed through the masses of rock, old holly and yew trees, and occasionally an arbutus:—And then its strange and sudden windings. You look back, and you cannot find out how you got in—before you, and you cannot imagine how you are to get forward. You might imagine that the spirit of the mountain had got you into his strong hold, and here you were impounded by everlasting enchantment. Then the surpassing loneliness of the place—

"I never
So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over head the eagle soared serene,
And the grey lizard on the rocks below
Basked in the sun."

And now I had arrived at one part of the Pass where an immense square castellated rock, a keep of nature's own construction, seemed to stop up the road for ever. The sides of this natural fortress were clothed and garnished with ivy, maiden hair, feathery ferns, and London pride; and on the very top of the crag, as if its warder, on the very extreme beetling point, a goat, a high-horned shaggy fellow, stood—and how he stood I could not explain, or scarcely imagine—but there he was in all bearded solemnity. Salvator Rosa would have painted for a month gratis, to be indulged with an opportunity of fixing such a characteristic scene, and such accompaniments on his canvass. My companion in the gig in which I travelled, was an orderly and well conducted servant; he had journeyed with me over many a hill, and along many a coast, and yet

so imperturbable and so unsusceptible was he, that hitherto in all my journeyings he had never ventured to make a remark on scenes so sublime or so beautiful, that they used to make me wild with delight and noisy admiration. But here the soul of the man could not contain itself, and he cried out—"Oh, dear Sir, what a mighty grand place;—this flogs all we have seen yet. But then, Master, take care you don't stay too long here, looking at it, for sure enough Munster has no readier place for cutting a throat." "I declare, George, you are quite right as to the grandeur of this wondrous spot, and you are not wrong in saying, that it is a close convenient place for cutting throats." And this brought to my mind that this very spot was, not very long ago, a scene of blood and battle. It was the strong hold of the poor misguided Rockites, in the winter of the year 1822, when instigated by incendiaries, and deluded by dark and curtained men, who put forth amongst them Pastorini's and Columkill's prophecies, and

"Trusting to the strength of these wild hills,"

hither the deluded peasantry retired, as to a strong hold, where they imagined

"That nature for the free and brave prepared
A sanctuary, where no oppressor's power—
No might of human tyranny could pierce."

And from hence, as from an insurrectionary centre, they made incursions in search of arms towards Bantry, Macroom, and Dunmanway. After an incursion of this kind, and an attack on a gentleman's house near Bantry, Lord B——y, and his brother, Captain W——e, of Glengariff, attended by about forty mounted gentlemen, and a party of the 39th foot, commanded by an officer, pursued the insurgents, who retreated before them, and sought the recesses of the mountains that surround the Pass. On arriving at the defile, the pursuers halted and held council; the hills were found inaccessible to horsemen, and the officer commanding the military, declared, that unless the heights were scoured by a large body of troops, he would not enter such a man-trap as the glen.

Whereupon Lord B——y and his brother, urged on by their contempt of the rebels, and reckless of unascertained danger, persisted in pushing forward, and dashed into the straits, while the cautious officer persisted that his small detachment could only serve to keep the gates of the mountain open, and cover their retreat. The grey of a winter's morning was just opening as the horsemen burst into the Pass, and on they pricked at full gallop, as it was his Lordship's desire to proceed onwards towards some villages situated on the lakes of Inchigeela, where he hoped to apprehend certain notorious characters, the leaders and promoters of the present insurrection. About half way in the Glen a scout of Captain Rock lay on a bed of fern, under a cliff, wrapped in that loose frize coat which Spencer, two hundred years ago, so graphically described as a fit house for an outlaw, and a meet bed for a rebel. This man started up from his lair, pike in hand, and joined the horsemen, supposing that they were some of the *Boys*, that

had returned from a marauding expedition. The poor creature, while huzzaing for Captain Rock, was cut down, and left there for dead, and the troop moved on through the Pass. But other scouts were more on the alert, and the leader of the insurgents was soon informed that there was a party of the military stationed at the western mouth of the Pass, and that a large body of horsemen was advancing through it. He who personated on this day the ubiquitarian Captain Rock, was not calculated to throw discredit on his "nom de guerre." He was not one to overlook or forego the advantages his enemy presented him with. He felt that his foes were within his grasp, for he stood secure that they must repass the defile: and he counted on their capture as much as if he had them within the clenching of his fist. No one could tell who this young man was, his bearing, attire, accent, bespoke him much above the common sort, and as not a native of Cork. Be he whom he might, no one presumed to question his power—all seemed as on oath

bound to obey, and with a blast of his bugle he summoned in his forces, and called to his side his Generals of Division, Lieutenants Pat Peep-o-Day, and Sylvester Starlight, and then in a speech, not so round and set as Livy or Tacitus would record,* but in an abrupt, joyous, presumptuous tone, fast and fiery, like a true Milesian Irishman, he announced that Pastorini was a right prophet, and the appointed hour was come to push a pike into the throat of every heretic, and parson, and proctor, and landjobber; and that this day the Virgin and all the powers had put the orangemen and red coats into their hands. Only, boys, look this once to your cause and your oaths—mind *my* bidding—be steady but for this morning, and the whole west country is your own; and I promise you all, *boys*, the tap of Lord B——y's cellar. Peep-o-Day, off with you westward—take sixty of the smartest boys in the whole mountain, and run

* Neither do we venture to affirm that our sources of information concerning this transaction are as true as the Gazette: the outline is believed to be correct.

round the red coats—watch them well—keep them at play as you would a ball on the hoop of your hurl—never come to close quarter—keep behind the rocks and turf-clamps—never fire till sure of your man. Run away as they advance—coax them, if you can, up into the hills—teaze them until you see they quit the Pass, and pursue you into the mountain—amuse them as a plover would a spaniel, on a moor, and when we have houghed all the horsemen, I will come to you and hamstring all the soldiers.

Starlight, take you fifty of the stoutest on our roll; each man must carry a spade along with his gun or pike. Go to the Red Deer's Rock—that big stone which overhangs the Pass, and from which the Fairy Buck bounded and cleared the Glen, when Fin M'Coul hunted him for a summer's day, with his good dog Bran. The stone big as it is, is loose already; I almost shook it the other evening with my shoulder. Twenty men, in ten minutes, will undermine and leave it so, that at command you can kick it down like a

foot-ball. Off, Starlight, lose no time; dig away as if you were digging by night for dreamt-of gold. Work for the Virgin and St. Patrick, and when the rock is ready to rattle down, clap your Kerry cow's horn to your mouth, and blow me the old White-boy blast, and then wait quietly until you hear three distinct flourishes of *my* bugle, and then in the name of all the saints, down with the rock: it will plug up the pass, as this cork stops my dram bottle; and then, my brave boys, these Orange oppressors, these pityless men, who rode rough-shod over the country, are in our power. The foxes of Bantry and Glengariff are bagged—we who have been hunted and halloed at—our blood spilt like water—our necks broken on the gallows—our heads rolling on their scaffolds. We who have borne a century of suffering and shame; now, now our time is come; we have all the vermin of the country in our power—fox, and badger, marten, weasel, and pole-cat;—come, boys, we shall

have rare sport; we shall be all in at the death, and every man can chuse his game.

Thus spoke Captain Rock; and forward marched Lieutenants Peep-o-Day and Starlight to their respective positions; Captain Rock disposed his own main body on either side of the eastern end of the defile, each man effectually secreted and covered by his own grey rock; so that were any traveller to bend his way through the pass, he would have felt awe-struck, as he went along, at the loneliness of his wayfaring.—But not so at the western end of the glen. There Peep-o-Day, the moment he was arrived, began his tactics; some of the fleetest and most enterprising of the *Boys* crept along the brow of the pass, and under shelter of the rocks and heath, came within shot of the military party, fired a volley, and then fled towards the hills. The officer, a cool veteran, whose experience taught him self-possession, who was well seasoned in Guerilla practice during the Peninsular war, saw the hazard of dispersing his small detachment amongst the

mountains, and ordered his men to stand to their post, and not attempt pursuit. Again Peep-o-Day tried his practice, and some of his men came so near as to taunt and scold the red coats from behind the rocks; and here a few of the soldiers, irritated by the insolent forwardness of the whiteboys, started forward in the pursuit, and ascended the mountain, but they had not gone far, when, from amongst the hills and bog-holes, up started the enemy on every side, and a bloody and hand to hand contest ensued. Luckily, all effected their escape except one light infantry man, who more forward than the rest, fell pierced by a hundred pike wounds.

In the mean time Lord B——y returned from a fruitless search through the villages along the lakes of Inchigeela. He found every house deserted, and water thrown on every hearth, and it was high time to turn homewards, disappointed and weary,—with horses blown and jaded, and many lame from want of shoes. They entered slowly in long

and loose array, the eastern opening of the defile. Captain Rock with head and neck protruded from behind a neighbouring cliff, and still protected from observation by an old yew, that waved its palmated foliage around him, hung in deep suspense, watching the entrance of the last Bantry man into the pass—he seemed to fear lest he should lose even one of them—he counted them as a rat-catcher would count the vermin that he was enticing into his cage; and now he crossed himself—he heard the beatings of his own heart like the tick of a death-watch, as he counted the seconds, expecting every moment to hear Starlight's horn announcing that the rock was ready to be uprooted.

The Bantry men had about a mile to pass on, before they came to the point over which the loosening rock impended. At the rate they were proceeding about ten minutes more would have brought them to it. Rock's hopes, or dashed or realized, hung in suspense on these ten minutes; and still onward the horsemen wound their toilsome march,

through the silence of the defile. At this instant an old man of the Mahonys looked down from his covert, and saw Lord B——y and his brother just passing under him. This poor fellow had once two sons, the pride of his name and the consolation of his descending years—active, honest, industrious; but, alas! seduced into the Rock system; their house near Gougan Barry was searched under the provisions of the Insurrection Act, and arms and ammunition being found concealed, they were tried at Bantry, and sentenced to be transported, which sentence was instantly put into execution, and their aged parents were left desolate and destitute: the mother wept her life away, and her grey hairs descended in sorrow to the grave; the father joined the rising, and cared not how he died. This bereaved old man saw now, as he thought, the very man in his power who robbed him of all the props of his existence, and in an agony of passion that brooked no restraint, he started up on the grey rock that hitherto concealed

him, and holding high in his withered hand a ponderous stone,

> His loose coat floated on the wind,
> His hoary hair
> Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air;

And muttering the curse of him that was made childless, he cast the stone with wonderful energy down on Lord B——y. The stone missed his Lordship, but wounded severely his horse, and immediately Captain W——e drew forth his pistol, and with accurate aim, fired at the old assailant, who stood overhead, still foaming forth wrath and curses. The bullet, true to its mark, passed through the streaming hair of the poor impassioned wretch, and closed for ever his sorrows and sufferings. Down he came, tumbling from rock to rock, until he lay along the road, a mortal ruin, grey, and blasted, and bloody. The sight was too much for Irishmen to bear; all the prudential commands of Captain Rock were forgotten: and setting up one universal yell, each man started forth from behind his rock, and the

whole glen bristled with pikes and muskets. Move;—march—away, cried Captain W—ff; a gallop or a grave.—Lord B—y, keep a-head; I will bring up the rear.—Spur, spur for your lives;—keep moving and they cannot mark us. Never was advice better given, or more carefully taken. The spur's rowel and the sword's point goaded the horses on, and forward the whole party rushed; and just as Lieutenant Starlight had loosened his rock; just as it was tottering to its fall; just as the horn sounded, the last loyalist passed beneath it and turned the point; and then down it came, a smoking ruin, closing up the Pass effectually, too late to bar retreat, but just in time to preclude the enemies' pursuit.

Thus the whole well-contrived military speculation of young Rock was defeated. The destinies of Providence dashed his enterprize, and dissolved it like a mist upon the mountain. The Bantry men soon got through the defile; they joined the detachment of the King's troops at the Glen's

mouth, and they all retreated unmolested to Bantry.

Some time after, a large body of troops surrounded and scoured the mountains, but no Captain Rock; he had retreated in hopelessness into the fastnesses of Slievelogher, and it cost the sappers and miners of the King's army many a blast, and many a pound of powder, before they broke up the rock with which Lieutenant Starlight, a minute all too late, closed up the Pass of Cooleagh.

C. O.

SKETCHES

IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

LETTER III.

TO THE REV. THOMAS P. M——E.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING now got through the Pass of Cooleagh, I descended to a little hamlet, consisting of a few cabins, out of the thatch of one of which a stick appeared with a sod of turf at the end of it—which all Irishmen know conveys information that a certain extract of turf smoke is to be disposed of there, to all those who have honour bright. At this place of entertainment I stopt, and directing my servant to feed my horse, enquired for the lake of Gougan Barry, that I knew was in this direction. There is no collec-

tion of cabins in Ireland that does not contain some idle, chatty, knowledgeable personage—a lounger about the smith's forge—a collector and dealer in news, stories old and recent—a man who knows how to live by his wits, just as well (though in a different way) as in Paris and London. Such a genius presented himself to my notice. The lazy gait, the lively eye, the quaint but intelligent features of the man, announced just such a gossipping fellow as I wanted. "If your honour wants to go to the blessed Lake, I'll show you the way and attend you, with a thousand welcomes.—Many's the good gentleman from Cork and Bandon, and even all the ways from Dublin, I have been at Gougan with; not a man in Muskerry knows the sweet place better." "You are the very man I want;—come, let us start." "Ah, but, your honour, don't be after using those long legs of your's so fast—seeing as how I am a little troubled with shortness of breath, and I am kilt with a quinsy which I got last Candlemas at Judy Sullivan's wake; so,

please your honour, just now be after going a little asier—fair and asy goes far in the day."

So out we set across a bog, attended by all the little children of the hamlet, a set of merry, noisy, naked little urchins, that ran along side of me, simply to enjoy the pleasure of looking and laughing at the stranger. Some of them could speak a little English—the rest chattered away in Irish, and danced and cut capers like lambs about a rath on an evening in May. Some were in a state of complete nudity, save and except a coarse woollen shirt, that came down half way the thigh, and was bound about the waist with a suggan or straw rope. The day was sharp and dry, befitting the month of March; and yet these young savages were as warm, and ruddy, and happy in this simple tunic as if they were clothed from top to toe. What fine trainings for young soldiers—what fine tools for the *officina gentium*!—Such are the materials out of which discipline and talent, working in after times, shall make invincible

armies. Having dismissed these urchins with a few halfpence, I was left alone with my Cicerone; and walking on for about a mile over one or two hilly ridges, at length, at the turn of a craggy mountain point, I saw a beautiful circular vale before me, surrounded on every side, except where I was standing, by craggy mountains, that rose like mural battlements around. So perpendicular to the north and west were they, that they bore neither heath nor furze; the ledges of the stratification were all bare and waterwashed, except that here and there some white lichen or yellow moss variegated the grey undulation of the rock veins—and in the middle of this mountain vale lay the lake of Gougan Barry, and out of that smooth glassy lough rose an island covered with ash trees, through whose boughs were seen some moss-crowned walls and ruins.—The day was certainly as fine for viewing a mountain-scene as could be desired: the atmosphere transparently clear —the sun abroad in heaven; there was a braciness in the air, that nerved you to

take exercise, and without lassitude enjoy the scenery your activity had made you acquainted with. Besides, there were a number of fleecy clouds that occasionally passed over the sun, and now veiled and again revealed it; and the different lights and shadows that careered along the faces of the mountains, gave an astonishing variety to their groupings, presenting new outlines and new colours with the fertility of a kaleidoscope. Arriving at the shore of the lake, a little causeway brought us to the island.

My conductor, whom I beg, Mr. Reader, to introduce you to by the name of Cornelis Colclough, showed me, as we entered by the causeway, a little covered enclosure, which admitted the waters of the lake. "That is the Holy Well, wherein pilgrims coming to go their rounds at this holy place, wash themselves, and begin their prayers." As we proceeded onward, "Do you observe, Sir, these ash trees? There are not the likes of of them in all Ireland. Do you notice how white the bark of them is? and their leaves

are twice as big as the leaves of any other ash tree in the county." *That* I could not observe, for they were now only putting forth their black and bursting buds. We now came into a sort of quadrangle surrounded by those trees, and which contained an open space enclosed by a sort of coarse dry wall; and up against this wall, within the quadrangle, was eight open vaults, somewhat like the vaults in front of unfinished houses in Dublin, in each of which was held one of the stations of the *round*. When I came into the quadrangle, there were seven or eight men and women, sitting round a fire in one of the vaults, laughing very loudly. I asked Cornelis what they were doing there. "Oh, Sir, they are only laughing and chatting like happy pardoned Christhens, after performing the rounds." As I went on to another vault, I observed a comely young girl on her knees—her head was covered with her mantle and her long, lank, black hair, hanging like a a veil over her face: a little iron crucifix was before her; in her lap was a number of

small stones, like jack-stones, and before her, under the crucifix, another heap of little pebbles. She was motionless, and intent on the repetition of prayer, which her lips ran on with, in an under suppressed tone; and every now and then, at the close of a prayer, she transferred a stone from her lap to the heap before the crucifix. "What is she about, Cornelis?" "Oh, she is going the round." "And what is the round?"—"Come with me, Sir, and I will shew you." So he brought me outside the quadrangle, where, leaning against a tree, was a sort of tomb-stone, on which was engraved the following inscription:

This place of Devotion is dedicated

To Almighty God, and to the Virgin, and Saint Fin Barry,

By the Rev. Denis O'Mahony,

Who, after erecting these buildings, made them his residence to the end of his religious days in this world, and died A. D. 1700.

God be merciful to his soul, and the souls of the faithful departed.

'Tis said, and is probable, that St. Fin Barry, in his sanctimony, had recourse to this place, from whence it has acquired the name of Gougan Barry. The duties usually performed here are in the following manner, and divided into

thirteen places or squares, to agree with the places appointed for prayers, in the afternoon of the 24th of June, the festival of St. John the Baptist; and on the afternoon of the 24th of December, the festival of St. Fin Barry, When, on each time, at each particular place, in alternate form, recite the Lord's Prayer, and the Salutation of the Virgin, as often as they are laid down in the subsequent square, and at the finale of each part of prayer, then recite the general Confession and the Creed.

Underneath the above written direction is a regular scheme of prayer. For instance, there are thirteen stations or places in the island: when the pilgrim comes to the first station, he goes on his or her knees, kisses the ground, crosses him or herself, and then says five Paters and five Aves. At the next station ten Paters, and ten Aves; and so on in arithmetical progression until he finishes at the thirteenth station. So that, according to my computation, the devotee repeats 936 Paters, Aves, and Credos, before he has done. A fine specimen this of disobedience to the Saviour's injunction, "Use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do."

"And pray, Cornelis, who was Father Denis O'Mahony, and why did he go to the

trouble and expense of all this ?" "Why then, Sir, by this blessed place, myself don't know, only as I heard say from my grandmother, God rest her soul ; and she said, and upon my troth she did not like to tell it—how Father Dennis was a Friar that said mass at Abbey Shrowry, near Skibbereen ; and once on a time as he came to a station and patron here, the devil tempted him to get drunk—and drunkenness you know is the latch which the ould enemy lifts, when he wishes to send mortal sin into a poor soul ; and so it was with Friar Mahony. He was found after breaking his sacred vows here, and no Confessor in Munster would hear his confession, or give him absolution ; so off he went to the world's Father, the holy Pope at Rome, and his holiness ordered him to come here, and build this blessed place, and live here all his life ; so he begged through France and Spain, and all parts beyond sea, where good Christhens do be, and he came home with a big beard and long purse ; and he set up, as it is, this mighty sacred place. And

sure it has been the blessing of the country unto this day." "But why, Cornelis, is it called Gougan Barry?" "Why, Sir, as ould people tell me, it was once only a little wee bit of an island, not much bigger than a potato platter, and therefore it was called Gougan Barry, which means St. Barry's trifle; but now, when it is no longer a trifle, but a fine large and lovely place, it is still called by its ould name." "But, Cornelis, when is the patron here; I suppose it is a fine holy time then." "Oh, Sir, our Bishop has put a stop to the patron—his great Reverence, the 'Soggarth More,' has excommunicated it; and even our own parish priest came by his command, and threw our crucifixes into the lake—for every one of these churches (so Cornelis called the little vaults) had a crucifix of its own. Well, Sir, the Priest threw them all into the lake as he thought—but you see we were too cute for the clargy. We stole one crucifix unknownst to him, and there it is in that calleen's hand, who is now going her rounds." "Oh, then," says I, "the Bi-

shop and Priest want to stop the rounds." "Oh, no, Sir, I wont say as to that all out; but they excommunicated the patron that was here; and sure enough they might have let *that* alone. As good Priests as ever they were, God rest their souls, gave their good will, and often their company, to the merry and meritorious patron we used to hold here on Midsummer-day. Oh, what a lovely gathering! They came from Kerry and Connaught, and the world's end here; such praying in the morning, and dancing in the evening — groaning and craw-thumping as they went along on their bare marrow-bones, performing the sacred rounds: and then such shouting, and sporting, and carousing, and all ending in a fight and a scrimmage. Och, there was not a piper or a fiddler from Cork to Bantry that was not here. It was fine times for us in our little village; we could turn a *dacent* penny upon the whiskey and bacon that day. O, then, God forgive the Bishop for putting a stop to it all! Not a tenpenny has crossed my hand since that

black excommunication came against Gougan Barry." "Yes, but Cornelis, why did they put a stop to it now, and not before?" "Ah, Sir, they tould lies about it; besides, they say the Bishop and his Clargy were afraid of the Protestants. There are talks about a Bible people that are after playing the very puck in the world, turning the people all Swaddlers and Carmelites—making fools, as a body may say, of our fathers and grandfathers, who, God be good to their souls, lived and died without any of their bother; and after all let me tell you, that the old priests were *dsier* and *dacenter* and more portly, and they were jollier than those cross crathurs who come from the new College. There was Father Nevil, God's rest be with his soul—he never stopped our patron; no, the good crathur used to come and look in on us here, and just slip into a tent, and take a drop; for sure said he all was done for God's honour; and now his soul 's in glory, and rounds are gone about his own grave at Inchigeela, and the clay is blessed over his holy bones; which

is more than will ever happen to the dark and crabbed men who have put a stop to the merriment of Gougan Barry."

Talking this way, we came to the end of the ash grove, where lay the trunk of an immense old crab tree, which appeared to have been blown down by the last winter's storm. "A fine old tree this was, Cornelis." "Oh then, Sir, wasn't it a thousand murthers that ever it fell? but in its fall, it speaks to my heart, that grace and luck are leaving this place. Sir, when Gougan Barry was in its glory—when people from the east and from the west, came here, it used to bear sweet apples with cherry cheeks: happy was the pilgrim who could get, for love or money, a bite of one of them; but now of late, since the times have begun to look black, and the priests *voteen* and sour, this holy apple tree bore nothing but crabs; and they tasted like alum and sorrel juice; and there it now lies; and myself did not much care if I was dead and down, and decayed like it."

Passing the fallen crab tree, we came to

some old moss-covered walls. There were the remains of a fire-place, and of an old window, out of which, as the finishing touch to its desolation, a fox in perfect keeping might have looked. "This was the apartment of Father Denis O'Mahony, here he lived and died: in that recess he kept his crucifix—here was his place of prayer, and there he slept. Oh, Sir, it is a sacred and sanctified spot!" "Well, Cornelis, and did any one, since Father Dennis died, reside here?" "Why yes, Sir; one Darby Riordan came here, and lit up his fire on the hearth; he thought to make the Saint's place his own, and boil his praties here. He, as proud as a freeholder, brought his pig and his cow here; and the cock that crew on his dung-hill was not more stout than he, the day he wanted to make Gougan Barry his estate: but this did not last long; never could he get a wink of sleep from the moment the night fell. The most terrible clatters, and outlandish sounds were heard through the whole island; calves were heard bleating on the tops of the ash

trees—pigs were heard squeeling, as if they were a squeezing under the gate—and cats caterwawled from the middle of the old apple tree; in short the man could get no rest, and so he was forced to pack up and begone: and to be sure, no one, from that day to this, dared to take a night's lodging in Gougan Barry." "It is, then, a quiet consecrated place," said I;—"O yes, Sir; no bad thing can stop or stay in it; safe from all evil things, man, *baste*, ghost, or devil: and I'll tell you the reason: While Father Denis was living here, he was fond of a fresh egg, when it was not black lent, or fasting day; and still the good Father could keep neither cock nor hen on the island: whenever the neighbours brought his Reverence a laying hen, or a clutch of chickens, next morning they were sure to be gone, and nobody could tell what became of the fowl. So Father Denis was resolved to be revenged; and one evening before the sun set, he stood at the entrance of the island, and book in hand, he pronounced, in sacred Latin, a curse, the echo

of which rattled like a hail shower through the hills: and sure as you are standing there, next morning, a great dog-fox, as big as Squire Barry's greyhound, was found dead on the pass yonder, that led us into the island: and from that day until now, the farmers' wives, in Autumn time, when the fowl may do damage to the ripening corn, send, from all the country round, their cocks, hens, and turkeys here, until the harvest is reaped."

Conversing this way, we entered another nook, or enclosure, where lay a log of a tree, apparently one of the decayed ash trees, with which the island abounds—it had no perceptible bark on it; but there were the marks of nails and other instruments, by which the bark was carefully taken off.

"Had your honor ever the tooth ache?" asked my communicative attendant—"Oft, and too often, indeed." "Well, then, it is your own fault if ever you crack a groan over an ould tooth again; for the bark of this tree is a *sartain* remedy against it."

"Well, but Cornelis, I see no bark on it." "Oh, then, may be I won't be after scraping a bit for your honour:" So after turning and tossing about the old log, at length the good-natured fellow found me a bit of bark. "And now, Sir, here it is; put it in your pocket-book, and whenever your jaw troubles you, make an act of faith, think of Gougan Barry, say five Aves and one Pater—and you will sleep that night as sound as a trout under a bank."

"Ah! now your honour, before you leave Gougan Barry, don't take it at all into consideration, that because the bishop and the priest, God bless their reverences, have taken prejudice against it, that therefore the less good is done by the rounds—no such thing at all, at all—as I am a sinner, forty times as many miracles and cures are a-doing by the blessed rounds and water of the place as ever. Why, it is not long ago since an old woman came here from Carberry as blind as a beetle—she came down here with a little cropped coley dog leading her—I myself saw

the people directing the poor dark crathur as she went the rounds—I saw her dip her white and scummy eyes in the well, and up I saw her come, thankful to God and the saints —her two eyes as bright as the dew drop on a black thorn—and then she took the string off of her little dog Shawn's neck, and it was so *nathral* to see her kissing Shawn, and the poor dumb *baste* licking her eyes.—'Shawn,' says she, 'I want you no longer, I could now go all the way home to Carberry without you—but come along Shawn, follow me *now* as I followed you; as long as these eyes can light my fingers at the spinning wheel, you shall my own Shawneen, lie on Nancy's blanket and share her praty.' Then your honour, listen to what came to pass but the other day, at the minister's of Inchigeela; he had a little maid, a gay little tidy thing she was—when she went to sarvice with him she was full of life and frolic as a kid in April. She was not with him long until she got fairy-struck—she pined and withered away to nothing, as I may say:—one side was dead

and dried in—the good Christhens saw her thus a cripple and useless, and one full of faith took her off one morning from the minister's kitchen, where she was lying on a wad of straw, and mounting her on a pillion, he brought her here to Gougan Barry—why here she was not longer after going the rounds, than you would be in saying a *pater*, until all the *good people's* tricks were driven out of her, and by vartue of this blessed place she went back as straight as a rush, and danced when she came home as merry a jig in the parson's kitchen as ever was footed to bagpipe or fiddle."

As we left the Island of Gougan Barry, Cornelis showed me Father Mahony's grave —as usual with the graves of holy priests, the clay was taken away from it to be used in superstitious practices by the people. Cornelis either pretended or really felt disgust at the practice—he told how Father Mahony, before he died, had a sort of apprehension that his grave should be treated in this manner, and ordered it to be enclosed with

wooden railing and a strong oak door, and directed the key of the enclosure to be thrown into the lake. He showed me some of the wooden ornaments of the enclosure. I observed that it was a pity that the hills around were not planted—it would greatly add to the beauty of the place. "Planted, Sir, why it wanted no man's trees, it was all a wood once—a squirrel could have hopped without touching ground, from oak to oak, and from birch to birch—from Inchigéela, all along here, and up into the pass of Cooleagh, and so across the hills into Kerry, and until you get into Glen Flesk. The English in old times burned it down, to drive and hang, and kill the crathurs that sheltered in it—and as for this blessed spot here, the trees were all safe, and standing until not very long ago. I have heard my mother tell how on a patron here, the boys and calleens used to dance under and about the big oak trees—Oh! but it was the jewel of a place for making a wedding. A greedy man here, who called these trees his own, though the Saint, even

St. Finbarry himself, had surely the best right—he cut them all down, the bark was sent across the mountains to Nedeen, and sold to a tanner there—he put it into his tanpits—he steeped all his hides—better he had plunged them in bog water; not as much as would heeltap a brogue, of leather, did he ever make out of them, they all rotted and went to dung. The man lost his money and his character and all—little better could happen the chap that would turn to filthy lucre, the holy wood of Gougan Barry."

I believe I have nearly, if not altogether tired my readers with Cornelis and Gougan Barry. I therefore, shall say no more about it, or its superstition. To the westward of the lake, I observed a very interesting little valley, into the recesses of which I could not deny myself the pleasure of penetrating; so desiring my guide, poor Cornelis, who was too asthmatic to venture to climb and scramble along, to rest himself—I set out to explore my way up a little stream, the head water of the river Lee. This lovely alpine vale—

never did I see so sequestered a spot: except along the little stream by which I ascended, it was on every other side inaccessible, the mountains arose almost perpendicularly around. The Ethiopian valley, that Johnson, in all the richness of his language, describes as the abode of Rasselas, was scarcely more inapproachable on every side. The little level vale lay before me, a lovely green meadow, a comfortable farm-house, with all its offices and homesteads, cows, and horses, scattered depasturing about—a flock of sheep grouped on a little green knoll—a heard of goats on the accessible parts of a ravine, that conveyed a tumbling torrent from the western side of the mountain. Eastwards from about the centre of the precipice, as from the heart of the hill, flowed the fountain of the river Lee—it came welling, as if from the entrails of the mountain; and northward, on an inaccessible ledge, was an eagle's nest, and one of those lordly birds towering on poised wing in his "pride of place," chal-

lenged with shrill and echoing voice, the honours of his sovereignty.

I sat down to rest me on a rock—beneath my feet the secluded vale—all around the embattled mountains—above the fleecy clouds that sent multitudinous shadows, as in ceaseless pursuit along their tides. I immediately set about to build a castle in the air—I made the valley and all the hills my own—I invested myself as the proprietor of yonder farmhouse, it was converted into a lovely and picturesque cottage, with trelliced entrance, and woodbined window—then all the sides of the hills I planted with larch, and the Lee was trained to pursue its tortuous course, fringed with willows, and alders, and poplars—then, why should I dwell alone—why not take to my repose, some who with attuned feelings, could respond when I might say, oh! this is peaceful, this is blessed, this beautiful; and then I cast thought about as fast as Deucalion cast stones and created people. I built me a little Church, with just such a steeple

and umbrella spire, as I have seen in a Swiss picture; and I collected me a congregation of God-fearing people. I built my lowly little school-house just sheltered under the southern side of yonder bold precipice, and I fancied the urchins breaking loose from restraint, bounding like kids and lambs over the rocks. I was thus sitting in the midst of my creation, when a naked-footed sturdy looking countryman passed beside me—the fellow looked at me with rather an untoward sort of aspect, and the intrusion of the man broke down all my edifice; I recollected myself to be but a stranger and a wanderer, and having asked the man a question concerning the name of the valley, he answering me gruffly in Irish; the spell was broken, I was reminded to retrace my steps, and make the best of my way to where I had left my servant and horse.

I proceeded no farther in an Eastern direction than the village of Inchigeela,* which is

* Inchigeela was the centre of the Insurrection in 1822. The Curate of this parish, merely because he was a Minister.

approached by a road leading along a very pretty chain of lakes, that is to say, it would be considered pretty in a country where lakes are not numerous; I returned to the vicinity of Bantry, having retraced my steps through the pass of Cooleagh, and passed the Castle and fortified enclosure of Carriganass on the river Ouvane, which was one of the last holds of the O'Sullivans, in the wars of Elizabeth. It was into this fortress that Donnel, son of Sullivan More, after he had made his peace

was obliged, in the middle of the night, to fly for his life, and leave his house, half naked, and escape across a bog.

As a specimen of the superstition of the people, I must relate what I heard from a person worthy of credit, resident in the vicinity. He was walking some time ago along the road, not very far from the Chapel; as he went forward, he observed some strange animals coming towards him, which, on nearer approach, he found to be seven or eight men going on all-fours along; and each person, as he thus painfully crept along, carried a bone in his mouth—and he observed that his own servant man formed one of the creepers. It was a strange uncouth sight; but for the present, asking no questions, he passed on: in the morning he asked his servant to explain, and the man told him that he and his companions were in the act of performing penance, according to the appointment of the Priest; and for having eaten meat in Lent, they were thus forced before all the people to imitate dogs.

with the President, and accepted the Queen's protection, enticed a detachment of Sir Charles Wilmot's—He offered the Englishmen hospitality, and on the faith of treaty, the detachment entered his Castle; in the night they were most cruelly butchered by "this inhuman perjured rebel," as the old historian rightly calls him.

And now I request my reader, to suppose me on the road from Bantry to Glengariff, passing Dunnemark, and along the shore of the bay for four miles, and here I was better off for society than in my passage through the Glen of Cooleagh—now I kept company with intellectual men, susceptible of the beauties of nature, and capable of reflecting, from their polished and accordant minds, the pleasurable feeling communicated to them—I desire not for the rest of my pilgrimage through this present world, to hold converse and sweet fellowship with men more gifted and graced, with all that can make society endearing. As we passed in our jaunting-car along, (a most companionable vehicle by

the way, for three or four to travel in together) a personage passed us on horseback, of singular aspect and bearing, he was not what you would call well dressed, and yet he was not common or vulgar; he was strikingly tall, and yet did not sit straight on his saddle; he had a sort of uncouth stoop, and his knees from the shortness of his stirrups, formed with his chin, the extreme points of the curvature of his body. He was the very reverse of the picture I have seen of an old wigged warrior accoutred in Ramilies costume, astride on a great horse, as in the days of good Queen Anne. His bridle-bit and stirrups were silver. He was mounted, not on a Rozinante, but on a fine, fat, switch-tailed mare, whose protuberant sides promised very shortly to give birth to a fine foal. His countenance had all the lengthy solemnity of his Spanish ancestry; his complexion adust and dark, together with the aqueline nose and deep-seated eyes and mouth, gave a specialty and uncouthness to the whole man, that made you instantly ask, "Who is that?"

"That's O'Sullivan Dismal." "Dismal enough, without question; but is he thus so appropriately named from his aspect?" "No, truly, he is a good-humoured, harmless, honest gentleman; but he is so named from his place there yonder; don't you see that house which stands out on that promontory: has it not a most lack-comfort aspect? that's Mount-Dismal. And there are so many of the O'Sullivans in this quarter, that we are obliged to give them *soubriquets* or nicknames, in order to mark the men."

This I found, as I passed through the district, was quite necessary for almost every man is an O'Sullivan. The M'Gillicuddys are O'Sullivans, for M'Gillicuddy only signifies the son of White Gilbert O'Sullivan; M'Fineen Duff signifies the son of Black Phelim O'Sullivan. In the course of my passage over the mountains dividing Cork from Kerry, I met a poor man, and entered into conversation with him concerning the land he held and the landlord he paid his his rent to. "Who is your landlord?"

"Mr. Lieutenant." "That's a queer name; is he a new settler in these parts?" "Oh, no, bless your heart! he's of the old real race—the right O'Sullivan Bear." "Why, then, call him Lieutenant?" "Oh, your honour, sure he's after *sarving* King George in the militia." Thus, in Ireland and all the world over have sirnames originated in arbitrary nicknames.

And now, having coasted along the bay for four or five miles, we ascended up a clear mountain stream, and entered, by a defile, into a mountain valley. The stream here turned to the right, and we could see it writhing like a silver eel through a green valley, that extended under the mountain of the Priest's Leap, and lost itself in the eastern hills, towards Muskerry. My friends excited my curiosity, and caused me to lament that press of time would not allow a visit to a lovely lake in this eastern direction, which lies there in all the retirement of sublime seclusion. But I had Glengariff before me. An ugly hill, an uninteresting view of

Bantry Bay, a bad road over a dreary moor —a scene where chatty companions may abstract themselves into talk of other places and other times. And therefore we had all got into a most spirited conversation, as to who was the best preacher in Ireland. I was warm in maintaining the decided superiority of a certain friend of mine, well known at Bethesda; when in the midst of my advocacy I became dumb—dispute and argument all fled. "There's Glengariff!" I believe my friends actually contrived to abstract me thus, and engage the mind in other trains of thought, in order to produce effect. They certainly succeeded. I had heard much of this Glengariff—the Rough Glen—Vallis Aspera, as O'Sullivan in his Catholic History calls it. As I passed along from east to west of the county of Cork, every one expressed the hope that I should not leave the county until I had seen Glengariff. I would as soon have gone through Italy, and passed by Rome:—and now I was there—had it all under my eye! And was I disappointed? Not

in the least. Nothing in Ireland is equal to it, or can be brought into comparison ; it is singular, it is unique. It is a scene that winter has less effect on than could be imagined. I may say it was winter when I saw it—at least winter lingered on the lap of spring—the 25th of March ; yet all was grand, and at the same time beautiful, because verdant.

A bay runs in at right angles from the east and west direction of Bantry Bay. This bay is sheltered entirely at its entrance by an island, on which a Martello tower is erected. Thus the landlocked estuary looks to be a lake. In no respect it differs from a lake, save that it is superior. Here no ugly strand, muddy and fœtid, left bare by the receding tide : here no deposit of filth and ooze. No; the only thing that marks the ebb, is a line of dark demarkation that surrounds the bay, and gives a curious sort of relief, (somewhat like the black frame of a brilliant picture ;) to the green translucent waters of this gem of the ocean. No fresh water lake can be at

all compared to it; not even the upper lake of Killarney can stand the competition. Here is the sea—the green, variable, ever changing sea—without any of its defects or deformities. I declare I do not know how to begin, or where to take up, or in what way to put forth the dioramic conception I have in my mind's recollection of this delightful glen. Mountains—why you have them of all forms, elevations, and outlines: Hungry Mountain, with its cataract of eight hundred feet falling from its side; Sugar-loaf, so conical, so bare, so white in its quartzose formation; Slieve Goul, the pathway of the fairies; and Esk Mountain, over which I was destined to climb my toilsome way: every hill had its peculiar interest, and each, according to the time of the day or the state of the atmosphere, presented a picture so mutable—or bright or gloomy, or near or distant—vallies laughing in sunshine, or shrouded in dark and undefined masses of shade; and so deceptive; so variable were the distances and capabilities of prospect, that in the morning

you could see a hare bounding along on the ranges of those hills, that, at noonday, were lost in the grey indistinctness of distant vision. Then the glen itself, unlike other glens and valleys that interpose between ranges of mountains, was not flat, or soft, or smooth—no meadow, no morass, nor bog—but the most apparently tumultuous, yet actually regular, congeries of rocks that ever was seen. Suppose you the Bay of Biscay in a hurricane from the west—suppose you the tremendous swell, when the top-gallant mast of a ship would be hid within the trough of its waves—and now suppose, that by some Almighty fiat, all this vexed ocean was arrested in an instant, and there fixed as a specimen of God's wonders in the deep. Such you may suppose Glengariff. It appears as if the stratifications of the rock were forced up by some uniform power from the central abyss, and there left to stand at a certain and defined angle, a solidified storm. And now suppose, that in every indenture, hole, crevice, and inflexion of those rocks, grew a yew or holly; there the

yew, with its yellower tinge ; and here the arbutus with its red stem and leaf of brighter green, and its rough, wild, uncontrouled growth, adorning, and at the same time disclosing the romantic singularity of the scene. I know not that ever I read of such a place, so wild and so beautiful——I think I recollect—Cervantes' description of the Sierra Morena, in Don Quixotte, with all its Ilexes, and oaks, and cork trees. Could it be at all like this ? or is it like the grand Chartreuse near Grenoble ?

As we drove along Mr. White's beautiful woods, and down to the shore—(of Mr. White's immediate improvements bye and bye)—we skirted along the extremity of the bay ; and directly from the shore rose a perfectly conical congeries of rocks, that seemed to be thrown on each other in regular irregularity, until they formed a sort of pike or reek, resembling a sugar-loaf. Oh, what a London banker would give to have in his grounds, such a rock, and such furniture and garnishing as this rock was adorned with !—what a pro-

fusion of evergreen variety ! ! from the close creeping ivy to the loose untameable arbutus, that is no where in character and at home, except here amidst its companionable rocks. There were two cottages directly under this native habitat of the arbutus. One was the white-washed abode of a Protestant : it had some of the conveniencies, and a few of the comforts, that the Protestants of English descent ever contrive to have around them. The other cottage, directly under the hill, was the habitation of a Milesian, one of the O'Leary's of Ivelearagh. Never was there such a position for a cottage "ornee." If fancy roamed the world wide, it could not light on a lovelier spot, such perfect groupings for a landscape, such an entire place of happy repose ; even a common English boor would have felt a pride in keeping it clean ; and this was all it wanted. But this, O, this descendant of princes, this thick-blooded Milesian, strutting in all Spanish idleness, in his loose and lank great coat, stood himself, his house, his pig-sty and pig, all of a match.

They deformed the place instead of beautifying it. And yet, after all, in spite of this O'Leary, the place—even if it was defiled by a Hottentot's kraal—was surpassingly beautiful.

With all the chivalry of a Quixotte, and elated with the picturesque, I took my glove, threw it down, and challenged the world, in island or continent, in tropic or temperate zone, to match me such a spot. "Come," says Edward ———, "I take up your glove. —I hold myself as craven, unworthy over hill and dale to explore nature's beauties, if I do not shew you, before we quit the glen, a more striking scene than this." The challenge made and accepted thus in solemn form, we proceeded onwards to where a stream, the child of the valley, gave up its pure untainted waters to the ocean—and such a lovely stream ! ! We came to where was an ancient bridge. It is not often that any thing good is associated with the recollections of the Irish concerning Cromwell; still this bridge was called after him, and yet

no curse connected with its construction. "Look around you here," says Edward —— "and give up the glove. Look at that wild wooded hill. Look above, at those astounding mountains. Look at that waterfall, and the tumbling turbulent channel of this stream. Look at that mass of oak trees, in all the grey promise of their bursting buds: see how they set off the green variegation of the arbutus and the holly. Then see the white-barked birch, climbing up that precipitous bank. And this very bridge we are standing on, look how it flings its airy arch over the chasm beneath us. Look at this exquisite sea view—the Martello tower on yonder island, and Glengarriff Castle peeping with its turrets from amidst its woods. Give up, Sir—the glove is mine to have and to hold?"

C. O.

SKETCHES

IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

LETTER IV.

TO THE REV. THOMAS P. M——E.

DEAR SIR,

I will fairly confess to you that I was never more at a loss than how to get on or get out of Glengariff. I know that my poor pen cannot do justice to this scenery, and if you were for half an hour there, you would accord that he must be a felicitous describer, indeed, who could convey a suitable idea of this curious valley.—The draughtsman it is true, might catch the character and convey the idea of some insulated spot—the painter might arrest upon his canvass some of those combinations of light and shade that commu-

nicate a happy, but changeful glory to some selected scene; but the whole panorama—to convey a suitable representation of it—to impress upon the mind an adequate idea of this singular glen, the pencil, the pallet, as well as the pen, must fail. But, reader, take what I can give—and perhaps the only thing I *can* give, will be a longing desire of inspecting this beautiful valley with your own eyes.

I ascended a pathway, accompanied by one who had a painter's eye, a poet's mind, and a heart so harmonized as to be ever ready to rise from the contemplation of nature to look up to nature's God, and say

"These are THY glorious works, Parent of Good!"

We proceeded through woods of oak, birch, holly, arbutus—here ascending precipitous rocks, to gain a bird's-eye view of all around—again we sank into a deep dargle, through which, darkly and far beneath, a river forced its noisy and petulant channel;—again we advanced where the rocks and precipices re-

ceded from the stream, and a lovely sunny meadow expanded itself, through which the waters glided, silently and slowly kissing the flowery banks; and all was still,—except that here a heron rose with broad and heavy wing, and shrieked as he ascended from his solitude—and there the water-hen gave forth its scolding note, as it plashed across the placid pool—and from under the fringing alder the sudden trout rising, and springing at the May fly, broke the translucent and glassy surface, with all its reflected images, into shivering and expanding undulations. Immediately around us were enclosing hills, in one place mantled with thick woods, and in another bare, grey, and craggy, except that a yew spread its palmated arms out of this chasm, or an arbutus flung its red rough branches over that precipice, and again the ivy clinging close round that overhanging stratum of rock, seemed to be its only support, binding it up from tumbling in mighty ruin below. Then all around, in the distant, but well-defined circle, were the serrated

mountains of every size, shape, and elevation; and to the right, where the mountain formed what is called a gorge, but which the Irish language expresses by a word signifying "a lovely lap;" extended a deep dark valley that seemed to cleave into the very heart of the mountain chain, and which, from where we stood, appeared to have no end to its extent, or bottom to its depth. The sun that had now passed its meridian, was casting its evening rays on the south-eastern face of this immense chasm, which was as perpendicular as a wall formed by the line of an artist's plummet: and still this abyss, though two miles off, (as my conductor informed me,) from the clearness of the atmosphere, appeared so near and fine in its outlines, that while the bottom was cast into the indistinct gloom of its own depth, its upper parts, open to the evening light, sparkled in the sun, and presented the very ledge on which eagles for centuries had formed their nests, and reared their young, unapproachable by the common arts or enterprise of man.

Walking thus for about a mile, we came to Lord Bantry's cottage—a cottage *ornée* I leave to *capability* men to describe; suffice it to say that its site is well chosen, and all the abundant facilities of the place taken advantage of. It stands in an island formed by a mountain-stream, and you approach over a bridge made from the main-mast of one of the French ships of the line, that attempted to land invaders on the coast in 1796, and in the repelling of which Lord B. and his brother were eminently instrumental. The proprietor of this delightful spot does well in protecting all the wild animals and game, that would in the coure of nature people such rocks and woods; the pheasant, the grouse, the partridge—the hare, rabbit, marten, squirrel—range secure here, undisturbed by the gun of the sportsman. A shower of rain drove us to seek shelter in the hut of the man who looks after the pheasants. He was alone; and with all the civility that never deserts an Irishman, he welcomed us in God's name, and produced stools, which

he took care to wipe with his great coat before he permitted us to sit on them. On inquiring from him why he was alone, and where were his family; he said they were all gone to Watch Mass, (it was the Saturday before Easter-day.) "And what is the Watch Mass?" he could not tell. "And what day was yesterday?" he could not tell. "And what day will to-morrow be?" he could not tell. "What! cannot you tell me why yesterday has been called Good Friday, and to-morrow Easter Sunday?" "No!" Turning to my companion, I was moved to observe with great emphasis, how deplorable it was to see men, otherwise so intelligent, so awfully ignorant concerning matters connected with religion. "Not so fast with your judgment, my good Sir," said my friend; "what if you prove very much mistaken in this instance concerning the knowledge of this man: recollect you are now speaking to him in a foreign tongue. Come now, I understand enough of Irish to try his mind in his native dialect." Accordingly he did so; and it was

quite surprising to see how the man, as soon as the Irish was spoken, brightened up in countenance; and I could perceive from the smile that played on the face of my friend, how he rejoiced in the realization of his prognostic; and he began to translate for me as follows: I asked him what was Good Friday. "It was on that day that the Lord of Mercy gave his life for sinners; a hundred thousand blessings to him for that." "What is Watch Saturday?" "It was the day when watch was kept over the holy tomb that held the incorruptible body of my sweet Saviour." Thus the man gave in Irish clear and feeling answers to questions, concerning which, when addressed in English, he appeared quite ignorant; and yet of common English words and phrases he had the use; but like most of his countrymen in the South, his mind was groping in foreign parts when conversing in English, and he only seemed to think in Irish; the one was the language of his commerce, the other of his heart.

Reader! if you ever rambled through

mountain paths, and over rocks and rivers, on a cold airy day in spring; and haply you breakfasted early, and you were in good, rude bracing health: if so, I dare say about two o'clock in the afternoon you began to feel a sort of craving desire, that could in no wise be gratified by eye-sight. Moreover, that additional rambling through woods, rocks, and waterfalls, rather increased than assuaged this want; and instead of increased ardour to look at *this* or observe *that*, there came over you a longing desire to reach a place where other senses might be gratified as well as eye-sight. I am forced to confess, gentle reader, that this was my case; and I actually sunk the whole Quixotism of my composition, and I felt all the low propensities of Sancho —and verily the most pleasurable prospect presented to my senses the whole day, was on my entrance into Glengariff castle, to see a welcoming table provided with abundant entertainment. But as the refreshing of the natural man is far more satisfactory in the enjoyment than the narration, we shall let

such carnality pass. Mr.W—— has, indeed, created a place here, which does him and his lady infinite credit. The sea, the mountains, the rocks—the arbutus, yew, and ivy, were all here in spite of man's waste or neglect; but the oak and birch were in a great measure cut away. A villainous furnace for smelting iron had been erected in the vicinity, and its open and cupidinous throat had absorbed, when turned into charcoal, all the ancient woods of Glengariff, where the O'Sullivans hunted in prosperity and hid in adversity; all were sacrificed to mining rapacity!—when Mr.W——, yet a young man, saw the extraordinary capabilities of the place; and it at once struck him that he had nothing to do but build here a house in character with the scenery, protect and clap nature on the back, and he had the handsomest demesne in Ireland. The house is built in the castle style, well-conceived in its elevation, suitable in its decorations, and convenient in its accommodations. The spot is grand and lovely beyond compare on which the house

stands. What a gorgeous view from the reception rooms !—a hanging lawn—but hanging lawns are to be found elsewhere. But shew me the spot in the British empire, where there is such an accompaniment of rocks, precipices, and shelving banks, all clothed with appropriate vegetation, where the native ash and oak are so mingled with the foreign ilex and myrtle—where the climate is so mild and gentle, that plants whose habitat belongs to more southern climes, vegetate here in all their native richness.

The family of Glengariff Castle have shown admirable judgment in simply giving a helping hand to nature. All that was wanting was to turn morass into good soil, and heath into a carpet of green grass—to lay out walks through woods, under banks, and around precipices ; and taste has directed, and money executed all this ; and thus the most interesting lawn in Ireland (as I apprehend) has been formed : underneath, the bay studded with islands, on one of which the Government has been graciously pleased

to erect a most picturesque Martello tower. —One would think that Mr. W——y, if such a thing were possible, had bribed the engineer who located these fortresses, to build here—just by the way of keeping in awe the herring fishermen—but in good truth to crown a prospect. Other islands, not too many to diminish the beauty of the fine azure expanse, were dropped here and there just where wanting: some covered with copsewood; others scattered over with holly and arbutus—and across the bay, the shore rising bold, rocky, and precipitous beyond description: and on still westward one of the finest mountain ranges in the world. If I were master of a million of money, or were I not sure that, after all, death must come and say, "Thou fool, this very night thy soul is required of thee," I would buy (provided he would sell) Glengariff from its proprietor.

And now, my patient reader, I almost suspect that you are beginning to tire of a narrative, "where dull description holds the place of sense;" and, therefore, bear with

me while I try another key.—This glen was once part of the broad domain of the O'Sullivans, lords of Bear and Bantry, whose princely fortress and seat of government was Dunboy, about ten miles west of Glengariff, near to Bearhaven. Philip O'Sullivan Bear, deeply attached to the religion of his fathers, under the auspicies of the Pope, and the sanction of the foreign Universities of Salamanca and Valladolid, joined the confederacy of O'Neil, O'Donnel, O'Connor, and M'Carthy; and inviting the Spaniard to aid in shaking off the yoke of the heretic Queen and her Saxon churls, he surrendered into the keeping of his foreign friends his strong hold of Dunboy, and his fortresses on the Dursey Island. But the battle of Kinsale having crushed the powers and fortunes of the confederates, and forced the Spaniards to surrender, O'Sullivan, either by stratagem or collusion, recovered his fortresses from the foreigners, and Dunboy (more especially) became the secure and well-resorted retreat of Jesuits, seminary priests, and all the outlaws

who had fostered the insurrection against the government. Here Dominick Collins, Eugene M'Egan, and sundry other Popelings, held council together, and, as from an insurrectionary centre, kept up the heat and life of the Catholic League.

Amongst all the mighty minds, stern in purpose, and original in conception, vigorous in council,—leading in battle—that the Elizabethan age produced, few were equal—none superior—to Sir George Carew, the Lord President of Munster. He saw that if Ireland was ever to be restored to peace—if ever the English sway and law were to extend over the island, this nest of Jesuits and incendiaries must be pulled down; but how was it possible so to do. Strong by nature, and made stronger by art, here the Spanish engineer, trained in the school of the Low Countries, had exercised his science, and made the fortress, as the Irish thought, impregnable, except to treason or surprise; and M'Geoghegan, the truest and stoutest warrior that Ireland in all her wars had sup-

plied, acting on the courage and discipline of the garrison; and Dominick Collins, the priest, acting on their eternal hopes and fears, gave sufficient pledges to O'Sullivan, that neither treason, incapacity, or terror, should endanger his last hope and hold. Mountjoy, the Lord Deputy, saw the difficulty of the enterprize, and would have dissuaded the President of Munster from the undertaking. The Council Board in England threw difficulties in the way of the attempt—but George Carew was not to be diverted from his purpose: as he had well weighed all the difficulties, so he had arranged with consummate wisdom for their removal; and after taxing the resources of England by land and sea to the utmost, he at length succeeded in sitting down before Dunboy. In vain did Captain Tyrrel, the best partizan of his time, surround with his Bonnaughts his camp, harrassing it by night and day: in vain did the well-appointed fortress, from falcon, petronell, and saker, thunder on his leaguer, which owing to the rockiness of the

ground, could not be covered by entrenchments, and was only protected by wattles filled with sand. Still the siege went on, and after many difficulties and delays, the keep was laid in ruins, and a practicable breach effected; and men such as Raleigh, Wilmot, Godolphin, rushed up to the assault. M'Geoghegan and the best of his garrison stood like lions on the ridge of the breach, and Father Dominick Collins, with breviary in one hand, and a dagger in the other, stood in the rear; and now he prayed and pointed to the Angelic Host, and to the Saints militant, James of Compostella, St. Dominick and others, who from their happy thrones above, were praying for their victory or waving their crown of martyrdom. Still the Englishmen, cool and disciplined, borne up by that valour which in every age and in every clime, has carried them on victorious over French enthusiasm, Spanish zeal, or Milesian devotedness, had at length forced the defenders from the breach. Captain Kirton was the man who first crowned the ridge and

planted the pennon of the President on the eastern tower of the barbican; and yet the fortress was not won. M'Geoghegan had encircled a tower with a rampart of earth, and thither he and the remnant of the garrison retreated, and poured a murderous fire of hail shot from the loop-holes. Still the assailants rushed in, and a chance shot having brought down the chief Irish gunner as he was priming a culverin, and Captain Slingsby's serjeant having got possession of the south-west tower that commanded the court of the barbican, the Irish retreated to the vaults of the Castle, to which there was access but by one small winding staircase. Here the Irishmen defended themselves for many hours, with a resolution uninspired by any hope, but that of selling dearly their lives. M'Geoghegan gathered in the centre of the vault a number of barrels of powder, and in the midst of them he sat, with a lighted brand in his grasp. But a shower of bullets pouring down the staircase having mortally wounded him, still, though in the agonies of

death, he was seen reaching towards a powder barrel in order to end all in the explosion —when some one, not so desperate as himself, forced him back, and beat a surrender. It is painful to have to report, that the President gave the ruthless order, that all found alive in Dunboy should be put to death.*

After this sack of his strong hold, O'Sullivan, with his wife, children, retainers, and cattle, took shelter in the woods of Glengariff. Tyrrel and O'Connor Kerry held communication with him along the ridges of Slievelogher. Eugene M'Egan, the Apostolic Vicar, was in the centre of the M'Carthys of Carbery. But the Lord President was not to be withstood; and his Lieutenant, Sir Charles Wilmot, who was as good a guerilla as Tyrrel, and who knew the fastnesses

* The war in those disastrous days was carried on with peculiar animosity and rancour; religious hatred, party feuds, and national enmities combined to barb and poison the weapons of this warfare. That valiant Apostolic Vicar, Owen M'Egan, who was defeated and killed by Captain Taaffe near Bandon, in his zeal never pardoned an Irishman though a Papist, who fought for the Queen; but as soon as any such were taken, he had them confessed, absolved, and then hanged.

of Slievelogher and Desmond, as well as if he were the son of a Sullivan, surprised the O'Sullivans in Glengariff. The Prince of Bear and Bantry, amidst his own rocks, bogs, and woods, fought in the face of his wife, children and people;—the battle was for the defence of the cattle, their only subsistence —their all. Through the whole Munster war, never was a field so desperately contested. From rock to rock, and ridge to ridge, the Irish suffered the assault of the English; and still the well-armed and fearless assailants carried one position after another, until the O'Sullivans gave way, and scattered over the hills, like sheep, leaving their herds a prey to the spoiler.

And now Tyrrel, finding the left of his position on Slievelogher turned by Wilmot —perceiving the game was up in Munster, and hopeless of farther Spanish aid, with the decision and despatch for which he was so notorious, retreated along the eastern parts of Kerry, through Limerick, Ormond, and Ely O'Carrol, until he reached, in safety,

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with all his partisans, his own country. O'Sullivan still clung with craving hope to his native rocks; but winter coming on, famine stared him and all belonging to him in the face—for Wilmot had wasted all Bear, Bantry, and the whole of Kerry—not a cow, garrane, goat, or sheep did he leave from Slieumiss to Glenflesk. O'Sullivan therefore consigning his wife and children to the care of his faithful gossip, Gorrane M'Swiney, determined to follow Tyrrel's example, and retreat to the confederates that still held out in Breffny and Ulster. He, therefore, trusting in God and the Catholic cause, set out in company with William Burke, O'Connor Kerry, and one hundred faithful and veteran Bonnaughts.

Gorrane, whose whole soul was in his charge, returned with them to a boolie he had set up under the foot of the Eagle's Precipice at Glengariff. This boolie or hut was so contrived that Wilmot and his Saxon devils, (as Gorrane called them,) might scour the mountain over and never see it, or sus-

pect that there was in such a desert, a human habitation. It was erected against the face of a rocky ridge, the roof sloping down till it touched the moor, was covered with scraws and sods of heath, so that the place was undistinguishable from the shelving slope of the mountain, and the entrance a long, distant, and winding passage in the rock, and charcoal burned on the hearth for fire—it was secure from suspicion. But how was the princess of Bear and Bantry to be supported, not a cow was there to give milk, no corn, nor root, nor pulse. Gorrane had one salted salmon wrapped up in a cow's hide; that was all his provision when they entered the boolie, and where to go to seek for food, Gorrane knew not under heaven, famine had spread over the southern land—as Spencer says, "the people of Munster were brought to such wretchedness, that even a heart of stone would have rued to see the same; for out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth on their hands and knees, for their legs could

not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrion, happy were they when they could find them; yea and one another, sometime after; insomuch that the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrock, there they flocked as to a feast."

In this extremity of desolation was the south-west of Cork and Desmond, when Gorrane took home his charge to his boolie, and the poor fosterer knew not what to do—all his trust was that God was good, and the Virgin Mother, his protectress, would not fail him in his hour of need. And as thus one morning he was ruminating, he rambled under the precipice where year after year the eagles of the valley had nested and reared their young; and looking up, he saw one of these huge birds sailing on steady wing with a hare within its talons, and now it alighted on its rock-nest, and anon the young eagles were shrieking with triumph

over the divided prey. "Arrah now is it not the greatest pity in life that these young hell birds that look for all the world like the childer of these cramming beef-eating devils the Saxon churls—my heavy curse light upon them all—that these greedy guts should be after swallowing the game that nobody has any right to, but O'Sullivan; and my sweet mistress and her little ones, all the while starving. Now, it 's I that have a thought in my head, which no living soul but the Virgin herself could have put into it, and its myself knows what I will do." So home Gorrane went, and all day long he was seen busy twisting firmly with all his might, a rope made from the fibres of the bog-fir, and towards evening he took out from his store, his salmon, and gave the greater part to be broiled for supper, and long before the following day-break, Gorrane got up from his bed of heath, and he awoke Phadrig his son, a boy of about fourteen years old: "Phadrig avich get up, come along with me. The boy, light and active,

was beside him in an instant, and out they both started—the father with his wooden rope in his hand. Just as the day was breaking, they came to the brink of the mountain ridge that ascends from the precipitous valley, where the eagles build their nest; and just as they arrived at the verge of the chasm, they saw the old eagles soaring away to meet the sun and to seek for their prey over land and sea. "Phadrig a cushla, look down there," says the father, "look down below, and see that bird's nest—down there you must go by the help of this rope; if you have any regard for the life of the mother that bore you, and of the sweet mistress, for whom we are bound to live or spend our blood and die. You must go down by the help of this rope, and tie these straps that I will give you round the necks of yonder gaping greedy guts; don't choak them for the life of you, but just tie their ugly necks so tight that not one morsel can they swallow." "And now father sure it 's I myself that would desire no better sport than to get down and wring their necks

off, and bring them up to you; but sure father the Lady O'Sullivan must be cruel hungry when she would eat eagles." "O that would not do at all at all Phadrig jewel, that would be the spoiling without cure of the whole thing—no, my honey, handle them gently, treat the nasty things as if they were your mother's daughters—only do, Phadrig, just as I bid you." "Well, father, mind you hold tight, and I will do your bidding." So Gorrane fastened well the rope about the boy's waist and between his legs, and down he lowered him, in the name of God and all the saints. The youth soon got to the nest —as he was bid, tightened well the necks of the young eaglets, so that they could not swallow; and then he was safely drawn up. For an hour or two the father and son waited near the nest, and at length were gratified with seeing the old ones come soaring down the wind, one with a rabbit, another with a grouse in his talons, which they deposited in the nest, and after a time flew away.

"Now Phadrig avourneen down with you

again, and to be sure it 's I that will hold you tight—gut the game, throw the garbage to the young ones, its right and nathral they should have it, and bring up under your two arms O'Sullivan's rightful property." All this the boy did with address and expedition; and in this manner were the family in the boolie fed, until the English retreated from the country, and the wife of O'Sullivan and her faithful followers could reach a place of more plenty and security.

In the mean while, O'Sullivan, William Búrke, and O'Connor Kerry had set out on their perilous retreat: they took their way through Murdering-glen, and around the foot of Ivelearagh mountains, and through the district of Muskerry. That uncertain turn-coat Teige M'Carthy, safe with no man, and true to no party, attacked them in the passage of the Lee, and they lost some of their best men. John Barry of Buttevant, who was neither fish nor flesh, whose blood was bad because there was the English drop in it, a false Irishman because a mixed mongrel, he,

instead of giving them welcome at Liscarrol, turned, churl as he was, the guns of his castle on them: and moreover sent out all his men on garrans; to press and prey on them. Still onward they went, leaving to the left the Ballyhoura mountains. They descended into the plains of Limerick.—Here they found for a few days, food for themselves, and pasture for their horses: and then northward they rode, until passing under the Galtee chain, they reached the rich valley of the Suir. O'Sullivan and O'Connor trusted that here, in this very fertile vale, which the Catholic Church had appropriated to herself, and amidst the opulent abbeys that raised their cloistered fronts along its beautiful stream, they would have been refreshed. Thus they stopped at Athassel, but the Saxon spoiler had driven the peaceful dwellers from this splendid monument of the piety of De Burgo, the Red Earl—and they passed on to the Rock of Cashel. But here again was no rest for the hoofs of their horses, for the Lord President had advised, by his scouts,

the Sheriff of the Cross in the Palatinate of Tipperary, that traitors to the Queen's Highness were traversing his bailiwick, and the rising of the loyalty of the Palatinate was on horse to pursue the fugitives, who fled northward along the left skirts of the plain that lies between the Suir and the mountains of Clanwilliam. They saw, and only saw, the tower of Holy Cross at a distance, and receiving as much refreshment as the poor monks of Monaincha could supply, they turned to the left under Benduff, the black point out of which the Suir and Nore take their rise. Proceeding by the borders of Ormond and Ely O'Carrol, they reached the Shannon, where it spreads broad and beautiful under the old Bardic College of Terryglass: and here what was to be done? The whole English rising, headed by the Sheriffs of the Cross and the Liberty of Tipperary were behind, and within a few miles of them —before them the Shannon spreading like an inland sea; and "shall" says O'Sullivan, "the Saxon churls, after all our battles,

and all our escapes, shall they here take us like foxes they have driven into the bottom of a bag; shall our quarters dangle from these trees, as piecemeal food for carrion crows. No, by the assistance of St. Patrick and the Virgin it shall not be: come let us turn our good nags into nevoges, and ride on them over the Shannon. Come boys out with your skeins, let each man cut his good horse's throat, and more's the pity to do it, and we will make coraghs of their skins, and dress a stake to satisfy hunger even from their flesh." Accordingly they set to work; the horses were slaughtered in the wood of Dromina, that overhangs the ancient abbey of Terryglass, and the old fortress of the O'Griffins. They made basket boats, and covered them with their horse hides; and just as the *posse comitatus* of Tipperary, with the Sheriffs at their head, were riding down the Ormond hills overhanging the Shannon, where they expected to find and overwhelm the runaways—O'Sullivan and his troop were afloat on the bosom of the Shannon, which,

as in pity to their adventure, spread its waveless bosom to receive them; and across they wafted themselves in sight of their surprized and disappointed enemies. And now having landed on that moorland district of Galway, which in those days was called Tough-Kilnalehem, they here rested as long as their horse-flesh lasted, and then were forced to press onward toward Clanrickard, where they were attacked by Sir Thomas Bourke and Captain Maltby, who at that time held this portion of Connaught for the Queen.

The Catholic confederates retired to a rocky fastness, protected in the rear by the precipitous ledge of a mountain range—before them, and in the only accessible point of attack, was a narrow defile, overhung with wood, and from behind a rock the confederates could see and defend all approach to their position. Maltby, in the meantime, who was a fine tall soldier, but a hot and impetuous character, rushed forward into the defile. O'Connor Kerry had known him in peaceable times, and at a banquet given by

the Lord President of Munster to the assembled nobility of Munster and Connaught, O'Connor had given to this Maltby the right hand of fellowship. He therefore now cried out—"Maltby, my old friend, come not a foot farther, or you are a dead man. Captain, I have you covered with my good arquebuss which never missed its aim. I once gave you my hand in friendship—that hand would be reluctantly raised to send you into eternity. Why pursue us?—Why seek our lives? Let us pass through your country in peace. Give us food and rest for a few days, and not a cow or garrane of your's shall we touch. Come my ancient friend open the way for us, let us pass into O'Rourke's country."

"What" cried the fiery Maltby, "shall it be said that I parlied with traitors. No! down rebel with your arms, and submit to the Queen's clemency." "Clemency!" cried O'Sullivan, "O ye spirits of my people, murdered in cold blood at Dunboy, bear ye witness to Saxon clemency. Fire, fire! in me-

mory of Dunboy.—Hurra—O'Sullivan, aboo, —fire !" The well-directed volley was discharged, and Maltby, struck by a bullet in the forehead, fell dead ; many of his men being killed or wounded, onwards rushed the confederates : they must fight or die, and plunging on like desperadoes, they overturned, conquered, and dispersed the Connaught men, and effected their retreat unmolested into O'Rourke's country.

Good reader, I almost fear you are not pleased with this piece of ancient story. But pray resume your good humour, and come back with me until you see how with all my lingering, I shall extricate myself from Glengariff, almost as enchantingly detentive as the gardens of Armida.

I spent two days there. It cannot be that this time shall be erased from my memory. But as it is easier to talk about rocks and waters, to repeat old legends and apocryphal stories, than to narrate with effect the engagements and amenities of polished life, I shall only say then, that one of these

days I spent delightfully on the water, sweeping in a six-oared barge around this *nonpariel* of a bay. Every cove, indenture, promontory and point, we circumnavigated. It was one of the only water parties that ever I engaged in, which begun, continued and ended pleasantly: no storm—no sickness—no woman's terror, and no man's intoxication. No prevailing talker to tire with his wit, or tease us with garrulity.—A calm day, and a beauteous bay—and minds desirous of pleasing and being pleased. Such was our water party. And now we glided into a deep fissure between impending rocks which rose like walls on either side, and whose dark and over-hanging forms served as a contrast to the green translucent sea water, which disclosed many fathoms deep the ocean bed, covered with an astonishing variety of marine vegetation, so that really the bottom of this water seems to rival its overhanging woods, in the mixture and mutability of its productions. And again we left these rocky straits, and invaded islands studded with holly and arbu-

tus, the secure retreat of the sea bird, and the heron. And again we passed under an island, a smooth and complete flat, unbroken by tree or shrub, consigned to the herring fisher as the convenient position for drying his nets. As we thus careered along, we saw a pleasure boat under weigh—a very pretty vessel, gallant and gay in the full trim of her appointments. Scarce was there a breath of wind to raise her lagging sail ; and slowly indeed it made progress, as if instinct with reluctance to leave her beauteous roadstead, and launch into the wider expanse of Bantry Bay. At length, as it just came opposite a wooded point that headed out into the bay, we observed that she ceased to work forward, and we could distinguish the helmsman preparing to put about. " O yes ! you do well to put about," cried one of the lively inmates of Glengariff Castle, " the lovely Betsy is not gone from us yet—back she must go to her old moorings. She has got into the bog, and not one fathom farther will she get this day." " And what is the bog ?"

"Oh! that part of the bay which stretches in a strait line across from yonder point—that's the bog—an unlucky place: if a vessel is becalmed in any part of the bay it is sure to be there; her anchor drags if she anchors there; there is no take of fish in it; nets are torn—boats upset—men drowned: it is an unlucky place." "And what's the matter with it? why should the shore be unlucky, of that lovely point, wooded almost to the water's edge?" "Why this is what ails it—it is the fairies' pass. The king of the fairies makes this part of the bay his high-road, when tired of hunting and dancing through the hills of Muskerry and Ivelearagh, he chooses to change his quarters, and go into Bear; and often just at hollantide, when the herrings are shoaling into the bay, this little queer king, with a leather hunting cap on his head, comes to yonder point, and crying 'tallyho,' he and thousands upon thousands of tiny green men, riding upon little grey horses, are observed dashing across the water, as if it was

firm land, and up they go in the light of the moonbeams to Slieve Goul, in a wild, riotous, rushing rout. Bad luck to the poor fisher that is out on the water that night: it's little chance he has for one week after that. If the whole bay was swarming with herrings, he knows he has no business to go looking after them."

"One night in this way, Florence O'Donohoe was a fishing, and its not many years ago —October never gave a brighter or more promising hour for a take of fish;—the herrings cast up a shining from the deep, as if they desired to outdazzle the moonbeams. All was still and quiet, except here and there you could hear betimes the plunging of a porpoise. It was Florence's first night to be out, and he had just taken a fine cod, and as it was the first-fruits of his fishing, with all due solemnity, he spit into its mouth for luck—taking also care to make a sign of the cross on the hook, for grace, before he cast it out again. Thus all was well and promising—when of a sudden he heard the shrill 'tally-

ho,' that sounded as clear as if it came through a silver pipe; and looking up he saw a troop of the little green men, mounted on cattle not bigger than cats, waving their hunting caps over their heads, and dashing from the point across the water, cantering away over the sea as if it had been a Curragh or a hill side. Florence drew in all his hooks—he pulled up all his nets, and putting back to land, he went home sorrowful enough to his cabin. And what was worse than all, he dare not give his soul the satisfaction of casting one hearty curse after the green king of the good people, as he rode in his riot up the side of Slieve Goul. Therefore, let no one venture, while the fishermen are out in Glengariff bay, to cry 'tallyho'—for the moment that dangerous word is uttered, every man puts about, and gives up fishing."

As we passed a cove into which there was an entrance from the sea by a narrow strait, Mr. W. said, "You may talk of your sports, hunting, and shooting, and of your coming home in the evening with your bag full of

grouse or partridge; but commend me to the sporting I had here one day, when we had game worthy of Gargantua, and a day's sport that the king of Brobdignag would not have despised. Just after breakfast one morning, not many years ago, one of my people came running up to me in breathless haste, 'O, Sir, come down to us; bring all your guns, powder and ball; a whole herd of whales are in the bay, and one of them is already aground.' Accordingly I went down with all my guns and ammunition; and certainly found a whale of the bottle-nose species aground, or rather entrapped in the narrow pass at the mouth of this cove. We fired until we despatched it, and then with ropes and boat-hooks drew him to shore. He was succeeded by another, (for they all seemed to follow the leader,) which was despatched in the same way; and thus thirty-three of them were secured: and many a pound the poor fellows of the neighbourhood made by the oil, &c. which was obtained by this day's shooting."

C. O.

SKETCHES

IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

LETTER V.

TO THE REV. THOMAS P. M——E.

DEAR SIR,

On the following day my kind entertainers took an excursion towards the fall of Adrigoll, or Hungry Mountain. We passed between the sea-shore and the Sugar-loaf mountain, along a new road made to Bearhaven, on the M'Adamized plan; and nothing could be finer than the road, or grander than the outline of the mountain scenery—to the left, the broad expanse of Bantry Bay—to the right, the mountains. We had no longer in view the woods of Glengariff; no improvement, no cultivation. At length we

came to where the continuous line of hills was interrupted, and room left for an open valley through which a stream descended and joined the sea: a pretty bridge, a sort of a village, a church, and close to the sea shore, a comfortable parsonage house; and straight before us Hungry Mountain, with the bed of the waterfall, like a dark deep chasm, indented down its side. But the weather had already set in with peculiar dryness, and there was not a rill of water where in winter is a fearful cataract.

"Did you ever see a dumb church?" said one of my companions. "And pray what is a dumb church?" "Why it is a church lately built and consecrated; but which has now no service in it, and is let to go to neglect and ruin." "And how long is this church built—for it, at this distance, from its position, colour, and elevation, appears to be quite a modern structure?" "It is not more than ten or twelve years erected—the present Primate consecrated it." "Come, let us take a walk to see this first specimen that

has come under my observation of a dumb church." Accordingly the greater number of the party proceeded to take a view of the church. As we approached it, the desolation became more and more conspicuous; the windows all broken, sashes destroyed, shutters torn off their hinges, roof all stripped.

You might have supposed that the French, when they came into Bantry Bay thirty years ago, had landed here and made this their bivouac for the night, and left it in the morning, a specimen of what ruthless invaders could perpetrate: but it was no such thing; this place of worship was not thought of until twenty years after the French, by God's providence were driven from our shores. Its ruin then, was quite a native work; and there it stood a monument of desertion by Protestants, and of demolition by Romanists. We climbed in by one of the windows—a goat could have got in, and did get in, the same way;—and what desolation!—the pews torn to pieces—the floor ripped up, and nothing remaining entire but the pulpit—it

seemed left in mockery of the ruin it overhangs. Into it I ascended, and was moved to address Him who heareth prayer, that he might put it into the hearts of those having authority, to restore this desecrated structure—to repair the place where once his honour dwelt; and that in future times the truth of the Gospel and unsearchable riches of Christ, should be preached with power and converting influence, from this now deserted pulpit. When we reached the entrance door of this degraded temple, it appeared that for some years at least, no entrance was made by this way; for long stalactites were hanging down from the door-way, formed by the slow combination of water with the lime of the damp wall; and there they hung like long white fingers, forbidding the door to open on its rusty hinges. Whatever was the cause of all this, my wish was that I could have the use of Aladdin's lamp, and by giving it a good scrubbing, induce the slave of the lamp to lift up that dumb church, and

exhibit it for half an hour to the Lord Primate of Ireland.

But this is not explaining the matter—whence all this?—what made the church dumb?—where the parson?—where the church-wardens, and the Protestant parishioners? Good Mr. Reader, not so fast, it is easier to exhibit effects than to explain causes; I was but a stranger—I could only obtain hearsays, and perhaps prejudiced accounts. The parsonage house I saw about a mile off; it looked at that distance snug and comfortable—a nice green lawn—many trees—prettily, nay, beautifully situated on the shore of the sea, and surrounded by the sublime and various mountains. I heard stories, perhaps not true, how the greater part of the Protestants had turned Catholics; how even the clerk of the parish had shewn the example, and in order to procure his salary, had actually torn up the pews of the church, and sold the timber. I heard how, some years ago—perhaps a hundred—a cler-

gyman, on being asked, whether in his ministration he had been successful in inducing the natives of his parish to renounce their Romish superstition—laughed outright—"What, convert the Papists—No, no! on the contrary, all the Protestants somehow or other are turning Papists." This certainly would be so unlucky a confession from any Protestant minister, that I hope it never took place—but this is quite certain, that many Protestants in this district have within this half-century joined the Church of Rome—and the loyal and high-spirited yeomanry, that the piety and patriotism of the Boyles, &c. &c. had planted in these districts, has, under the neglect of careless parsons, and the discountenance of greedy landlords, in a great measure, merged into the mass of the Romish population. Not far from the Church was a little hut, with a potato-garden attached to it, surrounded by a stone wall, in which a woman was digging with all the muscular energy of a man: with an old hat on her head, without stockings, coarse clouted shoes,

and a simple woollen gown, and short petticoat of the same texture, she exhibited one of the most succinct and robust figures I ever saw in the costume of a woman. As she was the only person to be seen in the vicinity of the deserted church, I called her from her work, which she seemed to leave reluctantly, and asked, "What was the cause of that house of worship being in such a state?" "Why then in troth, Sir, though it is now no longer the place I desire to go to, yet it is a shame, and grief to me often as I look out of my cabin door, to see it in that state." "Why, what do you mean, my good woman, by saying that you go no longer to such a place—did you ever go to Church?" "Why, not all out to that place; but all my kiff and kin were Protestants—but I go, as all about go, to Mass." "Ah, my dear good woman! how could you, if reared in the Protestant faith, condescend to degrade your understanding, by giving up its reasonable service for the system you have adopted?" "Why, it is easy for you, gentlemen, as you are, to

talk—but look at me, a desolate widow, without one on the living earth to protect me or give me a meal's meat—look at that poor cabin—look at this little garden—I have robbed it from the rock—it was I that picked up all the stones out of it, and built these walls—it was I carried earth to it on my back—it was I dug it—it was I carried on my dripping head, weeds out of yonder sea to manure it—and here I am a lone desolate crathur, not a living soul to lift his hand in my favour, and take my part—how could I continue a Protestant—I never knew the difference between the two persuasions—all about me tould me that the old ancient faith was the safe and secure Church—built up as that rock—a Church no more to be moved than the mountain before us, and what better could I do than take the safe side for this world and the next? Oh! if I had when my poor husband died—and God rest his soul—if I had remained a Protestant, not a herring would I have got to make kitchen for my pratie, nor a lock of wool from a Chris-

tian to make this camlet to cover my poor back." The woman spoke with a feeling and an agitated anxiety to excuse herself, which convinced me that she was not quite satisfied in her mind that she was right.—I asked whether she could read? She said she could.—"Do you ever read the Testament of our Lord Jesus?" "That I do," said she, "and I am proud to own it to you, but would not like to confess it to another."—My companions had all deserted me, and were beckoning me to follow, yet still I lingered beside poor Mary Blake—and before I parted, I directed her to passages in her Bible exhibiting the need of one only and all-sufficient Saviour, "the way, and the truth, and the life,"—only able to save—only competent to mediate—only sufficient to intercede—as man, touched with the feeling of our infirmities—as God, capable of hearing prayer; why fly to another?—why let go holding to this head, to trust to living priests or dead saints? I spoke with all my soul and with all my strength. Oh, that I had spoken as

forcibly as I felt, when seeking thus to turn a sinner from the error of her ways. There was a tear in the woman's eye as I departed, which convinced me—and yet I might be much mistaken—that though Mary Blake will continue all her life to go to Mass, that living, she will continue to read the Gospel, and dying, she will rest alone on the all-sufficient merits of her crucified Redeemer.

In this neghbourhood was the mansion of Ros M'Owen, and the place where it was situated was pointed to me, where dwelt one of the principal branches of the O'Sullivans of Cork, the two elder branches, those of M'Gillicuddy and M'Fineen Duff, being established in Kerry, and the lineal descendants of the O'Sullivan Bear being long settled and ennobled in Spain, where with the O'Donohue's, O'Donnels, and O'Higgins, they have cast some fresh blood, and some portion of Irish activity into the stagnant veins of the Castilian nobility. Of Murtough O'Sullivan's establishment at Ros M'Owen, I have received the following curi-

ous and characteristic account, from a valuable and venerable correspondent :—

" More than fifty years elapsed since I first visited Bearhaven, and among other excursions, in company with a friend, walked to a place called Ross M'Owen, where was an old mansion-house on the south side of Hungry-hill, at a small distance from the bay.—This dwelling, though it might savour somewhat of the bleak and dreary from without, yet presented nothing of cold or dismal within : on the contrary, hospitality of the warmest kind was the order of every day, let who would be the comer or the visitant. There was a copse near it, the remains of a considerable oak wood, that the hospitable expenses of O'Sullivan's table contributed to reduce to a very limited size—we had come to it for the purpose of shooting wood-cocks, and were soon joined by O'Sullivan's son, who carried a gun, but had no ammunition, with which, however, we supplied him. After continuing our sport for some time, a message arrived from the old gentleman, desiring the

favour of our company at his house, an invitation which I would most gladly have declined did civility permit it, conceiving from the "Mount Dismal" appearance of the outside, that all within was correspondent—but I was agreeably disappointed. Murtough O'Sullivan's person and countenance were prepossessing, his manners and conversation those of a well-bred gentleman, whose youth had been passed in polite society, and who '*mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*' It was evident that the rays of fortune which shone upon his youth had been withdrawn in his old age, and that the style of his entertainment was at variance with his wishes. But he made no complaint of his altered state; offered no apologies for the plainness of his fare, and was as cheerful as if he had entertained with claret and venison. We remained longer than might seem prudent, considering that it was a winter's night, and that we had some miles to return over rock and bog, for as to road, that was an accommodation then wholly unknown; but we were furnish-

ed with a sober guide, and two excellent ponies, as expert at climbing rocks as goats, and the only risk we ran was a chance slide into a bog-hole—this being a matter of common occurrence, was only a thing to be laughed at; and though the night was dark, I think I occasioned but one opportunity for mirth during the entire ride. My companion was not so fortunate.

"One circumstance concerning the old house of Ros M'Owen I must not omit, as it is curious. It was not uncommon formerly to have water admitted into the kitchen, by means of an aperture in the wall, through which it was introduced by a wooden pipe, and let out again at another opening underneath. In this old house it was managed otherwise, a large stream being admitted near one of the angles, which flowing close to the wall, discharged itself at the opposite side; at the point of admission a strong iron grating was fixed, allowing passage to nothing but water, of which a certain quantity was permitted to enter, the overflow during

the rains being carried off by an external channel. It will be naturally asked, for what culinary purpose could such a stream be required? The answer, if not obvious, is very satisfactory—as a ready way not only of supplying the cook with means of washing fish, which constituted a great part of the daily food, but also of catching it. Salmon and sea-trout abound in Bantry Bay, and in their proper seasons seek every stream of fresh water, in which to deposit their spawn —that they will ascend even smaller streams than that of Ros M'Owen, I know from actual experience; and the proximity of this stream to the bay, renders the fact extremely probable, that salmon and sea-trout were frequently taken as well as dressed in O'Sullivan's kitchen. A salmon which made part of our dinner, we were assured, was so caught in the kitchen not three hours before."

A respectable old gentleman who lived near Adrigoll for many years, relates many curious anecdotes of the awkward mixture

of pride and pauperism, still operating amongst the fallen classes of the royal race of O'Sullivan. When the formation of roads became an object of public exertion in that quarter, he happened to pass by a small party of labourers just at their dinner hour —all were sitting sociably together, consuming their humble but warm meal, which their wives and families had brought—but one was sitting apart and alone disconsolate on a rock. "How comes it, my honest fellow, that you are not as well provided as your neighbours, have you no wife to bring you your dinner?" "Troth then, it is I that have a wife, and that 's the case as why my dinner is not after coming." "Oh, poor woman! I suppose she is lying-in, or she is sick?" "Arra musha not at all, your honour; troth she is neither sick, nor sore, nor sorry—I'll be bound, master, she is as big and as brave a body as any man's wife from Bear to Bantry—but I'll tell you, master, what's the matter—she's a lady." "A lady —why, what do you mean by a lady?" "Arra

now don't you know—sure she's of the thick blood, she comes of the O'Sullivans." "Well, but lady as she is, the O'Sullivans must eat—she's not above dining—she has mouth and teeth like other people."—"Oh! then it is she that has—eat—och, then let Biddy O'Sullivan alone for that, a better man than ever I was, she would eat out of house and home; and then Sir, she would break the Bank in drinking *tay*. But though, Sir, she will eat dinner with me, aye, and after me—she is not the one to bring it to a poor body that's after working all the day—that would be bringing down her quality stomach too much, your honour—by this pipe I hould in my fist, she would as soon carry Sugar Loaf on her head, or Hungry Hill in her hand, as bring me (and I have been a good man to her) my dinner." "This is a strange story, friend." "Strange is it?—why it's as true as you are there." "Well, but if she don't work or go abroad, she is surely a good wife at home—she knits your stockings, she mends, she makes for you."—"Och, the sorrow one

stitch—knit my stockings, wash, mend, make, for me!—may I never sit under Father Mahony's knee, or ever see mass, if one hole in my stockings she ever darned, or even one needle-full of thread did she ever fill in mending or making for me." "It would appear then, that you have a heavy bargain of this lady wife of your's." "Why, what signifies complaining, sure she's mine, and it's the will of God, and that's enough. But harkee, your honour, (and here the poor fellow lowered his voice to a whisper, and inclined his head towards my ear, lest any of the royal O'Sullivans should overhear,) by the powers, if it were to be done over again, I'd sooner go on board a man of war, and live under a cat-o'-nine-tails, than be married to a LADY."

I assure you, my good reader, I made a valliant attempt to get out of Glengariff—I was desirous in order to avoid a distance of forty miles by Macroom and Mill-street, to get over the mountain chain that divides Cork from Kerry—and over which there is a pass

not very practicable for horsemen : but for a wheel-carriage, there were twenty opinions for and against its feasibility. Come, says my hospitable entertainer at Glengariff Castle, never fear your gig, I will send a gang of men that shall help to push it up the mountain, and when it gets to the top, what with ropes and hand-spikes they can let it down into Kerry. Accordingly I accepted of his offer, and set out on the first of April to pass over the mountains. Some as I set out seemed to look as if I were about to make an April fool of myself; but out I set, accompanied by my escort of men, and by two dear friends, who determined not to desert me until I was deposited in the kingdom of Kerry. I would run the risk of wrecking the best gig that ever rolled, to see the interior of this sublime mountain scene.

So taking leave, reluctantly enough, of Glengariff, out I set with my escort, and commenced the ascent of the mountain chain, and we had not proceeded far along the road, or rather horse-path, until the necessity

of precaution, and of abundant help of men became evident. Here a broken bridge, over whose ruins my fragile vehicle was to be lifted—there a quagmire across the road, over which my poor mare was obliged to jump upon stepping stones : indeed the poor experienced animal, who had drawn me many a thousand miles, and who, if she could hold a pen with her hoof, might be able to write as good a tour as her master—she, as passing over these uncouth places, with her ears thrown back, and a very hesitating sort of countenance, now and then looked me full in the face, and all as one as said, Master, where are you bringing me, fool as you are, risking a good gig, and better mare, in such a dangerous enterprize ; and, indeed, at this very instant, the foreboding looks of my worthy friend and long tried companion, seemed realized ; for, just as we were attempting to pass what was once designed to be a bridge, the poor animal's foot forced its way through an orifice in the arch, and if the poor creature had not been cool and steady,

her broken leg would have been the punishment of my rashness; as it was, her torn knee will long remind me of the Esk mountain. Were it not for these risks and difficulties, the scenery that now surrounded us was of a very grand character: the glen, the lakes, the continuous chain of barrier mountains, extending as far as the eye could reach, out into the Atlantic. On the top of this lofty chain, ran the boundary between Cork and Kerry. It was a day befitting the season, a fine but characteristic April hour—the atmosphere perfectly clear—the sun now brilliant, now obscured. Here a deep valley laughing in the sunshine, and reflecting from its central lake, the forms of its surrounding mountains, and all the colours and faces of its overhanging precipices; farther off, towards the west, you might see a hail storm gather on the head of a mountain peak, and the morning sun engendering the half formed arch of the rainbow, on the skirts of the approaching shower; which, however, took a direction along the hills towards the south,

and left us to enjoy the clearness of our prospect, and the glad company of the morning's brightness.

In these mountains, it is said, there is a lake for every day in the year—high or low, or deep in the recesses of the valley, or sparkling on the hill side, the higher you ascend the more you see of them; and the varieties of their forms, positions, and accompaniments, give a wonderful interest to this otherwise toilsome march into Kerry. If I were a young man, and had health and time, how I should like to ramble from valley to valley, and from lake to lake, filling my mind with the magnificent picture this Alpine territory presented, and my soul with the higher and more adoring conceptions of the Almighty God, "who, by his strength, setteth fast these mountains." To the left of our road, as we wound up the long ascents of hill rising over hill, I was shown a lake, one of the loveliest we had yet seen: perfectly circular, it lay in the bosom of a chain of peaked and precipitous hills—it reposed

within the circle of their protecting arms, and sparkled like a looking-glass in the sun. "Once upon a time," said one of the men who formed my escort from Glengariff, "that lake there beyond, was full of as good beer as ever was brewed in Cork town. In good old Catholic times long ago, ere Protestants, saving your presence, came into our land, Denis O'Donohoe lived in a valley in these mountains, and he was a great friend to the *good people*, and their king and queen used to come and dance under the moonshine, in the meadow which lay before Denis's house; and one evening as Denis was a driving home half a dozen goats that had gone astray across the hills, he met the king of the *good people* sitting on a musheroone that grew large and round under the shelter of the high rock that rises to the north side of the meadow. "Denis," says the wee bit of a king, "have you any thing at home to give me to drink, for I am as dry as a whistle, after dancing my round about that ring yonder." "Och then," says Denis, "what could

a poor crathur the likes of me give your honour and glory, but a drop of goat's milk; as for water, I suppose as why you know where to get it yourself." "Ah then, it's little I value your goat's milk," said the fairy—"have you no beer, Denis?" "Beer, a cushla machre, where would the likes of me get beer in this place?" (bye the bye, your honour, *poteen* was not invented in them days.) "No, but King honey, as I ought and should please you, and all your *good people*, if you will just be after putting up for this night with a drop of goat's milk, why at break of day to-morrow I will slip over to Bantry and get a quart of as good beer as Felix O'Sullivan has in his whole cellar, and though it be fifteen miles off, I will be back before night." "Why then now, Denis," says the king, "you are nothing else but a good-natured fellow, and it 's a thousand pities that you and your's should have nothing better to drink than goat's whey, to wash down your pratie. Come along with me, Denis, and I will (provided you promise

upon your oath not to tell the priest,) put you in the way of never drinking worse than the best of beer, all the days of your life, and all your kiff and kin to boot."

"Now, your honour, there was not a man in all the barony of Bear, that loved strong beer better than Denis, and it was a great while to Easther, when he must needs confess to Father Florence; so he thanked the fairy very civilly, and said he was at his *service* to command. So the little man desiring him to leave his goats there, and to follow him, off they set in the moonshine over rock and glen, until they came to a hill side, where grew very large heath, the biggest you ever saw. "Now, Denis," says the king, "pull your arm full of these plants, its long and many a day since mortal man pulled a handful before; not since the days of the Danes, who were as wise as they were wicked, has the son of a mother made use of this plant—come away with me and I will shew you what it was made the Danes stout and strong, when they carried away poor Irishmen's daughters,

and cut off the young men's noses."* So off they set, and came to yonder pretty lake: "take now, Denis, a wisp of that plant you have in your hand, and whisk it well in the water of this lake, and wait a bit, and you will see what will happen." So Denis did as he was bid, and after waiting and chatting a while with the fairy, he was bid to go, and in the palm of his hand to take a sup of the water. So down he went, and lifting what he could take up in the hollow of his fist, he cried out "by the powers of pewter, please your honour and glory, it's the best beer that ever was brewed—it's as strong as malt can make it. Och then, isn't it the greatest pity in the world, I have not the piggin to bring home a drop to Judy and the childer." So

* The Danes after their conquest of Ireland imposed a heavy tribute on the Irish; every master of a family was obliged to pay in an ounce of gold yearly, and if through misfortune or poverty he was unable to furnish his contribution, he was punished with the loss of his NOSE. This tribute was therefore called the Nose Rent. Can it in this way be accounted for, that the Milesian Irish are a short-nosed race; you seldom see an aquiline or long nose with the real breed.

Denis, after sipping and supping until he was tired, and a little tipsy, turned about to look for the fairy, and he was no where, he had vanished. And sure you may be, that Denis took good care in going home to mark the way to his new beer cellar; and you may also take for sartain, that from that day forth, Denis and all belonging to him were not slow in resorting to the lake, and Denis was too good natured a fellow not to tell it to the neighbours: why shouldn't he? All the men in Bear and Bantry could not drink it dry; and may be it was Denis and all his friends that did not get strong and fat, and his wife Judy's face became as round as a griddle; but the worst of all was, that the liquor turned their heads, and they all took to fighting: there was not a fair or patron in all the west country, even down to Castletown, that they did not kick up a scrimmage or a row in. Now Father Florence Barret, the priest, saw there was something not right a going on; and so when confession time came round, he took care to send for Denis

O'Donohoe, and Judy his wife, and all the neighbours, and his Raverence was too cute a man, not to squeeze and draw out from the poor people a confession of all; and then it was that the good Father said, "Oh Denis! Denis! how could you be thus after dealing with the powers of darkness: how could you consent to drink the Devil's broth —never, no never Denis, will you get absolution, for dealing with devils, or fairies, which are with me all as bad, until you come with and show me where it is you get this antichristhen liquor." So, sorely against his will, Denis was forced to guide his Raverence to the beloved lough; and would you believe it, such was the vartue of this man of God—such his abstinence from all things carnal, that though he loved a glass of good liquor as much as any man, and could take it cheerfully when it was *dacent* so to do, not one drop of the enchanted stuff, for so he called it, would he let between his lips,—no, but flinging a Gospel* into the lake, and re-

* A Gospel means, amongst the lower classes, a verse of

peating the proper Latin prayer, and making the sign of the cross at the east, and west, and north, and south side of the lake, in the turning of a hand, the liquor ceased to be malt, and came back to be as clear, and as cold, and as nathral water as ever."

With the recital of this wild story, and others of a similar cast, we were entertained until we attained the crest of the ridge that divides the counties, and here taking the mare from the gig, and lightening it of all my luggage, the six men, by the help of ropes, let my vehicle slide down into the palatinate of Kerry. I had said that the two friends, who had accompanied me from Bantry, attended me to the bounds of their county—here we were to part, and I am sure that it was a painful moment. These excellent, amiable, and highly gifted men, stood on the borders of the county I was leaving, perhaps never to return to it, as representa-

St. John's Gospel written on a slip of paper; it is used as an amulet against enchantment, disease, and bad luck, and is hung round children's necks.

tives of the kindness, favour, and friendship which I met in a long journey up and down, and from north to south of its wide extent; and here, in this trivial tour, while I presume to declare my deep sense of the hospitality and affection, which, as an utter stranger I received, I cannot help expressing a wish, that all Ireland may be blessed with as pious, painstaking, and efficient a body of Protestant Clergy as the west of the county of Cork enjoys.

After proceeding for about two miles down the Kerry side of the mountains, I having no farther occasion for my escort, dismissed the men, full of thanks for a few shillings divided amongst them. The features of the Kerry side of this mountain district are not so interesting as those on the Southern side. After descending gradually for some miles, the road gets better, but still very rough and dangerous, and you come to the banks of a river, dividing the estates of the Marquis of Landsdowne, and of Trinity College. An immense district in this quarter was granted

to Sir William Petty, the ancestor of the present Marquis, on condition that he should plant it with Protestants, and expel the Tories. I believe Sir William was wise as well as true enough to his undertaking, to do his best in peopling this district with Protestants. I understand that upwards of one thousand were planted here; but where are they now? where Sir William's politics are gone. It is a curious circumstance, how Whiggism has changed its spirit. Formerly a Whig was all repulsive of Popery—nothing could be more opposed, or more incongruous; but to a modern Whig, the Romish religion is quite a beautiful and harmless system, and the once fearful monster, is considered now so tamed as to lose its rabid propensities, or so old as to have lost all its cutting teeth, and therefore, it is quite safe and right to make a pet of it. But what has a tourist to do with politics. To return to Lord Landsdowne's estate on one side of the river, and that of Trinity College on the other, I observed as I drove slowly along,

that his Lordship's lands were much better cultivated; the farms better stocked; the cabins fewer; more grass land; what houses appeared were of a better description than on the Collegiate lands, and on alighting to walk up a hill, I entered into chat with a poor sickly looking fellow, who was going towards Nedeen. There is no countryman in Ireland so easy, or I would say, so polished in his address and manners, as a Kerryman—I was really surprised as I passed through the county, to receive answers and procure directions fraught with civility and intelligence, superior much to what I have met elsewhere. With the man in question I had a good deal of conversation, as he was going my road. "Are you, my good friend, a tenant of Lord Lansdowne?" "Ah no, Sir, and more is my loss! No Sir, if it were my luck to be under the great Marquis, I would not be the poor naked sinking crathur that I am—his Lordship allows his tenants to live and thrive—he permits no middlemen to set and re-set over and over again, his es-

tate—he allows no Jack of a Squireen to be riding in top-boots over the country, drinking and carousing on the profits of the ground, while the poor racked tenant is forced, with all his labour, often to go barefooted, and often to live and work on a meal of dry potatoes. No Sir, look across the river there —look yonder at that snug farmer's house—there the man's forefathers lived, and there he himself and his seed after will live and do well, paying a moderate rent, and there's no fear at all of their being disturbed." "Well, but, my friend, on your side of the river, is it not the same? to be sure I see not so much comfort, I see many, very many poor cabins." "Oh! Sir, how could it be otherwise? There are twenty landlords between the College and the man who tills the ground—the land is let, re-let, and sub-let—it is halved and quartered, divided and sub-divided, until the whole place will become a place of poverty, and potato gardens. I have four acres of land, how can I live and rear my children, and pay thirty shil-

lings an acre off that? and I am subject to have my pig or the bed from under me, canted by one, two, three, four—och, I do not know how many landlords—and now I am going to Nedeen, to get some physic from the Poticary, for the dry potatoes, master, agree but poorly with my stomach in the spring of the year. Och, then it's I that wishes that the great College that does be making men so larned and so wise, would send down some of these larned people here, just to be after making their own poor tenants a little happier and a little asier."

I left this poor man uttering, what I fear are unavailing regrets, and proceeded to the town of Nedeen, when I left the worst, and proceeded towards Killarney, on the best road in Ireland; so that it was my fortune on the same day, to pass along the worst and best road in the world. The river Kenmare, which I crossed before I entered Nedeen, is the head water of the estuary that runs up thirty miles from the Atlantic, and how I wished that time was allowed to journey

along its shores, and view all the subjects of interest, as to scenery and antiquities which abound here, and in the Barony of Iveragh, but it was my business to proceed straight to Killarney.

The new road I have just spoken of, winds broad and smooth through the magnificent hills, that divide Kenmare river from the lakes; the whole way is grand, before you the Reeks of M'Gillicuddy, to the right the massive mountain of Mangerton. The state of the atmosphere had quite changed since I left the Esk mountains: the morning which had been sometimes sunny and again showery, had settled into a cold clear steady evening; a cumulo stratum of cloud covered the whole sky, and like a curtain a little let down, it enveloped the tops of Mangerton, and the Reeks at a straight and regular defined elevation; thus you could perceive that these hills were of immense height, but were left to guess how high their tops reached, and as they now appeared, they put you in mind of the massive Egyptian columns supporting the

flat roofed temples of Thebes or Tentyra. Below the stratum of clouds the atmosphere was very clear, and all the gorges and chasms and sweeping indentures of the mountains, were as distinct as possible : and thus if you could be content to take the Reeks with their night-caps on, you had an opportunity to enjoy in full perfection all the beauties of their lower regions. In this way, turning my body on this side and that side of my gig, in order to catch a view of the ever varying scene through which I was passing; at length, at a turn of the road, I came full upon the Upper Lake of Killarney—and my good reader, I beg here to be excused from giving a description of what has been described in tours, travels, and guides, a thousand times over. If you are a rich reader, questionless you have spent some of your superfluous cash in seeing all this magnificent picture with your own eyes; if you are poor you have nothing better to do than send to a circulating library for Weld's Travels, or any other writer on Killarney that you fancy.

One secret I will be good-natured enough to make you master of—I am told it is very expensive, very troublesome, and sometimes attended with infinite discomfort, taking a boat on those lakes—now, I verily believe, that if on horseback, or in a jaunting-car, or gig, you take an excursion from Killarney-town for ten miles along this new road towards Kenmare which I travelled, you will see Upper, Middle, and Lower Lake, more to your satisfaction than if you went in a boat. I remained but one day at Killarney—business not pleasure brought me—to be sure when business was done, I was not such a dull dolt as not to make the most of my time, and see Mucruss and Turk mountain, and Mangerton, and the Devil's Punch Bowl. In a word, Mr. Reader, even suppose you were at the Lakes—even suppose you are young and active, and made the most of your time, yet I am bold to say, that I saw as much in four hours as you could, or ever will do in the same space of time.

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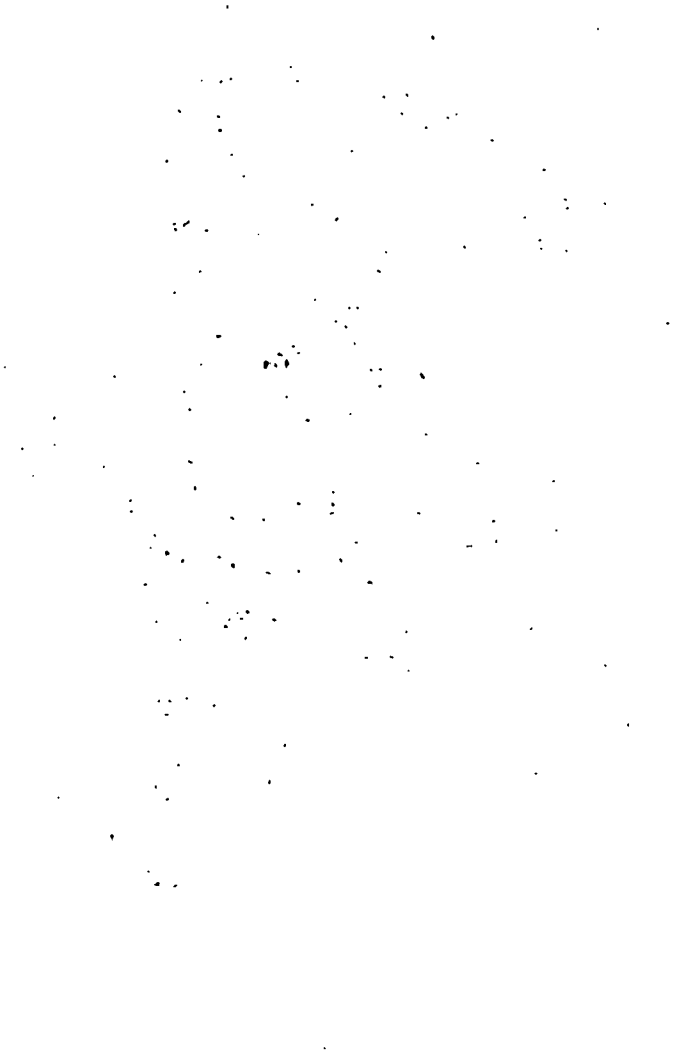

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